WHAT'S WITH KATHIE LEE? THE WAR FOR YOUR CABLE TV

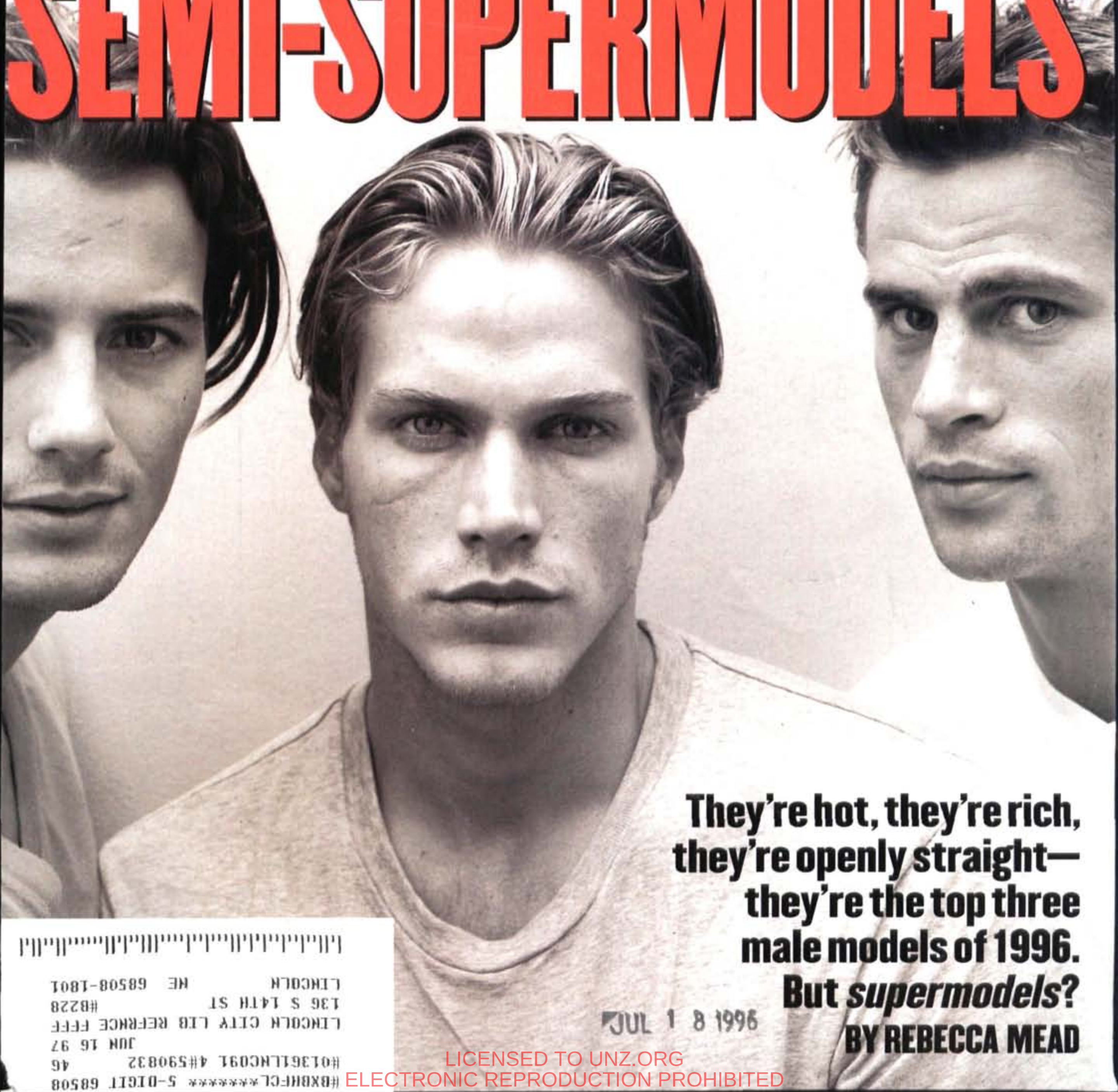
LINCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01280 4379

$2.95 • JULY 22, 1996

PRC

NEW YORK®

SEMI-SUPERMODELS

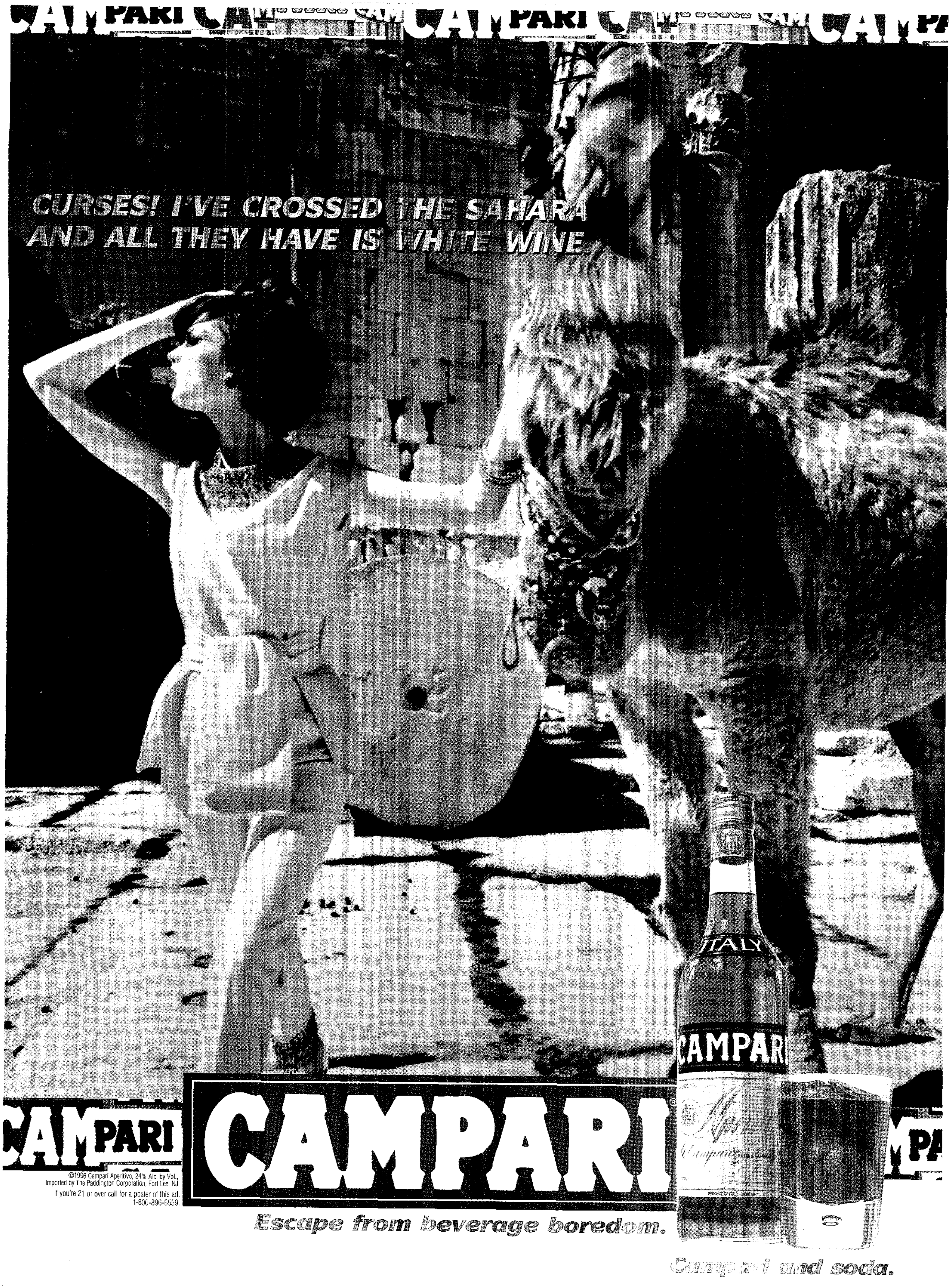


They're hot, they're rich, they're openly straight—they're the top three male models of 1996. But *supermodels*?

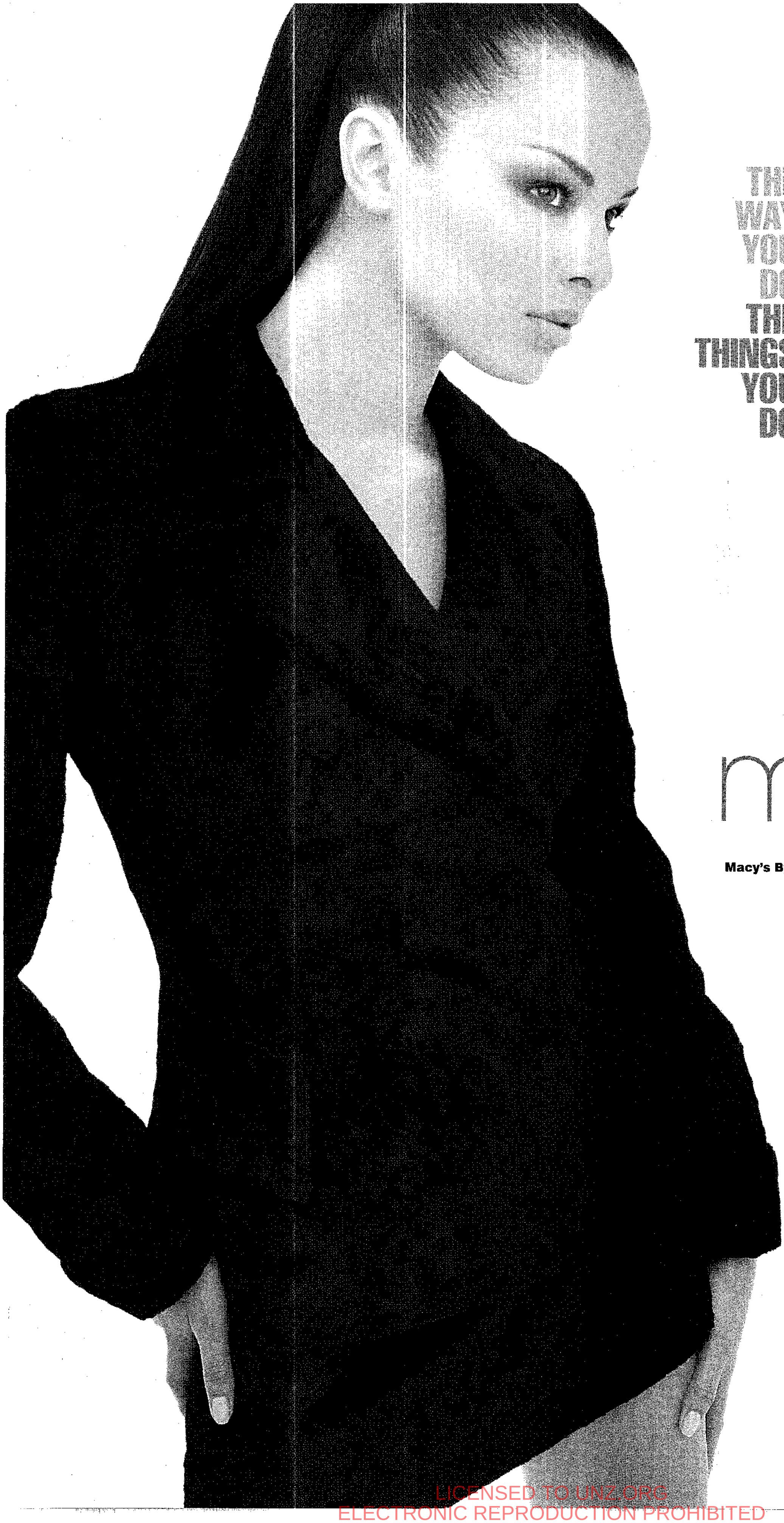
BY REBECCA MEAD

JUL 1 8 1996

#BXBHFCL******* 5-DIGIT 68508
#0136LINC091 4#590832 46
JUN 16 97
LINCOLN CITY LIB REFRNCE FFFF
136 S 14TH ST #B228
LINCOLN NE 68508-1801


CURSES! I'VE CROSSED THE SAHARA
AND ALL THEY HAVE IS WHITE WINE.
CAMPARI
CAMPARI®
ITALY
CAMPARI
Escape from beverage boredom.
Campari and soda.

©1996 Campari Aperitivo, 24% Alc. by Vol.,
Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ
If you're 21 or over call for a poster of this ad.
1-800-896-6559.



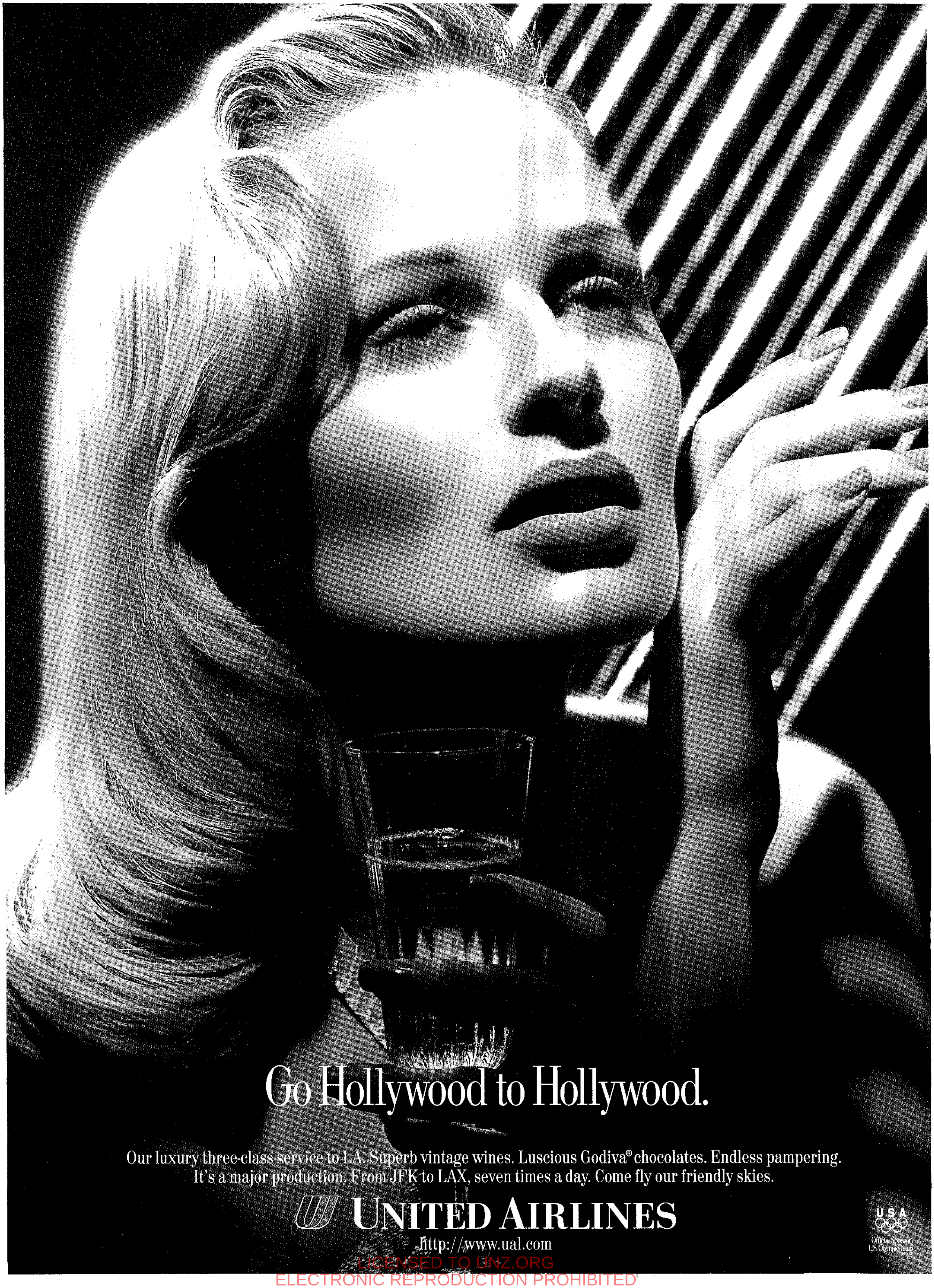
THE
WAY
YOU
DO
THE
THINGS
YOU
DO

the way you always go for a little fur

The look is hot: plush faux fur, nipped and tucked into an abbreviated black suit from the **Guess Collection**. Cuffed double breasted jacket, $296; short skirt, $110. Sudden Impulse on 3, Herald Square, and at selected Macy's.

macy's

Macy's By Appointment Call for details: 212-494-4181.
Outside New York: 1-800-343-0121.



Go Hollywood to Hollywood.

Our luxury three-class service to LA. Superb vintage wines. Luscious Godiva® chocolates. Endless pampering. It's a major production. From JFK to LAX, seven times a day. Come fly our friendly skies.

UNITED AIRLINES

http://www.ual.com

USA
Official Sponsor
U.S. Olympic Team

Contents July 22, 1996

> *"Three years ago, Sean and I sat down and said: 'Why is there Linda, Naomi, and Christy? What do they do that the men don't?' "*
>
> MARK VANDERLOO, PAGE 22

22 Where's the Beefcake?

By Rebecca Mead

In American pop culture, male prettiness used to be presented to the public strictly under cover of some form of performing talent. These days, male models make no pretense of offering their fans anything other than soulful eyes and power abs. On the eve of next week's New York men's fashion shows, a look at today's three glammiest boys in the business of being looked at.

30 The Love Float

By Daniel Green

New Jerseyite Kenneth Byrnes thought that by helping America's escort services process their credit-card payments, he'd reduce fraud and generally clean up the notoriously scummy business. The IRS thinks different. An exclusive look at the paperwork-conscientious Paramus entrepreneur behind the most sweeping prostitution case in federal history.

34 Mrs. America

By Barbara Lippert

Without the benefit of any discernible skill, Kathie Lee Gifford has built herself a big-time showbiz career and positioned herself as a de facto national wife—Fairfield County for the masses. Now she's accused of exploiting child laborers to make her line of Wal-Mart clothes. How well are those protestations of appalled innocence playing?

40 21st-Century Lincoln Center

By Chris Norris

Drawing from Bach and the Beatles, performed on computer-powered "hyperinstruments," assisted by Internet dwellers from around the world, *Brain Opera*, by MIT's Tod Machover—to be presented at Lincoln Center this month—is monumentally ambitious and not a little loopy. Is this the music of the future?

Gotham

13 The truth about movie grosses; a no-go for Team Togo

Departments

18 The National Interest
Jacob Weisberg

Have the Democrats finally given up that old-time religion?

20 Technology
Craig Horowitz

Liberty Cable's skirmish with Time Warner is only a foretaste of the phone-cable-modem war to come

56 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

To lure the chic, SoHo's new Granville offers everything from upscale subtlety to junk food

57 Wines
Tony Hendra

Our new wine columnist celebrates the coming of age of New York wines

Marketplace

44 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Sports binoculars; outdoor carpeting; order in the kitchen

46 Inconspicuous Consumption
Paul Lukas

Your choice: (A) Buy this cereal or (B) risk killing off ancient species

47 Dress Code
Jade Hobson Charnin

Shoes, polishes, and sprays to pamper your feet in the heat

48 Sales & Bargains
Dany Levy

A Bronx B&B; Japanese plums; Allen's alley

The Arts

60 Movies
David Denby

Courage Under Fire is that rarity, a big-budget film with conscience

52 Books
Walter Kirn

I'm Losing You reveals the dirty little secret about L.A. moral decadence: It's just another pose

54 Art
Mark Stevens

The Met's exquisite Gubbio Studiolo—back on view after 30 years—is less a room than a reverie

Cue

59 Dead Can Dance at City Center; an encore for the Three Tenors; berry alert; *Grace* notes

Misc.

Letters 8
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***Guardian* Crossword** 99
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 99
Bad Publicity 100
Classified 89
Strictly Personals 96

Online

Join "Strictly Personals" Director Nancy Fedder on July 17 at 9 P.M. in the *New York* Forum. On CompuServe, go NYMAG.

New York Magazine Online is available on CompuServe. To order, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current subscribers to CompuServe, *go* NEWYORK. *New York* Magazine's e-mail address is 76702.2510@compuserve.com. JULY 22, 1996—VOL. 29, NO. 28. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-880-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver,** New York **Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs: top left, Christian Witkin; top right, Erik Rank; center, Reuters/Mark Segar/Archive Photos; bottom, Silvia Otte.

Cover: Photograph by Christian Witkin. Grooming by Losi for Kiehl's NYC; styling by Karl Templer. T-shirts by Ralph Lauren.

BRISTOL PLAZA
Better than a Hotel

Luxury suites, elegantly furnished with daily maid & linen service. Complimentary membership for Pool & Health Club. Available on long or short term leases.

BRISTOL PLAZA
210 EAST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10021
TELEPHONE 212.826.9000 FAX 212.753.7905

ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? **BIG BIRD RULES.** ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET? ARE WE THERE YET?

CHANNEL THIRTEEN

It takes your mind off the dumb stuff.

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Kurt Andersen

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Michael Hirschorn

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

ARTICLES EDITOR
John Homans

NEWS EDITOR
Larry Doyle

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Robert Newman

PICTURE EDITOR
Margery Goldberg

FASHION DIRECTOR
Jade Hobson Charnin

DEPUTY EDITORS
Kim France, Julie Just

SENIOR EDITORS
Phoebe Eaton, Maer Roshan, Matthew Weingarden

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
Tad Friend, Richard Turner

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Suzanna Andrews, Lisa Birnbach, Peter Blauner
Rene Chun, John Connolly, James J. Cramer, Peter G. Davis
David Denby, David Edelstein, Jeffrey Goldberg
Gael Greene, Pete Hamill, Peter Hellman, Tony Hendra
Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes, Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson
Maura B. Jacobson, Peter Kaminsky, James Kaplan
Beth Landman Keil, Walter Kirn, Corby Kummer
John Leonard, Barbara Lippert, Paul Lukas
Larissa MacFarquhar, Mary Ann Madden
Rebecca Mead, Deborah Mitchell, Patricia Morrisroe
Nicholas Pileggi, John H. Richardson, Nancy Jo Sales
Luc Sante, Marshall Sella, John Simon, Christopher Smith
Ben Stein, Mark Stevens, Janice Hopkins Tanne
Tobi Tobias, Michael Tomasky, Guy Trebay, Jacob Weisberg

CULINARY EDITOR
Gillian Duffy

BEST BETS EDITOR
Corky Pollan

PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS
Jordan Schaps

SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Dany Levy

STAFF WRITERS
Ruth G. Davis, Barbara Ensor, Linda Hall
Ariel Kaminer, Edith Newhall, Chris Norris
Randall Short, Norman Vanamee, Alex Williams

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
John Dioso, Matthew McCann Fenton, Kate O'Hara
Robert Patronite, Robin Raisfeld, Elizabeth Shepherd

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Alexandra Lange, Claire Perrault
Colleen Quinn, Charles Runnette

REPORTERS
Maureen Callahan, Patricia Falvo, Deborah Gasiorek
Lucy Hawking, Whitney Scott, Michael Steele

DEPUTY ART DIRECTOR
Florian Bachleda

ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
DEPUTY PICTURE EDITOR: Sabine Meyer
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Deanna Lowe
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Vita Parrino

ASSISTANT PICTURE EDITORS
Nakyung Han, Yvonne Stender

DESIGNER: Andrea Dunham

ART DEPARTMENT MANAGER: Aimee E. Bartol
ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Pino Impastato
Anton Ioukhnovets, Paul Scirecalabrisotto
Marc Whalen, Ellene Wundrok

COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez

ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Sarah Bernard, Ondine Cohane
Laura Geogio, Vanessa Grigoriadis

PUBLIC RELATIONS DIRECTOR
Maury Rogoff

SYSTEMS MANAGER
Marty Reinert

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR
James B. Reffler

ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Robert P. Wilkey
ASSISTANT PRODUCTION MANAGER: Bobbi Fischer
PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Amanda P. Fellows

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks is strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Bottom Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York, In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, New York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shopper, The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategist. *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combined issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two weeks of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 755 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017-5998. Telephone: 212-880-0700. **Copyright © 1996 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved.** All requests for permissions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Management Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 17606-5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New York* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Officers of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles G. McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.

Ye Waverly Inn: Two Centuries of Charm

PHOTOS: RICK BARD

by Suzanne Pearl

Some people prefer sidewalk cafes and the joys of people watching, but give me a courtyard dining patio where the flowers are in glorious bloom anyday. So as soon as the temperatures warm and the crocuses come out, I head straight to Ye Waverly Inn, on the corner of Waverly ce and Bank Street. Greeted by russet marigolds, scarlet aniums and deep pink petunias, I am supremely content.

Truth be told, I am thrilled to be at Ye Waverly Inn any time year, for this charming slice of Americana is a New York sure in every season. In winter, the working brick fireplaces e the Inn a special glow, while early spring or late fall are the fect moments to dine in the skylight garden room. And if you planning a private party or special holiday dinner, Ye Waverly is a choice more than worth considering; your guests will nk you for years to come.

Ye Waverly Inn's new menu s truly superb, borrowing from oth the glories of the past and the brilliance of the present

Built over 150 years ago as an for travelers, and converted to estaurant/tea room in 1920, the is a delicate reminder of a tler era. The quintet of hanting dining rooms offer up true history lesson in 19th-tury decor, from pewter dlesticks to antique sconces, hentic prints and wrought iron terns, each item adding to the forgettable atmosphere. If you en closely, you can even hear conversations of Robert Frost, na St.Vincent Millay, and gene O'Neill, just a few of the rary legends who frequented the Inn early in this century.

These days, celebrated writers such as Charles Kuralt and entin Crisp, award-winning actors Matthew Broderick, Sarah sica Parker, Kevin Spacey and Marisa Tomei, or model Liv ler may be having a tête-à-tête just a table away from you—cept you may be just too entranced by the excellent dish in front you to even notice.

Indeed, for many a New Yorker, a leisurely dinner at the Inn he ideal antidote to a hectic day. While their American fare has vays been first-rate, Ye Waverly Inn's new menu is truly superb, borrowing from both the glories of the past and the brilliance of the present. A duck liver and currant pâté served with toasted brioche could not be more delicious, but those who prefer lighter fare will be just as overjoyed with a grilled vegetable napoleon, a can't-miss combination of grilled seasonal vegetables and warm goat cheese in a roasted tomato sauce. Is there any food more comforting than the house's signature entrees, chicken pot pie and French peasant meat loaf? No! But lately I'm taken with such recent creations as the roast loin pork with ginger and prunes and the stuffed chicken breast with fresh herbs and walnut in a lemon and white wine sauce, both sophisticated and divine. And, trust me, there's plenty more here to tantalize your taste buds.

Desserts are so good here, that I make sure to make room for at least one bite. When I'm feeling virtuous, the homemade champagne sorbet is a not-so-guilty pleasure, but when it's calories-be-damned, the warm hazelnut and chocolate torte is the treat I choose. Rich, satisfying and utterly sinful, it's my perfect ending to a perfect meal. Of course, other people I know swear by the strawberry-rhubarb pie, and even being the chocoholic that I am, I understand its attraction.

Weekend brunch is especially popular, an elegant yet comfortable affair highlighted by sparkling champagne, sumptuous omelettes or extraordinary homemade waffles. If your schedule permits, take advantage of weekday lunch or the early dinner special offered Monday through Thursday. But no matter when you arrive, it's the right time to be at Ye Waverly Inn.

Ye Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street, corner of Waverly Place. 929-4378. Lunch, Mon-Fri 11:30am-3:30pm; Dinner, Mon-Thur 5pm-10:30pm, early dinner available; Fri-Sat 5pm-11:30pm, Sun 5pm-10pm; Champagne brunch Sat-Sun, 11:30am-3:30pm. American Express, Master Card, Visa

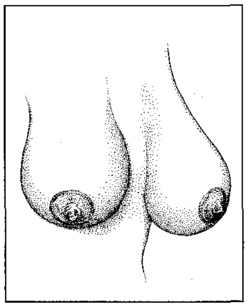
You can be more comfortable with your figure.

If you experience discomfort in your back or shoulders caused by the weight of your breasts, or you feel self-conscious about your breast size, you may want to consider a breast reduction.

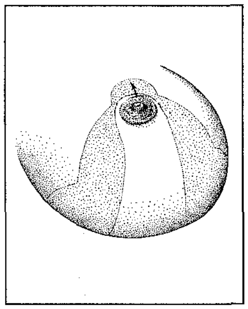
Breast reduction surgery is performed to reduce the size and weight of the breasts, alleviate discomfort associated with large breasts, and may improve a woman's overall appearance. It can make you feel more attractive and slimmer, and may make it easier to fit into clothing.

In some cases, this procedure is covered by your medical insurance plan.

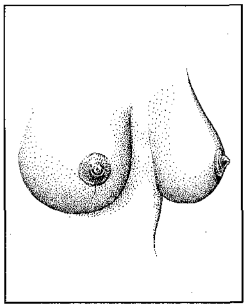
If you have been considering cosmetic surgery, and would like more information, call me at (212) 832-0770 to schedule a complimentary consultation.



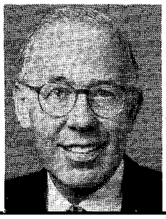
Common appearance of a woman with large, pendulous breasts. The areola, the dark skin surrounding the nipple, is frequently enlarged in overly developed breasts.



Breast reduction surgery involves incisions to enable the removal of excess tissue, fat and skin on the sides of the breasts, shown by the shaded area. The nipple-areolar complex is repositioned to a higher level.



The result is a woman with breasts that are smaller and in proportion with the rest of her body. Her breasts are well-contoured and natural looking.



James J. Reardon MD
737 Park Avenue
New York, NY 10021

James J. Reardon M.D.

cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway? Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs? Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE - The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world. See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

NEW YORK

PUBLISHER
Amy R. Churgin

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Alan Katz
BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Leslie Alphen Picard
BEVERAGE MANAGER: Jo Campbell Brand
TRAVEL MANAGER: Daniel Schock

SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Amy Hochfelder Ball, Trish Considine Kirsch
Alexis Demetroulakos, Stefanie Feidelson
Catherine Kaiser, Claudia Ryan, Wendi V. Sanders
ASSISTANTS: Kristina Leonetti
Evette Manners, Patricia Napoli, Julie A. Stephens
Danielle Unterman, Leslie Weiss
CHICAGO MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895
DETROIT: Karen Teegarden & Associates, Inc. 810-642-1773
CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575
ATLANTA AND FLORIDA: Stites & Fontaine, 770-491-1419
TEXAS: Tierney & Company, 214-625-6688
FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62
HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Karen Norberg
ADVERTISING COORDINATORS
Sharon Y. Quinn, Michel Gilbert

MARKETING DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
PROMOTION MANAGER: Gerry Napoli
CREATIVE SERVICES MANAGER: Wendy Bronstein
SENIOR WRITER/MERCHANDISING MANAGER: Lauren Paige Kennedy
SPECIAL SECTIONS MANAGER: Angela Gaudioso
SPECIAL PROJECTS MANAGER: Cori Lorenzon
PROMOTION ART DIRECTOR: Susan Simmons
SENIOR DESIGNER: Ilene Segal
DESIGNER: Halle Spector
PROMOTION ASSISTANT: Kathryn R. Hoffman

RESEARCH DIRECTOR
Eileen Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Erinn Bucklan
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Michele L. Romano

GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell Kydd
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dana Cohen
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan
Debbie Horowitz, Chris Lutkin
Wendy Pusey, Denise Sisto
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: Craig Reynolds
ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING: Charles Lung
MANAGERS: David W. Schaefer, Barbara E. Wilck
SPECIAL PROJECTS ASSISTANT MANAGER: Jacqueline Lane
SPECIAL PROJECTS COORDINATOR: Jennifer Gresack

CONTROLLER
David Rockefeller
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ACCOUNTANTS: Judy Dill, Maryann McLeod, CPA
A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Patricia Adiletta
STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez

OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Priscilla Hood, Warren MacDonald
Joseph Markfelder, Erik Rodriguez
Artie Scheer, Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall

K-III MAGAZINES
CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly
PRESIDENT: Harry A. McQuillen
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell
VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson
PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman
VICE-PRESIDENT: Brian T. Beckwith
VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL PLANNING & ANALYSIS: Jennifer P. Chu
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTROLLER: David W. Whitwell
VICE-PRESIDENT, OPERATIONS: Steven R. Elzy
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan
VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: Mark A. Peterson
VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore

Hendra Uncorked

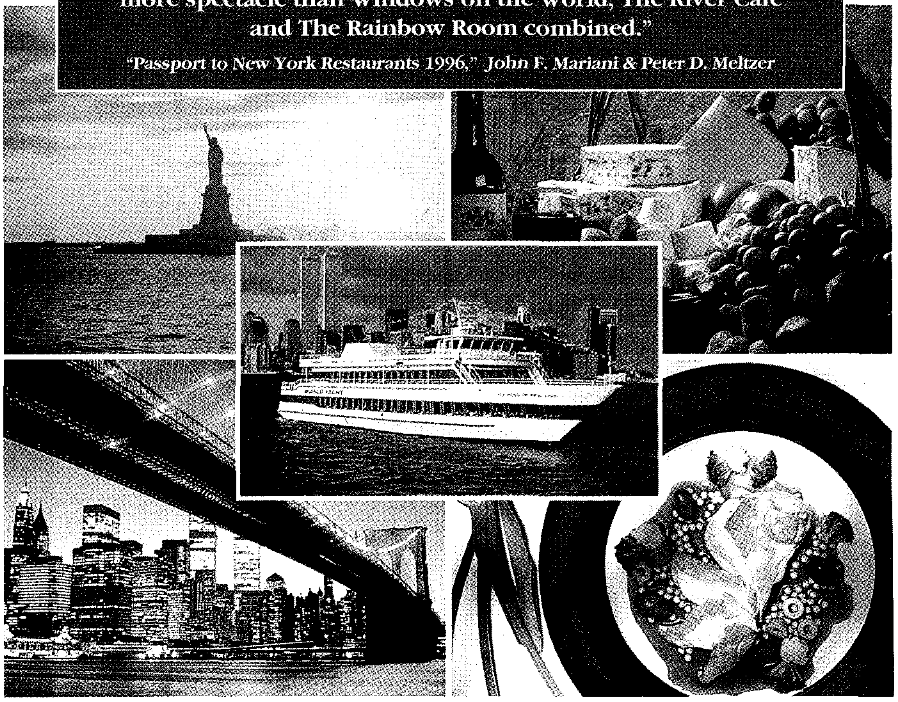
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES and humor have always been intertwined. The word *lampoon* derives from the seventeenth-century-French *lampons,* which was a drinking-song refrain. And who isn't funnier after a couple of drinks? But it's rare to find humor in what is actually *written* on the subject of wines and spirits, long the province of pedantic oenophiles with observations drier than Chablis. Rarer still to find a witty writer who can get excited over a 1992 Sauvignon Blanc from New Zealand. But that's what we've got, in the form of Tony Hendra, the newest conscript in *New York*'s pantheon of critics. "The wine press, as we call it, is achingly self-important and serious and boring," he says. "I aim to bring a little entertainment to the form."

It's somehow apt that a man chronically recognized on the street for his role as the band manager in the great 1984 pseudo-documentary *This Is Spinal Tap* should be a drinks critic. Hendra's résumé, as he is the first to tell you, "is several miles long with little to do with wine." Day jobs have included editorships at the *National Lampoon* and *Spy.* Hendra has also sold screenplays to Hollywood (including this spring's *The Great White Hype,* starring Samuel L. Jackson) and appeared regularly on the TV Food Network's *Grape Expectations.* He's planning a new show for the untapped under-40 wine market, on such pressing topics as "what to do with a hangover; what wine goes with Domino's Pizza."

His wines-and-spirits expertise comes from, he says modestly, "30 years of omnivorous drinking." A. J. Liebling—particularly in a piece about getting drunk on the most expensive wine in the world without having to pay for it—has been a major influence.

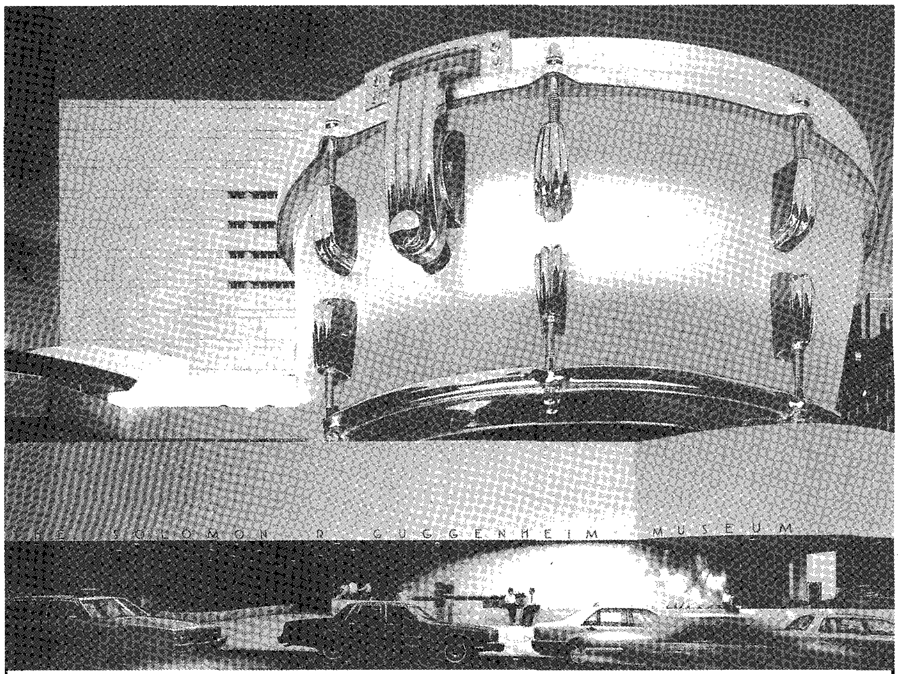
In his short-lived New York *Observer* column, "Wining," Hendra eschewed the "sniff and sip" approach favored conventionally by oenophiles, preferring a zealot's approach. "I'm a missionary about it," he says. "I want to get more people drinking wine. More people drinking, *period.*"

"This three-hour cruise around Manhattan gives you more spectacle than Windows on the World, The River Cafe and The Rainbow Room combined."
"Passport to New York Restaurants 1996," John F. Mariani & Peter D. Meltzer



For Brunch or Dinner Reservations, Call 212-630-8100.
Pier 81, West 41st Street at the Hudson River.
For private charters, call ***212-630-8800****. For general public groups of 15 or more, call* ***212-630-8880****. Ample parking on our pier.*
Join us on a Cigar Dinner Cruise, May 29th or June 26th.

WORLD YACHT
NEW YORK
Elegant Dining Afloat



WORLDBEAT JAZZ
AT THE GUGGENHEIM
Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500

The Apartment

I'll take Staten Island; consider a trip across the Brooklyn Bridge: readers offer their own tales of the mad, mad real-estate world; take my dog—please!

"APARTMENT MADNESS" LEFT US laughing up our sleeves [by Peter Hellman, June 17]. Just step on a Staten Island ferry, apartment seekers, and walk ten minutes to Bay Street Landing, where a 1,500-square-foot apartment with water views, tennis courts, and free parking is all yours for about $1,025—or buy it for $70,000. All the folks here are Manhattanites who got real.

Betty Vaughn
STATEN ISLAND

I WAS BOTH AMAZED AND AMUSED TO SEE how much an apartment is renting for in the Apthorp these days. My older sister and brother and I grew up in the Apthorp's 5F, a cavernous ten-room apartment. Before my parents moved into 5F in 1946 (two years before I was born), they had a five-room apartment in the building. Their monthly rent for this "smaller" apartment on the eighth floor was $175. About a year later, when an elderly woman died at home in 5F, the newly vacant apartment was rented to my parents for $287.50 per month.

I moved out of the Apthorp for good about twenty years ago. Two years after that, my parents gave up the apartment. None of us kids were living at home, and I remember my mother telling me that she and my father no longer needed to "rattle around in all these rooms." By the time they moved out in 1978, they were paying $670 a month. The new tenants were a South American neurosurgeon and his wife and two young children. To the best of my mother's recollection, their rent was raised to somewhere between $900 and $1,200 a month.

Wendy Glickstein
MANHATTAN

YOUR COVER STORY ABOUT THE INSANE New York rents was yet another glaring example of Manhattan myopia. There *is* an alternative to the insane rents you describe: New Yorkers who are willing to forsake the status of a Manhattan address have been moving to Brooklyn (and, yes, even *Queens*) for years. Of course, your story never pointed this out, preferring to claim that "the city's" average one-bedroom rents for $1,830. That is *not* the city average (although it may be the average rent in the area below 96th Street, minus such completely legitimate neighborhoods as Chinatown, the Village east of Avenue B, Hell's Kitchen, and the financial district).

I think the story would have provided more of a service had it pointed out that there are alternatives to Yuppie exploitation—but the problem is, magazines like yours throw up their arms as readers walk blindly into the propeller blades of insane rents. Move to Brooklyn!

Gersh Kuntzman
BROOKLYN

I LIVED IN MANHATTAN FROM 1993 TO 1995 in a prewar rental building on Bennett Avenue at 187th Street in Fort Washington, a safe, tree-lined street in a decidedly family neighborhood. My apartment had a newly renovated galley kitchen with a large eat-in area, a 12-by-20-foot living room, an 8-by-12 dining room, a 12-by-15 bedroom, and a lovely bathroom with claw-foot tub. The rental price per month? Six hundred seventy-five dollars, which was to have gone up to $702 in 1996 on a two-year lease.

I now live in New Jersey. My apartment here has a galley kitchen with no eating area, smaller living room and bedroom, tiny dining "area," and, alas, no claw-foot tub. The rental price per month? Seven hundred forty dollars. One question: Why on earth did I move?

Pat Powers
SOMERSET, N. J.

YOUR ARTICLE ON RISING RENTS IN MANHATTAN hit the nail on the head—but not hard enough. Rent regulations are the main reason for the sharp increase in rents in some Manhattan apartments and, together with other restrictive regulations, are the cause of the inadequate supply of housing.

But the implication that all rents are shooting up is clearly wrong. The high-rent examples cited are all in the relatively small sector of deregulated or newly created apartments. For the vast majority of rent-stabilized apartments in Manhattan, the average remains below $700 per month. The problem is, those apartments don't become available, so the rent for the few apartments that do become available is forced upward.

We should all look at the positive side of increased housing demand: the fact that the city's economy is reviving and more people want to live and work in New York. That demand can be met by incentive programs for new housing such as those recently created by the city for lower Manhattan, and by phasing out rent regulations, thereby allowing rents to stabilize at more reasonable levels.

Joseph Strasburg
President
Rent Stabilization Association
MANHATTAN

Dog Days

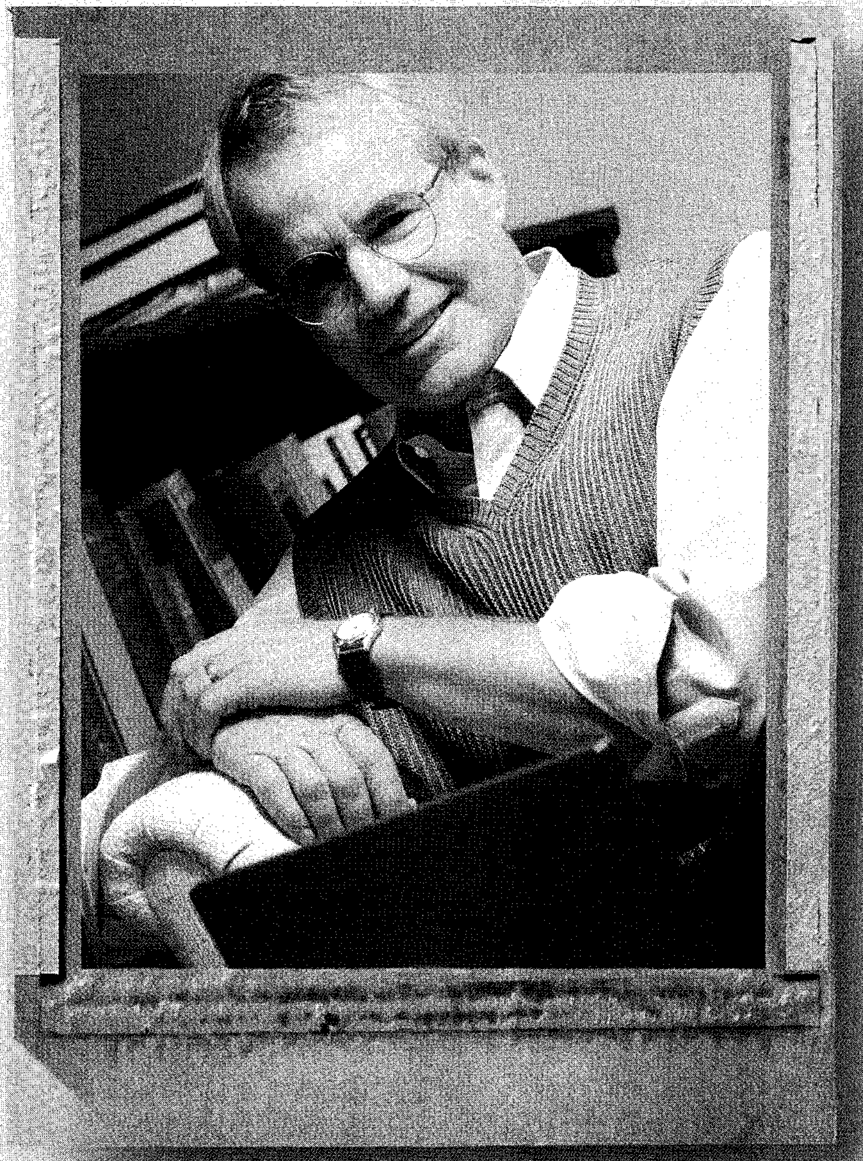
NORMAN VANAMEE'S JUNE 17 "GOTHAM" article "In the Dog House" was disappointing. The article spotlighted the debate between the Center for Animal Care and Control (CACC) and its suddenly vocal former staff member. The real issue is how the ASPCA and CACC are currently working together to arrange the adoptions of more animals than ever before. The ASPCA was founded over 130 years ago to eliminate fear, pain, and suffering in all animals. In 1996, that goal translates into addressing the cycle of animal overpopulation by eliminating unscrupulous pet stores, expanding spay/neuter programs, and finding loving homes for New York's abandoned animals.

During the past 70 years, the number of dogs and cats euthanized in New York City has dropped significantly—from 287,000 in 1928 to 38,700 in 1994. By working together on humane means to curb animal overpopulation, humane societies, advocacy organizations, animal-control organizations, municipalities, and local animal shelters around the nation can drastically reduce the need for cities to engage in animal euthanasia. Now, there's a story!

Roger A. Caras
President, ASPCA
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

EQUAL HOUSING LENDER. MEMBER FDIC. FLEET IS A REGISTERED MARK OF FLEET FINANCIAL GROUP, INC.

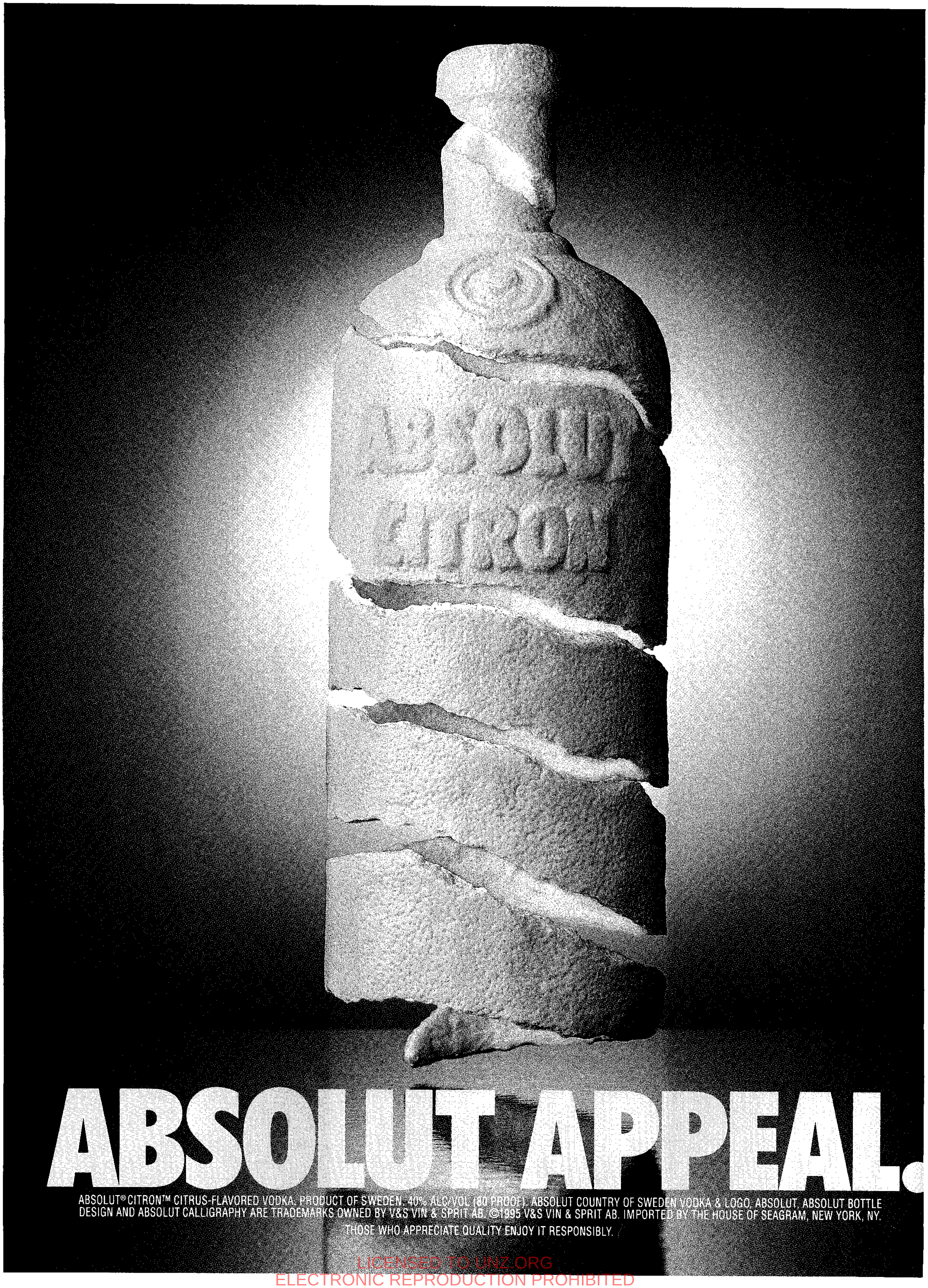


IN THE TIME IT TAKES YOU TO READ THIS AD ABOUT SERVICE, YOU COULD CHECK YOUR BALANCE, TRANSFER FUNDS AND GET AN UPDATE OF YOUR LAST FIVE TRANSACTIONS. NOW THAT'S SERVICE.

Whether you use the branch down the street or an ATM in Maine, thanks to our interstate banking program, Fleet can give you more access to do more things with your money than anyone else. So no matter what your banking needs, Fleet can provide easy solutions. Call 1-800-CALL-FLEET (1-800-225-5353) or stop by a branch and let us introduce ourselves.

Fleet Bank

EQUITY LINES • MONEY MARKET ACCOUNTS • 2100 ATMs • 1200 BRANCHES



ABSOLUT® CITRON™ CITRUS-FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN VODKA & LOGO, ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRAPHY ARE TRADEMARKS OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©1995 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, NY.

THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

ALL THE SWELLS FIT TO INVITE

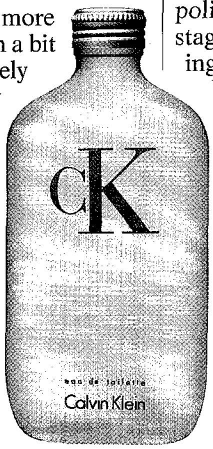
Gurley Brown: Party girl

Morale at the New York *Times,* never especially upbeat, dropped another notch recently when most of the paper's senior editors and reporters were not invited to the huge Met gala celebrating the paper's Sulzbergerian centennial. Among those absent were, extraordinarily, such *Times* mainstays as **Vincent Canby, Janet Maslin,** *Magazine* editorial director **Adam Moss,** and Sunday *Book Review* editor **Chip McGrath.** In their place, former managing editor **Arthur Gelb,** who now runs the New York Times Foundation, opted for glitterati, packing the Metropolitan Museum's Temple of Dendur with boldfaced outsiders such as **Pauline Trigere, Martha Stewart, George Plimpton,** and **Helen Gurley Brown,** who pronounced the event "one of the four parties of the century." The only *Times* journalists who made the cut were those on the masthead, a handful of columnists, and, rather mysteriously, Metro editor **Mike Oreskes.** But while many are seething at being passed over in favor of what one editor called "grade-B celebrities," others were purporting to be relieved. "Everyone I know was grateful not to have to go," claims one staff member. "Hobnobbing with Helen Gurley Brown is *work.*"

POWER STRUGGLE ON CENTRAL PARK WEST

Norman Pearlstine considers Golden Books chairman **Dick Snyder** a "personal friend," but that didn't help when Snyder's daughter tried to buy an apartment in the Time Inc. honcho's Central Park West co-op this spring. **Jackie Snyder,** an executive at the Byron Preiss multimedia publishing firm, had made an all-cash offer for a five-room apartment that had been listed at $595,000, and her father was willing to guarantee payment of the maintenance fees. But the co-op board refused even to meet with her. Pearlstine was the president of the board at the time but says he was out of town when Jackie's application came through. Though Pearlstine insists he had nothing to do with Jackie's rejection, other sources say that Snyder came to believe that Pearlstine blackballed his daughter because Simon & Schuster—which Snyder ran until 1994—passed on *The Power of Beauty,* the latest book by Pearlstine's wife, **Nancy Friday.** This vendetta theory is hotly denied by Friday's friends, who say that she *chose* not to publish her book at S&S, and a former board member says that Pearlstine's building has previously vetoed purchases involving outside guarantors. Whatever the reason for Jackie's rejection, it sparked a rancorous phone call from Snyder to Pearlstine. "You're not playing by the rules of the game," Snyder reportedly huffed. "The rules of the game say you don't hurt the *children*!"

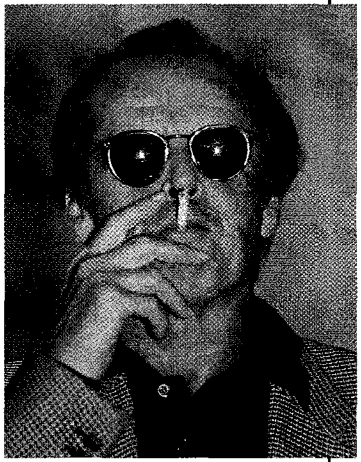
THE, UH, SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS



A rose by any other name may make a good deal more money. So the rarefied noses at Bulgari have been a bit out of joint ever since sales of **Calvin Klein's** hugely successful unisex fragrance, cK One, instantly soared way, way past those of their own unisex product, Eau Parfumée. The company is alleging that Calvin Klein simply swiped its scent and repackaged it. Says **Veronica Bulgari:** "We had a great idea, and it was usurped on a bigger level. But we're a small company, and we have not taken any active steps toward a lawsuit or anything. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Over at Calvin Klein, however, insiders maintain that the Bulgaris are merely envious. Says a spokeswoman: "When we developed cK One, we went for a whole new fragrance."

A WAILING CHORUS; JACK OF ALL TRADES

The choristers at the Metropolitan Opera took center stage this past season, creating a huge Sturm und Drang backstage. It's a labor issue: A group of singers, angered by high union dues, are plotting to secede from their longtime union, the American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA), to establish their own guild. Last week, contentious Metropolitan Opera manager **Joe Volpe** entered the fray. Testifying before the National Labor Relations Board, Volpe seemed to side with the renegade unionists, calling for open elections in the name of "industrial democracy." But AGMA isn't buying that. Suspicious of the secessionists' close relationship to management, AGMA's lawyer, **Bruce Simon,** reacted to the Met's statement by shrieking, operatically, "Aha! The wolf now sheds its sheep's clothing." Met choristers are the best-paid in America, earning an average of $95,000 a year.

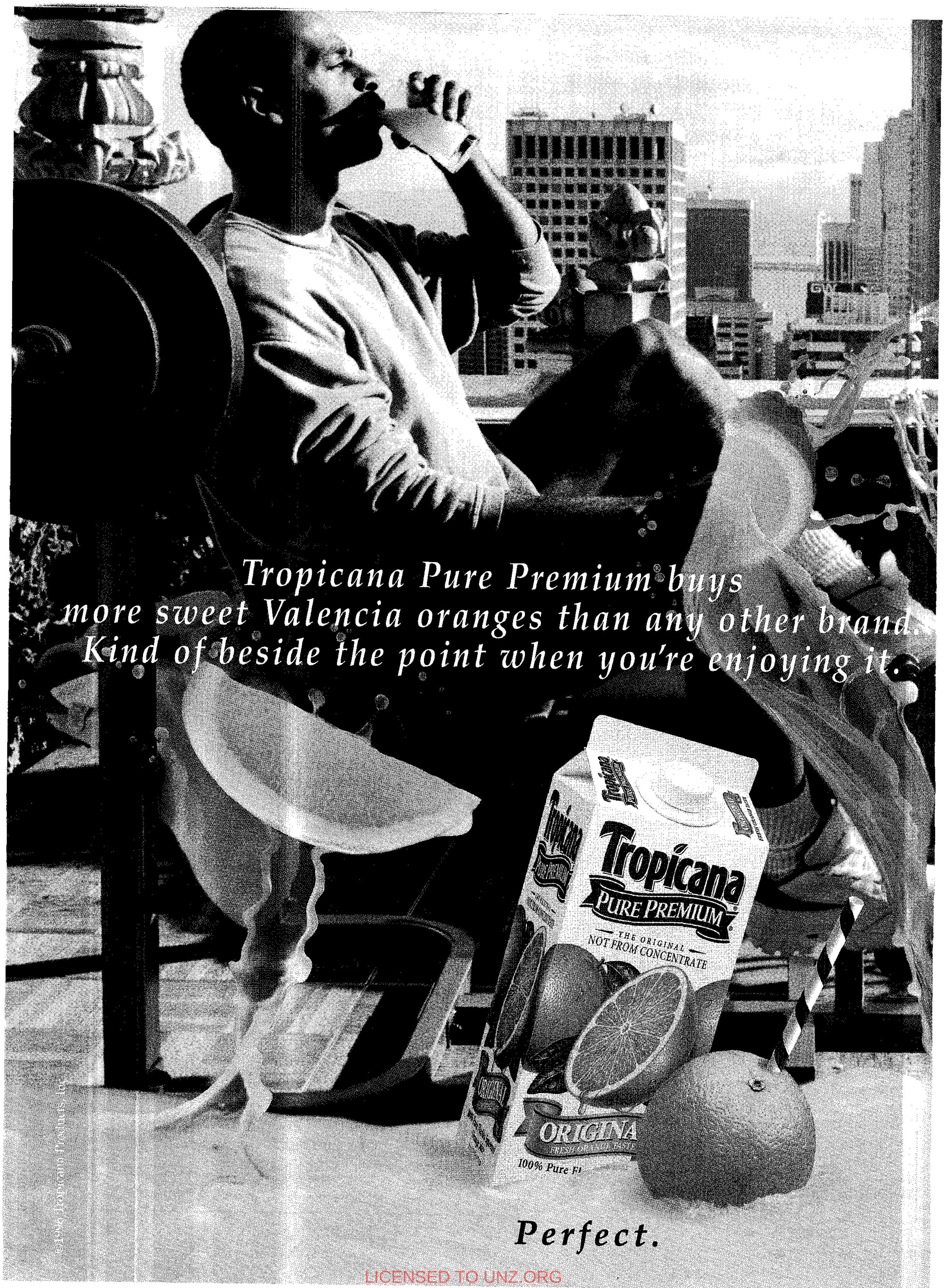


Jack Nicholson: ***Model citizen***

FULL COERTE PRESS: According to sources close to **Jack Nicholson,** the fashion-model-obsessed actor is gearing up to direct **Coerte Felske's** novel *The Shallow Man,* the story of a fashion-model-obsessed promoter. New Line Cinema has just signed a deal with Felske to develop the film, which reportedly will be produced by the all-star team of **Nick Wechsler** (*sex, lies and videotape*), Jack's buddy **Alan Finkelstein,** and **Michael White** (*Oh Calcutta!*).

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus and Mark Jacobs.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Capitol Pictures/LGI; Steve Wisbauer/Still Life Stock.


Tropicana Pure Premium® buys
more sweet Valencia oranges than any other brand.
Kind of beside the point when you're enjoying it.
Tropicana
PURE PREMIUM
THE ORIGINAL
NOT FROM CONCENTRATE
ORIGINA
100% Pure Fl
Perfect.

©1996 Tropicana Products, Inc.

GOTHAM

A catastrophe. But a magnificent catastrophe—*Le Corbusier*

THE FRONT PAGE

The Fun Factor

The presidential race gets some entertainment value.

Finally, some fun. Until last week, the presidential race promised four more months of wonk jockeying and MOR demagoguery and all the excitement of *Washington Week in Review*—in fact, the exact excitement of *Washington Week in Review*. This may have been some folks' idea of fun—people whose doctors won't let them watch *The McLaughlin Group*—but most Americans had probably stopped mapping Bob Dole's movement toward the center on their kitchen tables after dinner, and there was not a single eligible voter who hadn't at least subconsciously gotten Bill Clinton's clearly articulated campaign message: *Hey, I'm already president.*

Then the old-lady killer stepped in.

Richard Lamm, the former Colorado governor who famously once said the aged and infirm have "a duty to die and get out of the way," announced that he would run for the presidential nomination of the Reform Party™, a wholly owned subsidiary of Ross Perot. Lamm said he didn't think Mr. Perot would mind, since "I think he probably realizes we need a fresh face."

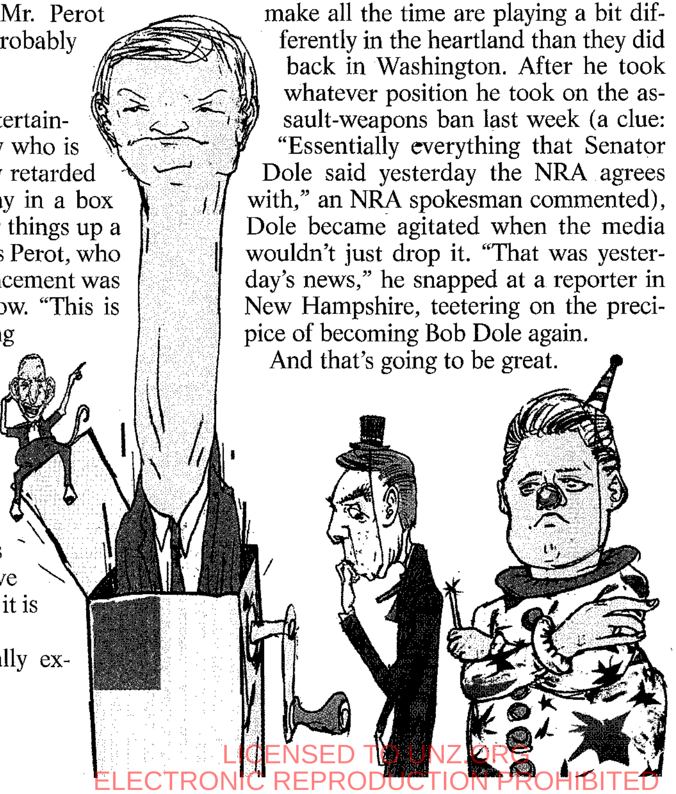
This is going to be such fun.

Lamm himself isn't that entertaining, rather surprising for a guy who is willing to suggest that severely retarded babies should just be put away in a box someplace, but he ought to stir things up a bit. He certainly stirred up Ross Perot, who within a day of Lamm's announcement was on his buddy Larry King's show. "This is not about me. . . . The last thing I want is for this thing to be about me," Perot had complained to Larry last October, and last week he didn't, for once, repeat himself. "I am dedicated to this country. I am dedicated to our children and grandchildren," he said. "This is all I have done for the last five years. And the only reason I do it is because I love this country."

Perot's head did not actually explode on the program, but it's early yet, and some day, in some poll, Lamm is going to be way ahead. And then Perot will be back on *Larry King*, explaining why some Reform Party organizers had to be let go ("They were plotting, see, I know it sounds crazy, but see, they knew I would sound crazy, and that's why they did it that way"), and then he'll make those little tiny fists, his ears will go crimson, his forehead will bow suddenly, and then all of America will get to hear that soft popping sound it's longed for these past few years.

Bob Dole, meanwhile, is getting more entertaining without any prodding at all. Citizen Dole has been discovering that the same lobby-massaged statements Senator Dole used to make all the time are playing a bit differently in the heartland than they did back in Washington. After he took whatever position he took on the assault-weapons ban last week (a clue: "Essentially everything that Senator Dole said yesterday the NRA agrees with," an NRA spokesman commented), Dole became agitated when the media wouldn't just drop it. "That was yesterday's news," he snapped at a reporter in New Hampshire, teetering on the precipice of becoming Bob Dole again.

And that's going to be great.



TRUMP L'OEIL "No, these are not his *personal* things, but I think people will understand that he's constantly doing these kind of deals, and they will want to be part of the deal. Even if it's not stuff that he actually sat on or lived with, they are certainly representative of another Trump conquest."—Christie's Gary Piattoni, on the auction house's high expectations for the sale this week of antiques from an upstate mansion Donald Trump bought and is planning to gut and turn into a golf resort next year

HE'S BACK "There was a huge hole in front of my building; I called and yelled at Con Edison. [The next day] they had a work crew there. But when I came out at 8:30, *they weren't working.* They were sitting on the back of a truck drinking coffee. I went back upstairs, got my camera, and took their picture. A couple of guys ran away. They said, 'Who are you? Are you from Con Ed?' I said, 'Who am I? I'm the voice of doom,' " Christopher Lynn told *New York* when asked whether he was looking forward to his new responsibilities as head of the Department of Transportation.

COMING SOON TO . . . Why does the commercial for *Courage Under Fire* end with the line "Only at theaters"? "Sometimes they come up with cute tag lines like 'Playing at theaters everywhere,' [but] it's not playing anywhere else. Not on airplanes or anything. I guess you're not supposed to think about that," says someone who worked on the campaign.

City

THE FEDS ARE COMING

KEN DAVIS RETIRED FROM SAKS FIFTH AVenue in 1994, at the age of 23. In the two years that followed, he survived on Medicaid and disability checks from the city's Division of AIDS Services. Until May.

"I went to pick up prescriptions and found out my Medicaid wasn't active," he says. He suddenly found himself "without food stamps, without Medicaid, and without housing assistance," he whispers. "Can you imagine?"

Davis had made the potentially fatal mistake of not being home when the FEDS came to call.

The FEDS are not federal agents but rather the inspectors for the Eligibility Verification Review program, a City Hall initiative designed to ferret out welfare fraud. When they come, they flash badges that read FEDS, a bureaucratic acronym which only means "front-end detection system," though it's probably meant to be scary. The FEDS check to see that there are no new roommates or under-the-table jobs, and that the aid recipient lives where he or she gets checks. They also inspect refrigerators and medicine cabinets, and quiz neighbors and superintendents.

If FEDS inspectors do not find the recipients at home, they leave a note; if the note is not answered speedily, the benefits—from food stamps to Medicaid to rental subsidies—are summarily discontinued.

Since late March, the program has been expanded to target the 19,000 people who receive disability benefits through the city's Division of AIDS Services—people like Ken Davis. On the day that inspectors first climbed to his fifth-story walk-up on West 56th Street, Davis was convalescing in the spare room of a friend's apartment. He was last home in February, when painful neuropathy in his legs and a sudden drop in his weight to 115 pounds made it impossible for him to navigate the towering stairway.

The FEDS guys left notes, which a friend read Davis over the phone; Davis replied in writing, but he says his explanations—replete with his doctor's affidavits—went ignored. "It seems to me that these patients are being treated in an abusive and mean-spirited and discriminatory way," says Davis's doctor, Paul Bellman, "and it really has a potential to have a dilatory impact on their health." In fact, Davis has developed a severe case of shingles that Bellman attributes to the stress of losing his benefits.

Throughout the AIDS community, there is no shortage of these horror stories—of sick people being denied benefits for peculiar reasons. One person was removed because, it turned out, the buzzer in his building didn't work. Another was accused of duplicity when the FEDS found a man in her apartment with his own set of keys (it was her brother helping lay a carpet). "My current favorite," says ACT-UP's Karin Timour, "is the person who was told that if he had enough money to buy cat food, he must be defrauding people. This happened twice! They were actually booted off."

Of 89 cases followed by Gay Men's Health Crisis, half were in the hospital at the time inspectors arrived. All had their benefits cut off, only to get them reinstated after GMHC became involved. Davis won reinstatement shortly after *New York* inquired about his case. The fact that so many of the removals are being overturned is seen as evidence of a cruel capriciousness in the whole process.

"This is absolutely obscene," says Darryl Ng, the director of government relations for Gay Men's Health Crisis. "We're talking about people who are ill here. It's not like they're between jobs."

Meanwhile, thousands of Division of AIDS Services clients who await their inspections live under a fear they can do nothing to stem. They don't know when their inspectors will arrive or what charge they might level. "It's a disaster; it's horrible," says one DAS client who has tried, but failed, to arrange an appointment with his FEDS inspectors. So far, they have arrived at his door eight times—while he was at the grocery store or walking his dog—and have left eight notes.

"I have a medical condition that as far as we know is never going to go away," he says wearily. "But instead, I feel like I'm being treated like a criminal."

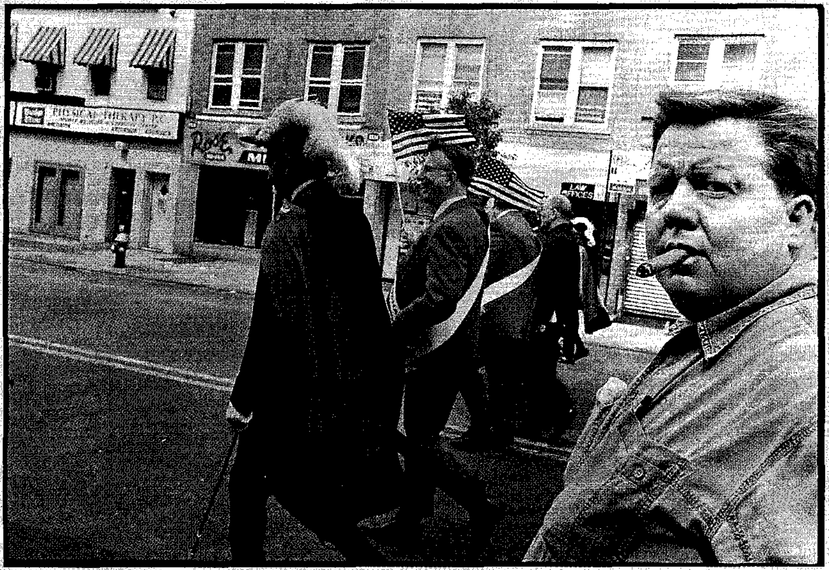
Karyn Peña, 38, has been nervously expecting her inspectors since early April. Though she is on full HIV-related disability, she is taking a work-training class in an effort to begin providing for her young daughter and grandson, who she says both depend on her subsidies. Eventually, she hopes the classes will get her off disability. But the classes keep her busy every day but Wednesday—and of the four trips FEDS have made to her East 4th Street apartment, none was on a Wednesday. She's worried that by trying to improve her circumstances, she says, she may find herself worse off.

"It's really bugging me out," she said. "Every day I sit and wait for the case to be closed. Because I have not heard anything for weeks."

"Nobody should go through EVR, but the impact is much worse on [AIDS Services] clients," says Lauren Shapiro, the HIV-unit director at Brooklyn Legal Services, which joined the Urban Justice Center and Legal Aid Society in filing a class-action suit seeking to challenge EVR. The case is currently in discovery.

Likewise, GMHC and others have petitioned for DAS clients to be exempted. Says GMHC's associate director, Michael Isbell, "This has consumed a substantial amount of staff time here at GMHC, which should have been used handling more pressing needs." But the EVR inspectors are continuing their rounds nonetheless. "My belief and understanding is that it's not a terrorist campaign to drive people off," says the chief of staff for Deputy Mayor Fran Reiter. "The city wants to remain by far the most generous municipality in the country. But people

SHOT



The Knights of Columbus, July 4, Bay Ridge, *photographed by Andrew Lichtenstein.*

who are receiving benefits should be entitled to them."

Even people who have passed the inspections have reported trauma at the hands of the deputies. "I had pictures of my nephews on the wall," says one single gay man who was scrutinized recently. "Obviously, I don't have kids. So they used the pictures to try to make it look like I don't really live here." Says another, "One of them asked me, 'Why do you think you deserve disability?' And I just said, 'All I know is, by the grace of God I stay alive.' " DAVID FRANCE

Sports

POOL RUNNINGS

JOHN DAGBOVI SENAKWAMI HOISTED HIMself out of the water. Behind him, a fat guy in Bermuda trunks dog-paddled through the middle lane. Two dozen kids screamed and splashed until a lifeguard blew his whistle. Senakwami surveyed the scene and let out a sigh. He's supposed to be in Atlanta representing his native Togo in the Olympics; instead, he was at the Lehman College pool in the Bronx last week, literally going through the motions, swimming one-length intervals with all the passion of a manatee.

"I gave up my job," he said, shivering next to one of the starting blocks. "I worked out two, three times a day. I did everything that needed to be done."

One young fan apparently hadn't heard the news that the Togo Olympic Committee had excluded Senakwami's name from the eligibility list. "You going to the Olympics?" he asked, all excited. Senakwami smiled. "Well, yes and no." (He will be there this week, but as a spectator.) Apparently satisfied, the kid strutted off and jumped into the pool. "The most difficult problem," said the 30-year-old Bronx music teacher, "is what do I tell the children, the kindergarten kids who wrote me letters?"

Senakwami never had much of a chance of being competitive in Atlanta; he's a full four seconds behind the world record in the 50-meter freestyle and twelve seconds off the 100-meter mark. But his story—he did not even know how to swim until two years ago—prompted a miniature media frenzy that resulted in donations of more than $1,000 from admirers around the country. The story is a compelling one: In 1994, after he jumped into the water at Jones Beach, tried to body-surf, and nearly drowned, Senakwami signed up for swim lessons at a Jack La Lanne in Riverdale. When fellow neophytes complimented him on his progress, he thought, *Hey, I'll swim in the Olympics!* He quit his assistant-conductor's post with the Boys Choir of Harlem. He got a world-class coach. He slept on the floor of a rectory cubicle at

ENTERTAINMENT

Gross Exaggerations

After *Independence Day* raked in more than $100 million in its opening week, Twentieth Century Fox's Tom Sherak had every right to gloat that *ID4* would rank "right up there with the biggest pictures of all time." Of course, *ID4* had a giant head start. It may have grossed more in its first five days than *Gone With the Wind* made in its entire first run, but then, today's ticket prices are nineteen times what they were in 1939, and the available U.S. audience has doubled. Adjusting for those two factors, *GWTW* would have made nearly $2.5 *billion* in its first run. And in fact, at 1996 prices with a 1996 potential domestic audience, many of yesterday's classics become blockbusters of Spielbergian proportions. VICTORIA CAIN

In new screen splendor...
The most magnificent picture ever!
DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
"GONE WITH THE WIND"
CLARK GABLE
VIVIEN LEIGH
LESLIE HOWARD OLIVIA deHAVILLAND

OLD B.O. RANKING	MOVIE AND YEAR	AVERAGE TICKET PRICE	FIRST-RUN B.O., IN MILLIONS	ADJUSTED 1996 B.O., IN MILLIONS
-	Gone With the Wind (1939)	$0.23	$65	$2,504
38	The Sound of Music (1965)	1.01	159	944
-	The Ten Commandments (1956)	0.59	71	839
4	Star Wars (1977)	2.23	323	767
-	Ben-Hur (1959)	0.68	76	738
8	Jaws (1975)	2.05	260	699
1	E.T. (1982)	2.93	400	685
-	Snow White (1937)	0.23	17	651
36	The Exorcist (1973)	1.76	165	545
-	Around the World in Eighty Days (1956)	0.49	46	542
-	*Doctor Zhivago (1965)*	1.01	90	535
41	The Sting (1973)	1.76	156	488
10	Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)	2.78	242	443
14	The Empire Strikes Back (1980)	2.69	223	426
-	Mary Poppins (1964)	0.75	65	426
7	Return of the Jedi (1983)	3.14	264	418
-	Cleopatra (1963)	0.74	54	395
2	Jurassic Park (1993)	4.14	357	390
3	Forrest Gump (1994)	4.17	330	353
11	Ghostbusters (1984)	3.36	239	351
12	Beverly Hills Cop (1984)	3.36	235	346
44	Grease (1978)	2.34	153	343
5	The Lion King (1994)	4.17	313	335
-	Animal House (1978)	2.34	142	317
6	Home Alone (1990)	4.23	286	317
-	Goldfinger (1964)	0.75	47	307
27	Tootsie (1982)	2.93	177	304
-	Superman (1978)	2.34	134	301
9	Batman (1989)	3.99	251	298
18	Back to the Future (1985)	3.55	208	288
-	Casablanca (1942)	0.27	9	274

Box-office ranking is based on EDI's ranking of the top-grossing movies of all time. Box-office figures supplied by EDI; box office for movies prior to 1966 is estimated based on rental income, supplied by Exhibitor Relations. Average ticket prices supplied by the MPAA. Adjusted 1996 box office assumes 1996 average ticket price of $4.40 and a potential viewing audience of 265 million. Population figures (not shown) supplied by the U.S. Census Bureau.

Photograph by Photofest.

Our Lady of Victory in the Bronx, giving music lessons to the parish children in exchange for his room and board. He swam morning and night, and was named to the Togo swim team this May.

That's where the unlikely success story ends; barring unlikely last-minute action by the International Olympic Committee, Senakwami will be watching it all from the sidelines when the games begin this Friday. As the tiny African nation's lone representative in swimming, he would have received a qualifying exemption no matter how slow his time. And up until this month, Togo had assured him he was on the team, as long as he paid his way. The country's minister of sport even called to congratulate him. But according to Senakwami, the Togo committee started hedging a few weeks ago. First they said he was too old—the committee claimed it had an age limit. Then they said he had to have been training in Togo. Then the committee pointed out that he had no international experience, so Senakwami competed in a prestigious meet in California the next week, recording a personal best. The committee then said his time wasn't good enough and that he would embarrass the country. "I'm a victim of political insecurity," he declared. "Togo is upset that the U.S. is involved, that the media is involved, that people are pushing them around. To prove that they have the power, they aren't letting me go."

John Senakwami of Togo at the Lehman College pool.

John Collins, the coach who took on Senakwami for free, shuffled into the glass-encased pool area. Collins was doing some last-minute errands before he departed for Atlanta, where another of his charges, New Rochelle's Cristina Teuscher, is a gold-medal contender in the women's 200-meter freestyle. "If he doesn't go, there's still that air of mystery about him," Collins said, looking on the bright side. "We don't exactly know what he would have done had he been there."

Senakwami's not sure where he's going from here. Since his ejection from the team, he's gotten job offers for everything from coaching to banking. "Banking," he shrugged. "What do I know about banking?"

RON DICKER

THE SCENE

Product

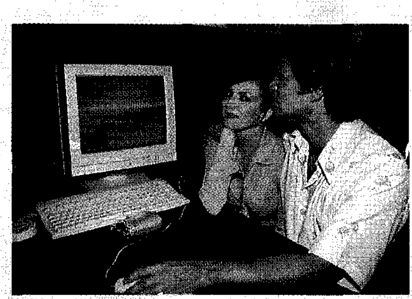
At Sullivan's Broadcast Restaurant and Lounge for the launch of the Web site 'SWOON.'

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

TRACI LORDS MAY NOT HAVE COME TO PROMINENCE AS an ad-agency executive, but she knows a thing or two about product placement. At the moment, she is carefully placing her highly marketable product lengthwise on a velvet settee, legs curled, back arched, lips apout. Nominally, it turns out, the official product being pitched this evening is Condé Nast's new online "dating, mating, and relating" venture for the post-teen set. But the four computers set up to showcase the service are sitting unattended on tables to the side, while Lords's kittenish antics have attracted the attention of a few dozen people, a handful of paparazzi, and a couple of TV cameras.

Not that *SWOON*, with its horoscopes, chat rooms, personal ads, and daily polls, won't have its passionate adherents, but it's too soon for that: Just now, the personals are so scarce that the one Lords posted "anonymously" sticks out like, well, like a former child porn star in a room of Net-heads. Forums about "mourning a childhood pet" simply can't compete with a girl like Traci.

It was always thus. Her more devoted online fans have found all sorts of interesting ways to preserve her legacy (as they have with her boyfriend, actor John Enos: "They talk about my hair a lot, and my butt," he says). By comparison with the personae these fans dream up, the real live sexpots can seem awfully tame. "We lie in bed, and we eat," she explains. "We watch TV, and we eat."



Left, Traci Lords and John Enos kick off CondéNet's *SWOON*. David Whitney and David Salle (below left) and architects Richard Meier, Charles Gwathmey, and Michael Graves (below) toast Philip Johnson's 90th birthday, again, at MoMA.

At *Harriet the Spy's* premiere for Boys Harbor, Billy Friedkin and his wife, Sherry Lansing (above), and Veronica Webb and Russell Simmons (right).

Photograph: top, Steffen Thalemann

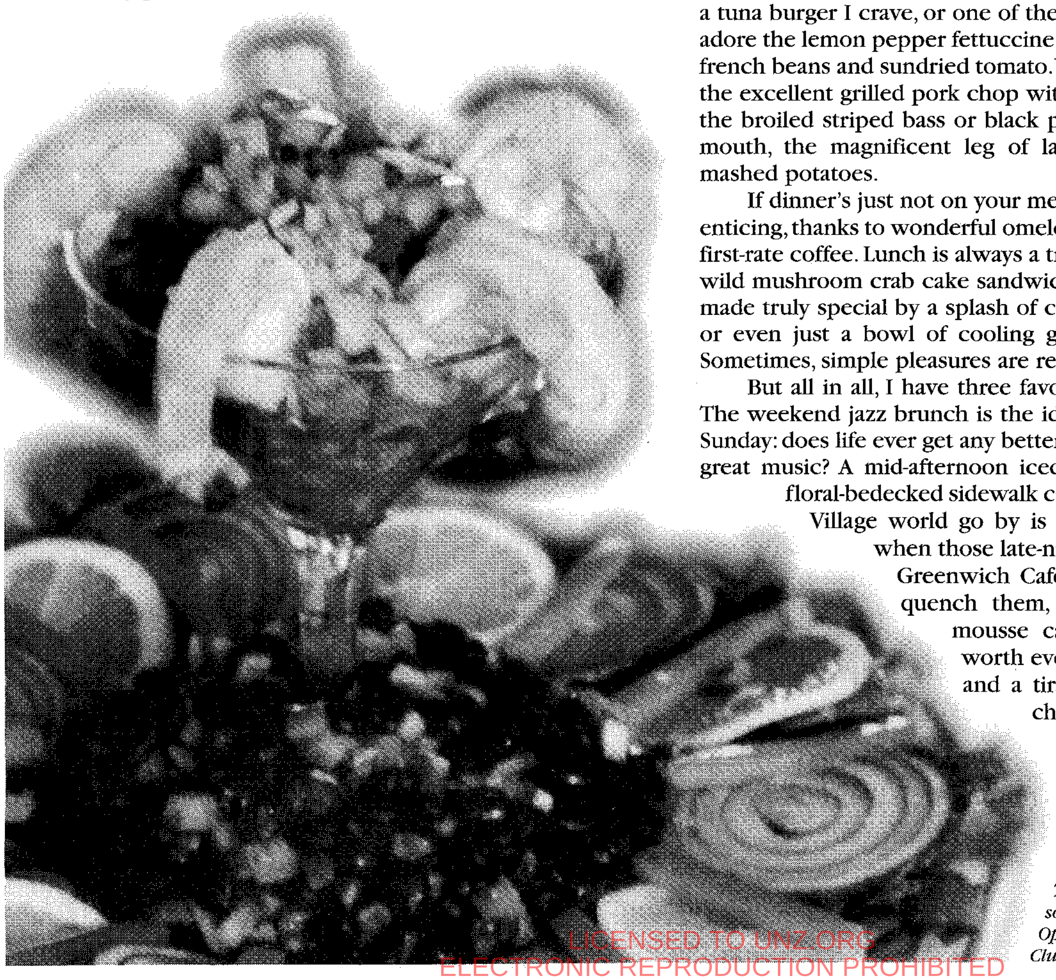
HE GREENWICH CAFE: OOL AROUND HE CLOCK

BY KAREN DONNER

**/EN THE HIGH COST OF RENT IN THE WEST VILLAGE, I'M
NSIDERING MOVING OUT OF MY BROWNSTONE AND INTO
E GREENWICH CAFE. LOCATED JUST WEST OF SEVENTH
ENUE SOUTH—THE PROVERBIAL HOP, SKIP AND JUMP
OM FABULOUS SHOPPING, A MOVIE THEATRE AND MY FAVORITE TANNING PARLOR (WHAT MORE DO
U NEED?)—THE GREENWICH CAFE IS HOME AWAY FROM HOME FOR LOTS OF SAVVY DOWNTOWNERS.**

I won't name names, but you won't believe who I've run into
:! And why should they, or you, go anywhere else? The Greenwich
offers it all: fantastic, beautifully prepared food, surprisingly mod-
prices, a divine atmosphere, and a friendly waitstaff with no
ntown attitude. Best of all, it's open 24 hours a day!

One reason I might move in is that I just love the furniture—a
fully chosen collection of utlracomfortable overstuffed chairs,
d antique mirrors and assorted marble tables that prove mixing
matching is definitely the way to decorate, no matter what those
catalogues tell you. And I would kill to have the copper-topped
ve" bar in my place—not, of course, that it would fit!



The second good reason to move in is so I could try everything on the menu—a feat that takes visit after visit, plus a little daring. Since you're likely to fall in love immediately with anything you order, you might have to force yourself to try something new the next time. Go for it. Variety, as well as cilantro, is the spice of life.

My dinner favorites so far range the international gamut, further proof of the chef's skill and inventiveness. The delicious roast duck tortilla roll with enoki mushrooms, assorted vegetables and Thai sauce, the delectable marinated grilled calamari and the bracing radicchio wrapped goat cheese with roasted beets and a chive-infused olive oil all make lovely starters. When entree time comes, some nights it's a tuna burger I crave, or one of the Cafe's superb pastas—I especially adore the lemon pepper fettuccine with sliced duck breast, asparagus, french beans and sundried tomato. When I feel like splurging, I opt for the excellent grilled pork chop with its yummy fennel potato gallete, the broiled striped bass or black pepper-crusted tuna, or, be still my mouth, the magnificent leg of lamb with those irresistible garlic mashed potatoes.

If dinner's just not on your menu, don't worry. Breakfast is just as enticing, thanks to wonderful omelettes, quiches and french toast, plus first-rate coffee. Lunch is always a treat as well, whether it's the hearty wild mushroom crab cake sandwich, the light corkscrew pasta salad, made truly special by a splash of champagne vinegar in the dressing, or even just a bowl of cooling gazpacho or a grand caesar salad. Sometimes, simple pleasures are really the best.

But all in all, I have three favorite times at the Greenwich Cafe. The weekend jazz brunch is the ideal way to start a lazy Saturday or Sunday: does life ever get any better than a mimosa, eggs Benedict and great music? A mid-afternoon iced cappuccino at the ultracolorful, floral-bedecked sidewalk cafe watching the always interesting Village world go by is my idea of heaven on earth. And when those late-night sugar cravings call, I know the Greenwich Cafe will have the perfect dessert to quench them, from the killer triple chocolate mousse cake (yes, it's very decadent and worth every calorie) to marvelous fruit pies and a tiramisu that could make an Italian chef jealous.

So whether it's 1am or 1pm, come stop by the Greenwich Cafe. You'll find me at my table in the corner, and my cat, all alone, in my apartment.

*The Greenwich Cafe. 75 Greenwich Avenue,
south of Seventh Avenue. 245-5450.
Open 24 hours. American Express, Diner's
Club. Discover. Master Card. Visa*

THE NATIONAL INTEREST JACOB WEISBERG

Daddy, What's a Liberal?

Dick Gephardt and Tom Daschle have fashioned a centrist agenda that disavows most of the Democrats' Big Government past. Is the tax-and-spend bogeyman finally dead?

REMEMBER "TRIANGULATION"? According to that much-hyped theory (which presidential adviser Dick Morris liked to illustrate by taking Arthur Murrayish strides around the room), Bill Clinton was supposed to recuperate from the 1994 election debacle by positioning himself at a midpoint between disconcertingly right-wing Gingrich Republicans and alarmingly left-wing Gephardt Democrats. It hasn't played out quite that way. First, Clinton regained his lost popularity by allying himself with the old libs against the conservative assault on Great Society social programs and environmental regulations. And now that the president has begun sounding the mellifluous chimes of moderation, the congressional wing of his party is joining in.

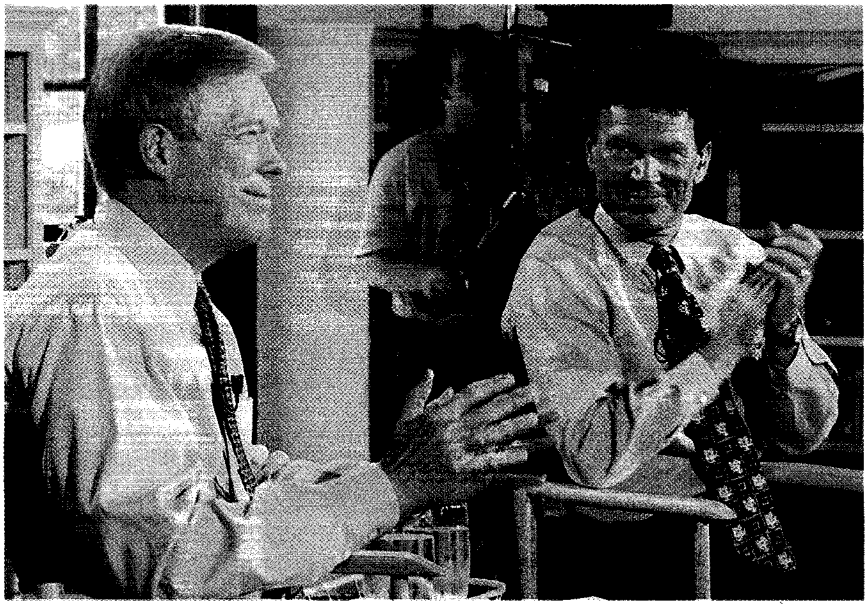
The vehicle for this apparent transformation, announced just before the Independence Day congressional recess, is the "Families First" agenda. At one level, the 21-point platform is a Democratic rejoinder, two years later, to the Contract With America. Like the Republicans in 1994, the minority party seeks to nationalize local congressional elections by setting out the course it will follow if it regains majority status (now an actual possibility). House minority leader Dick Gephardt and his Senate counterpart, Tom Daschle, who drew up the document after a year of intensive consultation with the Democratic Caucus, hope that with the quasi-unanimous support of the rank-and-file, Families First will allow them to emulate the discipline and unity shown by the GOP in voting for the Contract. But more significantly, Families First shows the party's famously retrograde congressional wing beginning to come to grips with its own past mistakes and embracing, for the first time, a notion of reform liberalism and restrained government activism.

What is striking about Families First is how modest the Democrats' aspirations now are. Echoing President Clinton's announcement of the end of the era of big government in this year's State of the Union address, the congressional Democrats now aver that "people don't want big-government solutions." The new buzzwords are, along with *modest* and *moderate, achievable, incremental,* and *realistic*—not to mention the all-purpose *middle-of-the-road.* Families First announces that Democrats have broken with their old-liberal bad habits—the grand promises, the habitual insolvency, the ritual extension of federal bureaucracy—in favor of a kind of pragmatic meliorism. Somewhat amazingly, the official Democratic agenda no longer includes comprehensive health-care reform, any program for worker training, or a call for tax "fairness."

Instead, the Democrats now promise a balanced budget, achieved principally through cuts in social programs, and a list of measured steps to help working families. On health care, for example, they merely pledge to require insurers to offer kids-only policies, so that some parents who can't afford coverage for themselves will at least be able to get it for their children. Another sign of political renovation is that Families First contains none of the usual goodies for the prime Democratic interest groups. Unlike the Republican Contract, an all-you-can-eat buffet for every contributing sect from the National Rifle Association to the Golden Rule Insurance Company (purveyor of medical savings accounts), the Democratic plan does not try to pander to labor, seniors, or minorities. This, too, says Gephardt, is a conscious strategy.

Somewhat surprisingly, it is the stone-faced liberal Gephardt, more than the soft-spoken centrist Daschle, who evinces a sense of sincere political repentance, even apostasy. "I'm not in a position to explain and apologize," says Daschle. "I don't feel we ought to attempt to separate ourselves from who we once were." But Gephardt, often stereotyped as the knee-jerkiest paleoliberal, now opens a vein of Maoist-style self-criticism upon slight provocation. "We got sloppy in tactics as to how you actually get something done," he told me last week. "We were just throwing programs at problems instead of really taking stock of what works and what doesn't. We were undisciplined, we were lazy in a way, and we got spanked."

Gephardt says his new thinking came in response not just to an election in which his party got thrashed but from his own experience of going door-to-door in his St. Louis district. The conversations left him with a sense of his own party's failures. "One of the things we concluded was that we've been all over the lot; we weren't able to discipline what we were doing,"



Gephardt (left) with Daschle: A coupla white guys sitting around repositioning.

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

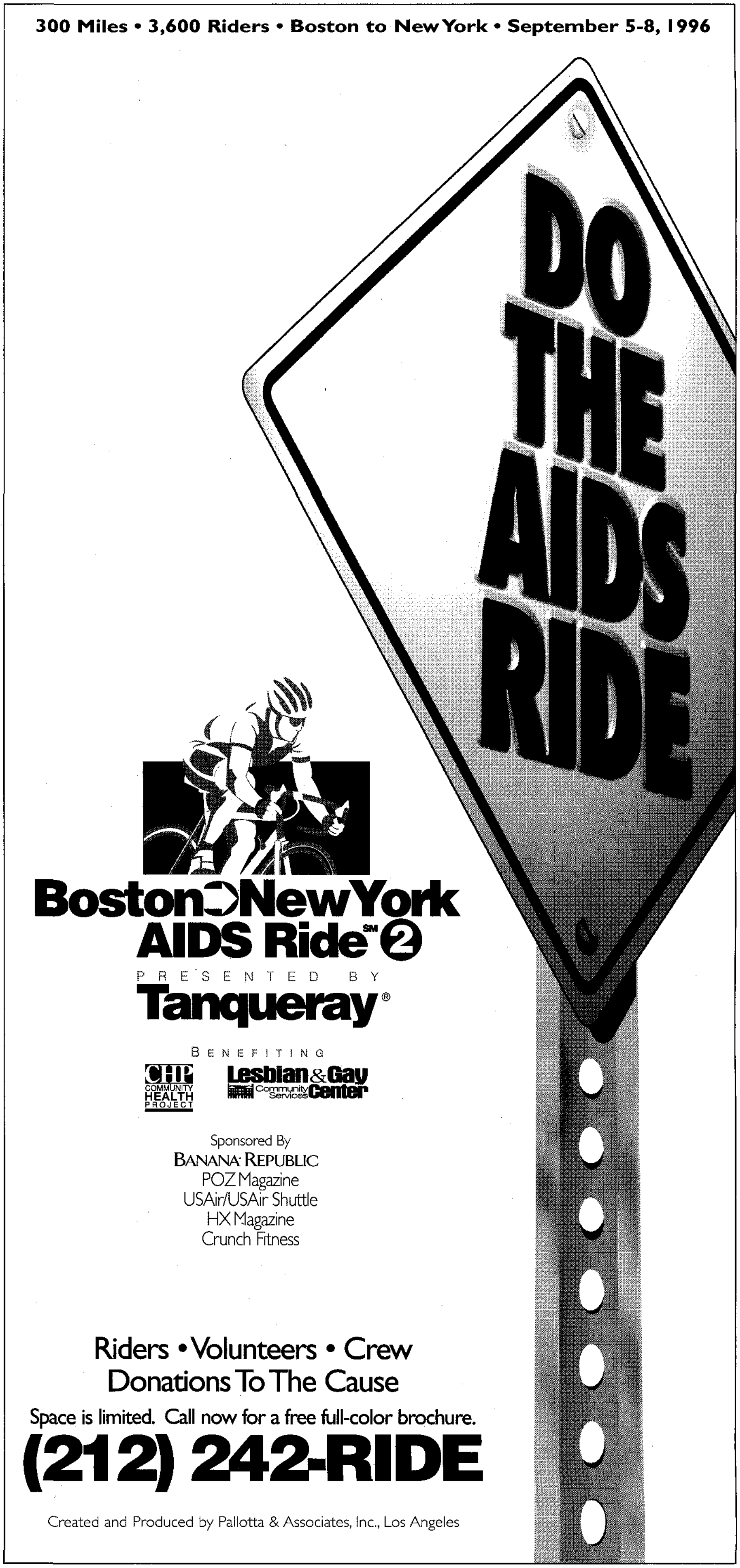
he says. "We weren't willing to get rid of things that didn't work so we could try to do things that might work. And we weren't listening carefully enough to see that people wanted help but they wanted it in an effective way." His conclusion was that voters deeply want government to work despite their misgivings about it, and that it is up to his party to deliver some human-scale accomplishments in order to rebuild public confidence.

Gephardt's personal reexamination is pretty convincing. The larger issue is whether the new thinking has overtaken his party, whether Families First is more than a shrewd act of political repositioning. Republican national chairman Haley Barbour scoffed that it was so much tax-and-spend liberalism (a charge that is, finally, completely off the mark). But the New Democrats, traditional intramural sparring partners of the Gephardt wing, take it much more seriously.

"The interesting point of the Families First document is that it's a break from at least the political rhetoric of the past," says Al From, president of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council. "The congressional Democrats, and particularly the House Democrats, who have been the last to recognize political change in the country, are finally saying, *Look, if we get sent back and put in control of Congress, we can't just govern as we used to.*" Last week, From and three of his New Democratic colleagues unveiled their own statement of principles, the New Progressive Declaration. Though couched in a more modish rhetoric of information-age realities and anti-bureaucratic decentralization, the New Progressive Declaration and Families First are closer than one might expect. Both stress *opportunity* and *responsibility;* and on a range of important issues—from pension portability to work-based welfare reform and corporate responsibility—the manifestos show New Democrats and Old Democrats converging.

To be sure, there is still much that distinguishes Old and New Democrats. New Democrats broadly repudiate New Deal–style government. Many Old Democrats, by contrast, still tend to accept tethers on government, if they accept them at all, only as an unfortunate political necessity. A good many still want a Canadian-style government-run health-care system and are willing to settle for less only as a politically necessary interim step.

But the lack of substantive opposition to the revanchist Families First agenda suggests that the Democrats are moving. And in the end, the question of whether their evolution stems from practical considerations or pure principle is unlikely to make much difference. ▬



300 Miles • 3,600 Riders • Boston to New York • September 5-8, 1996

Boston➲New York AIDS Ride℠ ❷

PRESENTED BY

Tanqueray®

BENEFITING

CHP COMMUNITY HEALTH PROJECT

Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center

Sponsored By
BANANA REPUBLIC
POZ Magazine
USAir/USAir Shuttle
HX Magazine
Crunch Fitness

Riders • Volunteers • Crew
Donations To The Cause

Space is limited. Call now for a free full-color brochure.

(212) 242-RIDE

Created and Produced by Pallotta & Associates, Inc., Los Angeles

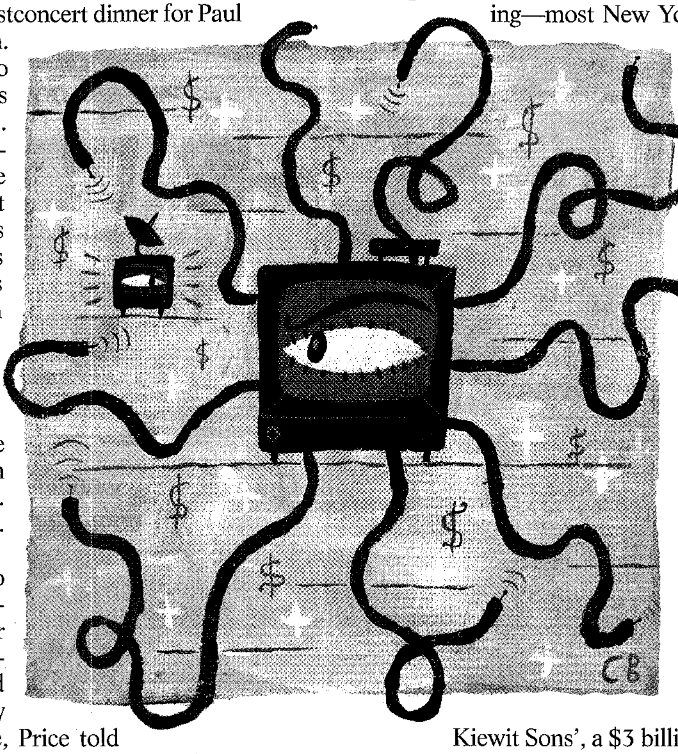
CRAIG HOROWITZ

The Cable Guys

Turns out little Liberty's campaign against Time Warner was just the beginning of the city's telecom wars. Do Time Warner and NYNEX *have something to fear?*

IN THE SUMMER OF 1991, PETER PRICE, THE PRESIDENT OF Liberty Cable, was invited to a Paul Simon concert in Central Park as a VIP guest. The offer was from then–HBO president Michael Fuchs, whose cable channel was doing a live telecast of the event. "You're a good customer," Fuchs had said to Price, "and I'd like you to come." Still, the personal invitation to the concert of the summer was a little bit surprising. Liberty, after all, was the scrawny but scrappy independent company that had begun battling Time Warner (HBO's parent) for a share of New York's subscriber-rich cable-television market.

As he wandered around backstage with people like Don Henley and Glenn Frey of the Eagles, and Time Warner CEO Steve Ross, Price was invited to a postconcert dinner for Paul Simon at Tavern on the Green. It was there that he ran into Gerald Levin, Time Warner's vice-chairman (and now CEO). They greeted each other warmly. "I'm a graduate of Time Inc.," recalls Price. "I came out of that bright-young-man class of the middle-to-late sixties that included Nick Nicholas and Gerry [Levin]." Levin asked Price, who had gone on to serve as publisher of the New York *Post* and *The National,* the short-lived sports daily, what he was up to. Price said, "I'm overbuilding you in New York City." Levin smiled. "Oh, that's right," he said. "Liberty Cable."



Three weeks later, the two men had lunch in a private dining room inside 75 Rockefeller Plaza, Time Warner's corporate headquarters. Levin asked Price to explain the Liberty concept. It was pretty simple, Price told him. Cable, he believed, was no longer just another entertainment service. It had become essential. "And you're only in half the households in New York," Price said to Levin. "I believe that we can sell cable wholesale to apartment buildings." Levin was skeptical. "I don't think it'll work," he told Price. "I don't think people will buy cable that way. Besides, we've been doing what we've been doing for decades, and we do it pretty well."

Price obviously disagreed, though he didn't say so. He and the Milstein family—the real-estate developers who started Liberty in 1985 and own Douglas Elliman, the Milford Plaza Hotel, Emigrant Savings Bank, and numerous residential buildings—were convinced that New Yorkers were fed up with cable's high prices, erratic picture quality, and terrible customer service. Liberty not only offered consumers an alternative but offered that alternative, with virtually the same programming, at roughly half the price. And the basic service, which is delivered via wireless microwaves, can be accessed without that irksome cable box that renders useless cable-ready TVs and VCRs.

Levin, Price believes, felt he could afford to be good-naturedly patronizing about Liberty. But in the months following their lunch, the smile quickly began to fade. Though Time Warner Cable continued to dominate the market, the competition got ugly. "Suddenly," Price says now, "the tenor of the relationship changed. It became very confrontational, and Time Warner attempted to eradicate us."

While this battle raged on for five-odd years—including charges of smear tactics, intimidation, and equipment tampering—most New Yorkers never put down their remote controls long enough to pay attention. For all the gyrations, Liberty managed to sign only 30,000 subscribers—Time Warner held on to the other 1.2 million.

But Levin and company were actually prescient when they adopted a take-no-prisoners attitude toward the pesky interloper. This past February, Congress passed and President Clinton signed the Telecommunications Act, which removed market barriers to open competition in the delivery of cable and telephone service to the nation's homes. It will have a remarkable, transformative effect on how we watch TV, communicate over the phone, and dial up the World Wide Web. And central to this battle, or the New York City part of it anyway, is little Liberty—now backed by Peter Kiewit Sons', a $3 billion Omaha-based company with interests in both telephone and video systems that bought an 80 percent stake in Liberty this past March. Last week, Residential Communications Network (RCN), the Kiewit subsidiary that absorbed Liberty, announced that it will take on Time Warner *and* phone giant NYNEX with a complete package of telecommunications services—cable television, local and long-distance telephone, and high-speed Internet access. It will provide these services through a state-of-the-art fiber-optic network owned by yet another Kiewit subsidiary.

"We believe we are coming into a market," says David C. McCourt, chairman and CEO of RCN, "that has had the highest prices and the worst service. I don't know if you've called Time Warner or NYNEX lately with a complaint, but it's an ugly process." McCourt, who ran McCourt-Kiewit International

Illustration by Calef Brown.

for three years, building hybrid telephone and cable networks in London, says that both cable-television and phone service will be offered to apartment buildings and hotels here at prices below those charged by Time Warner and NYNEX.

McCourt argues that Time Warner and NYNEX are both saddled with out-of-date infrastructures that will require time and substantial amounts of money to upgrade—thus giving RCN a competitive advantage. In truth, RCN has its own hurdles. First and most obvious is that it is fighting to take customers away from two entrenched, locally based powerhouses. Second, despite its access to Liberty's 30,000 subscribers and Kiewit's existing 97 miles of fiber-optic cable in Manhattan, RCN still has access to only 500,000 or so New Yorkers. And to reach even those people, it will have to get city permits to tear up the streets to run its fiber-optic lines *into* the apartment buildings. Not to mention getting permission from contentious co-op boards and building owners to run wires into their basements.

And then there's what NYNEX vice-president Brian Lane calls RCN's "me-too capability." Though RCN has a fiber-optic network, for now it can offer only roughly the same service as Time Warner. Yes, it can deliver 105 cable channels instead of the 77 provided by Time Warner, but how much is there that's really worth watching anyway? And while McCourt says RCN's phone service is more reliable than NYNEX's, what city-dweller hates NYNEX enough to launch a building-wide drive to change to an unknown company? (RCN, like Liberty before it, will serve only apartment buildings and hotels.)

> *"...Aurelio does admit to sending out letters describing Price as a failed newspaper publisher. 'He* is *a failed newspaper publisher...' "*

"I don't see it as earth-shaking," NYNEX's Lane says of RCN's announcement. "They've got plenty of startup problems and an enormous technological challenge. Yes, they have fiber-optic cable, but they're a long way away from a full-service network. They're still going to use one wire for video and another for voice. To achieve true interactivity, which is the future, you need voice and video on one wire."

Initially, the sale of Liberty Cable to Kiewit looked as if it might blunt some of the hostility between Time Warner and its baby competitor. Peter Price, the chief irritant in the conflict, is no longer president of the company. He cashed out, and now has only a service contract with RCN to sign up subscribers. But just when it appeared that cable's leading guerrilla troublemaker (never mind that Price went to Yale and Princeton and lives in a Park Avenue apartment building) was out of the picture, he and the Milstein family have now gathered up all of the accusations they'd been hurling at Time Warner over the past several years and cobbled them together in a $1 billion federal antitrust suit. Liberty's lawsuit, filed in May, comes rather conveniently just as the government is skeptically reviewing the antitrust implications of Time Warner's proposed $7.5 billion acquisition of Turner Broadcasting System.

Price insists that the lawsuit, and its timing, had nothing to do with the Turner deal. "We're not baying at the moon here," says Price. "Whether Ted Turner ever merges with Time Warner or not, it was our intention to address the wrongs." Not surprisingly, Richard Aurelio, the president of Time Warner's New York cable division, disagrees. "It's a nuisance suit," says Aurelio, a former deputy mayor under John Lindsay. "It's totally without foundation, and it's full of fabrications. It's an effort by the Milstein family to exploit the negotiations currently going on at the Federal Trade Commission over the Turner merger."

Interestingly, Liberty's new owners are not participating in the lawsuit. At least not yet. "If Time Warner keeps on doing to us what they did to the Milsteins," says RCN's McCourt, "we will get involved in the suit. And it's my understanding they're still doing it."

What exactly Time Warner has "done" in its battle with Liberty depends on whom you ask. Price charges that the conglomerate attempted to deny Liberty access to programming, which is quite evidently crucial to the success of such a venture. Time Warner, the suit also alleges, bribed building managers to keep Liberty out; it aired ads that made false claims about Liberty's reliability. And the conglomerate sent letters to residents of buildings Liberty was pitching that said it wasn't a real cable company at all but a low-rent satellite service run by real-estate people and a failed newspaper publisher. "The attacks were," says Price, sounding a little too wounded for someone who is himself so bellicose, "intensely personal."

Aurelio calmly dismisses nearly all of the Price-Milstein allegations. He does admit to sending out letters to buildings Liberty was pitching describing Price as a failed newspaper publisher. "He *is* a failed newspaper publisher," Aurelio says. "And besides, just because Liberty tries to sign up a building doesn't mean we have to lie down and let them do it. Price seems to think we shouldn't be allowed to compete at all."

And Liberty is hardly in a position to fling ethical stones. It is being investigated by the FCC for operating microwave paths without FCC licenses and has been ordered by the state cable commission to stop serving a building it was accused of wiring illegally. In fact, a state-commission report branded Liberty an "incorrigible telecommunications scofflaw."

As Time Warner begins to invest half a billion dollars in a four-year plan to upgrade its cable system in the city, Aurelio remains unmoved by the RCN threat. "There is a long distance between a press release," he says, referring to last week's announcement, "and actually producing the services. They are not uppermost in our minds. Our real competition will come from NYNEX."

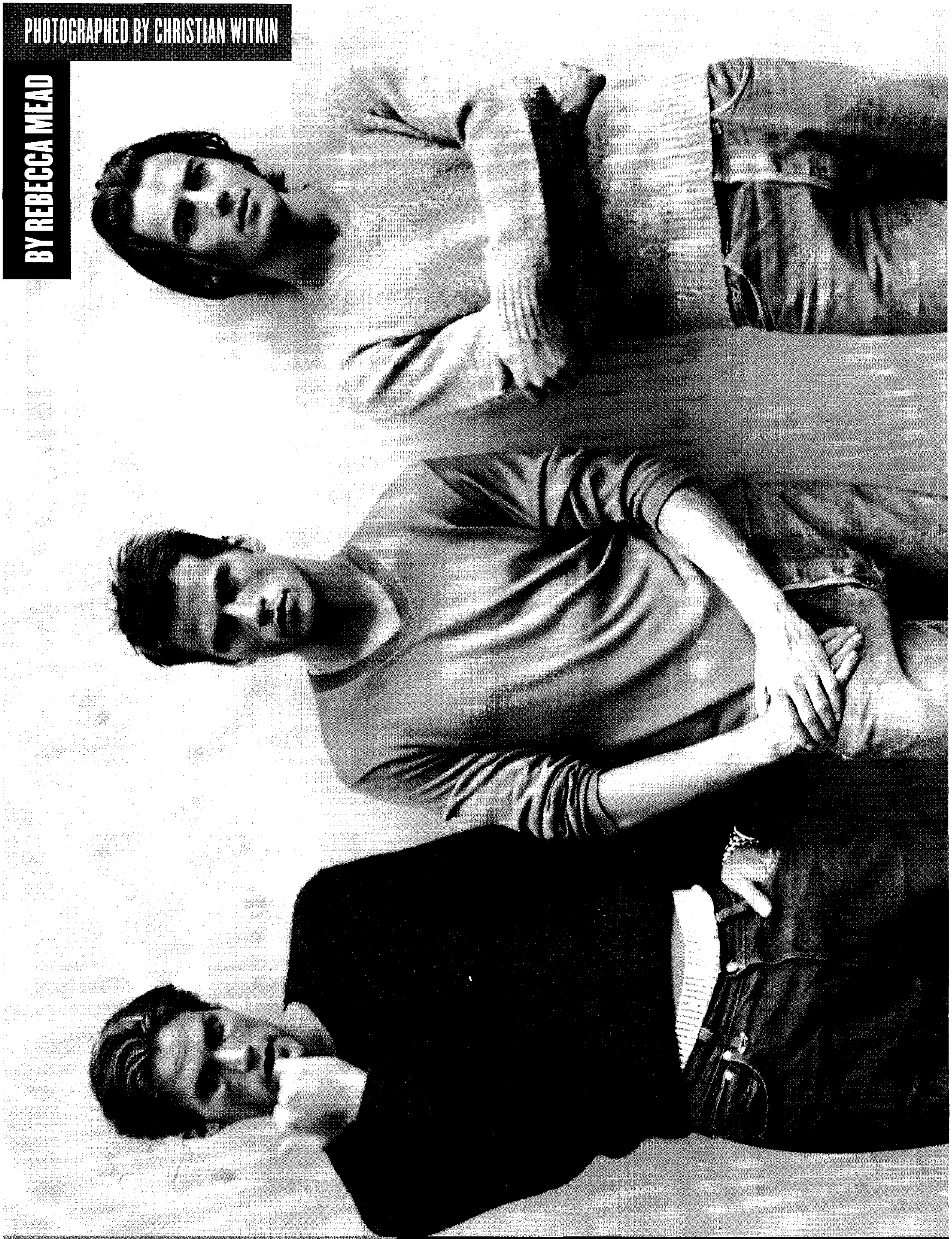
In any event, New York's telecom war is now certain to escalate. Neither Time Warner or NYNEX is ready to be steamrolled by Liberty's new owners. Time Warner has been running a test of its telephone service in Rochester for nine months, and it says it could be ready to unveil a cable-driven phone system in New York by 1997 (don't hold your breath). In upstate Elmira and elsewhere, it has also been testing high-speed cable modems that Aurelio says will be offered in New York City next year. The modems will cost, he says, somewhere between $5 and $10 a month, including Internet access.

NYNEX, meanwhile, says it will be in the cable-television business by next March. It will launch first in Boston, with a wireless technology much like the one that Liberty has been using, and not long afterward, service will begin in New York. "We want to get into the [cable] marketplace quickly," says Walt Rickard, the just-retired president of NYNEX entertainment and information services. "But we absolutely believe interactivity is the future," he adds, spinning out the buzz concepts du jour. "The key paradigm shift in entertainment is going to be movies on demand, shopping on demand, time-shifted news, and video games that can be played with a person at another location."

So, with all of the talk about switched digital video, fiber-optic cable, video dial tone, broad bandwidth, and hybrid fiber-coax networks, the only thing certain right now about the future of telecommunications is that there will be a lot more choice for consumers. Which, given how the local cable and phone monopolies have performed up to now, is probably a good thing. But don't believe all of the futuristic predictions. "If anyone tells you they know what's going to happen," says Aurelio, "they're misleading you. No one really knows." ■

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN

BY REBECCA MEAD



MEET MODELING'S NEW TRINITY: THEY'RE HOT, THEY'RE RICH, THEY'RE (ALMOST)

NOW THEY WANT SOME RESPECT, PLEASE.

THIS YEAR'S MODELS
From left, Jason Lewis, Mark Vanderloo, and Alex Lundqvist.

DON'T HATE THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL

MIRROR IMAGE From left, Lewis, Lundqvist, and Vanderloo, in a reflective moment. Their sole function is to present a perfect image of masculine beauty.

IF JASON LEWIS, WHO CURRENTLY HOLDS THE title Male Model of the Year and will be demonstrating his runway talents next week at the New York men's collections, had wanted to attract the paparazzi at the ceremony at which he was awarded that honor this spring, he should have known better than to show up only minutes after Naomi Campbell.

Campbell had been declared Supermodel of the Year by the organizers of the Michael Awards—misleadingly touted as the "Oscars of Fashion," even though everyone knows the Oscars themselves are the Oscars of fashion—and when she appeared at the New York Hilton to collect her award, the achingly bland environs of that hotel's ballroom lit up with a thousand flashbulb bursts. A horde of fenced-off photographers pressed against the velvet rope, barging one another aside and crying out for Campbell, who posed graciously and then disappeared through a doorway into the ballroom. There, besieged by still more photographers, she stood and smiled serenely into the volley of lights.

Amid all this commotion, no one paid much attention to the approach of three tall young men who followed Campbell through the hotel with expectant looks on their unusually attractive faces. In time, a few of the paparazzi who had been elbowed out in the pursuit of Naomi did notice them as they drew closer, and requested that they stop and pose for a minute or two. But once the trio had finished with the brief business of provocatively eyeing the camera, there was really nowhere for them to go, the main entrance to the ballroom still being entirely clogged by Campbell. So soon-to-be-named Male Model of the Year Lewis, along with friends Mark Vanderloo and Alex Lundqvist (aspiring Male Models of Next Year) slipped along the corridor to a side door. From there they made their entrance, ignored by the event's guests, who were more concerned to inch deeper within the aura of Campbell's celebrity; overlooked by the photographers begging Naomi please, please, to turn her radiance in their particular direction.

LEWIS, 25, LUNDQVIST, 24, AND VANDERLOO, 28, ARE three of the most visible male models in their burgeoning industry and among the first men—in contemporary America, at least—to enjoy something approaching fame solely on account of their good looks. While there have always been actors who are famous for being good-looking (Robert Redford, Brad Pitt), their celebrity has been founded, more or less, upon their artistic abilities. For Lewis, Vanderloo, and Lundqvist, and the legions of male models who aspire to equal or greater success, no such ability is necessary: Their only function is to present a perfect image of masculine beauty. And masculine beauty is something that, in late-twentieth-century America, has taken on an importance not seen since before the Victorian era. Designers like Gianni Versace and Calvin Klein, and photographers such as Bruce Weber and Steven Meisel, are presenting images of men's bodies for appraisal in a way that has long been reserved for images of women or gay men. But now straight men are being encouraged to think about their looks to an unprecedented degree, and while many of the images in circulation retain an unmistakably, sometimes vestigially gay flavor, their appeal to straight men and the women who shop for them is undeniable. Homosexuals, after all, are not the only ones buying all that Calvin Klein underwear.

Though it sometimes feels as if these sculptured mannequins are an alien species who've quietly landed and begun to walk among us, male models have been around for a long time—the

Grooming by Losi for Kiehl's NYC; styling by Karl Templer. This page, T-shirts by Ralph Lauren.

first modeling agency was founded by one, a failed actor named John Robert Powers. But never before have there been *so many* male models, and never have they been so varied in appearance, so different from the square-jawed beau ideal of old. Some of the newer, more unconventional male models, like Tyson Beckford (the shaven-headed black man in the Ralph Lauren ads) and Joel West (the last boy who appeared half-naked for Calvin Klein in Times Square), have become famous enough for their names to be recognizable to the average reader of popular magazines or viewers of the E! cable channel, even if their names are still far less familiar than their faces and torsos. And there has even been the very occasional male model—Marcus Schenkenberg, Michael Bergin, Fabio—for whom the prefix *super-* does not seem like an utter overstatement.

But despite their growing cultural currency, the vast majority of male models are still overshadowed by their female counterparts. It's a curious irony that young men such as Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist—whose looks ensure that they are likely to have more friends, make more money, get more sex, and enjoy better service at the deli than your average man at the Hilton—should, in their working lives, constantly be relegated to second place by women. Even the top male models make only half what the top female models command for the same day's work. There are, after all, more clothes for women to pose in, and many more magazines for women to appear in. And however successful a male model may be, he's not going to land a major contract with a cosmetics company—unless, of course, he happens to be RuPaul.

Still, male models seem primed to fill some of the cultural space left over after the evaporation of real interest in the phenomenon of female supermodels, a category that is beginning to seem altogether too 1988. As some designers—Calvin Klein, Dolce & Gabbana, Tom Ford at Gucci—deliberately contrive to dress men like sex objects, men who can wear such clothes convincingly for the camera will be inducted into the celebrity pantheon, albeit its lower reaches. It's already happening: Boss Models, which is, after Wilhelmina, the largest agency for men, has just published a glossy volume, *The Men of Boss Models,* in which models from the company roster are pictured in various beefcake poses and subjected to off-color questions by *Vanity Fair* inquisitor George Wayne, such as "Suppose one night you were in L.A., and you went to the Viper Room and met Drew Barrymore and Keanu Reeves, and both were hot for you. . . . What would you do?" ("Flip a coin" is the response of one Gregg Spaulding.)

SO LEWIS, VANDERLOO, AND LUNDQVIST, WHO appear regularly in *GQ, Esquire,* and the British *Arena* and have starred in campaigns for Versace, Donna Karan, Guess, and Hugo Boss, among others, have done what anyone with a measure of success and an eye for the main chance would do in such an environment: They've hired a P.R. man. The pitch goes something like this: The boys make a good story because they are best friends (Lewis and Lundqvist even share an apartment!) and are increasingly hired to work together, as editors and ad directors catch on to their three-pals gimmick. They're successful: Their agent, Sean Patterson of Wilhelmina, says, "I don't think I could be at peace with myself if they were working for less than $12,500 a day" for an ad campaign (though rates for appearing in magazine fashion spreads and at shows are far less). They are being avidly flogged as the male equivalents of Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, and Christy Turlington, the girl gang that was dubbed "the Trinity" and ran around during the early nineties ostentatiously being best friends, making the scene, and getting photographed together by Steven Meisel.

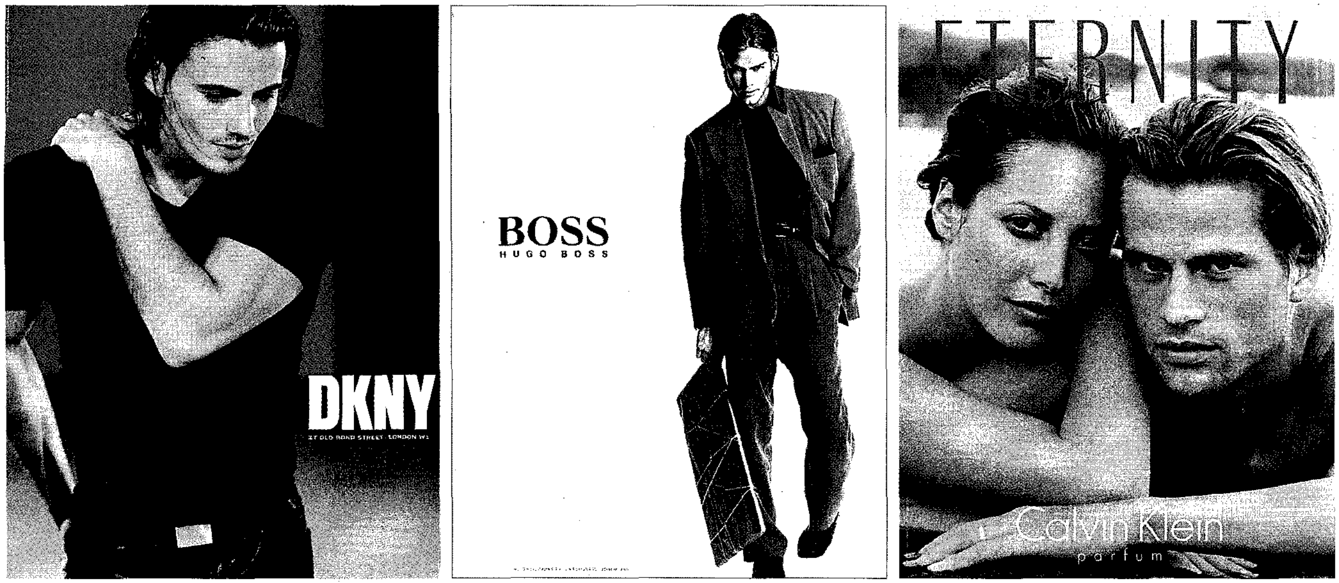
THEIR AGENT SAYS, "I DON'T THINK I COULD BE AT PEACE IF THEY WERE WORKING FOR LESS THAN $12,500 A DAY."

The comparison is, of course, nonsense. Jason, Mark, and Alex are not the male Linda, Naomi, and Christy, for the simple reason that unless you work in the fashion industry, this is probably the first time you've ever heard of them. They still have surnames. For all their success, they can go grocery shopping unaccosted. Mark Vanderloo is still better known for looking like Brad Pitt than Brad Pitt is for looking like Mark Vanderloo. If they refused to get out of bed for less than $10,000, as Linda Evangelista notoriously remarked, they would all need a lot of pajamas.

But there *is* one way in which these male models profoundly resemble the female models. Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist make their livings by being objectified in a way that is still a distinctively feminine experience. Girls are used to being looked at, and this culture is used to looking at girls. But there tends to be something mildly effete about a man posing for a fashion photograph, even when he's square-shouldered in a suit; to be valued for prettiness above all else is inherently emasculating. This may help explain why people outside the fashion industry routinely assume male models to be gay; and while in modeling's early days many of them were, nowadays most—Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist included—are not. In fact, the model is frequently the one heterosexual male on a shoot, playing straight man to an entirely gay crew of stylists, hairdressers, makeup artists, fashion directors, photographers, and designers. Even so, the stereotype persists: Straight men aren't supposed to be looked at that way, especially not by other straight men.

Despite occasional incidents—getting hassled by homophobes or hit on by amorous photographers—the three profess to be unfazed by the ambiguity. But the constant comparison with female models is more problematic. "I can understand that there are more people interested in looking at Claudia Schiffer than at me," says Vanderloo, who, unlike Schiffer, does not produce his own swimsuit calendar. And although all three have consciously modeled their careers on those of the "big girls," they can grow very defensive when the subject is brought up. "Three years ago, Sean and I sat down and said: 'Why is there Linda, Naomi, and Christy? What do they do that the men don't?' " says Vanderloo, who's in his fifth year of modeling and comes from Holland. "And you just have to look around, and you see the difference. There is a certain allure about them; they only do quality work. That's when I said, let me start picking and choosing a little bit now—let's do some quality control on myself." Even so, Vanderloo flinches when this plan is referred to as "behaving like the girls do." "I don't want to call it like that," he says diffidently. "I don't want to phrase it like that, 'a strategy like the girls do.' "

HIS RELUCTANCE IS UNDERSTANDABLE. MALE MODELS ARE OFten treated in ways that many men would find faintly ridiculous, or even insulting. During 7th on Sixth earlier this year, for example, Vanderloo won an award for Best Face, and Jason Lewis was awarded the prize for Best Hair—the silliness of which was compensated for only by the sponsor's donation of $2,500 to the charity of each model's choice. The very nature of the work requires a



GRIN AND BARE IT
From left, Lundqvist, Lewis, and Vanderloo. Says Lewis: "Just to sell clothes, I am not going to take my clothes off."

successful male model to be passive rather than active. He does not know where he is going to be the day after tomorrow; his agent does the thinking and planning for him. When he's working, he'll often not know what time of day it is, because the stylist will have confiscated his watch. In a down moment at a shoot on, say, a New York street, he won't have the cash to dash into a store to buy a packet of cigarettes, because the pockets of the pants he's temporarily wearing will always be empty. He will not be allowed to eat while dressed in the clothes he's modeling at a show, and so he will stand around hungry while the lighting men snack on sandwiches. His haircuts will be decided by committee.

He may even be patronized by the people he pays so that he will be taken seriously. Take the dinner at a Japanese-barbecue restaurant arranged by David Granoff—Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist's P.R. man—to bring writer and subjects together for the first time. Throughout the evening, the preternaturally tanned Granoff repeatedly warns his three charges not to say anything they wouldn't want to see in print; his manner is as unsubtle as his skin tone. The models themselves are charming and winning, though their faces, which in photographs seem so perfect, are in real life slightly odd: Vanderloo's lips are a little too full; Lundqvist's cheekbones, a little too broad; Lewis's nose, surprisingly small. They sit and chat good-naturedly, serve one another grilled vegetables, and unconsciously pluck loose hairs from one another's clothing. None of them says anything compromising. But apparently Granoff hadn't extended the same warning to his own associate, an eager young man named James Havey. Before the models arrived, Havey, concerned to share his conviction that they would be perfect subjects for a magazine article, blurted out, "And they've all got distinct personalities!" That we were dealing with people, not puppies, was not easily discernible.

JUST HOW DISTINCT THEIR PERSONALITIES ARE BECOMES EVIDENT late in the evening of Friday, June 28, after a long day of fittings and trying rehearsals. It is the day before the start of the men's spring-summer-1997 fashion shows in Milan.

1. Jason Lewis is in a restaurant with his agent and a handful of other male models, where he is eating mushroom risotto, grilled vegetables, several cookies, and a Gummi Bear, and drinking, in succession, champagne, red wine, and a lemon-flavored liqueur while talking at length about his most romantic moments with his ex-girlfriend, a French model. The following morning, he will check into his hotel's gym in an attempt to burn off some of the previous night's ingestions.

2. Mark Vanderloo, who has recently broken up with *his* girlfriend, Carolyn Murphy, the Prada model, has met up with an American girl he met the previous evening and with whom he has communicated by cell phone throughout the day. He has taken her to dinner in Milan, then whisked her off in his BMW convertible to Lake Como, half an hour out of town. Not until just before the Versace show the following evening will he start to complain about getting only a couple of hours of sleep.

3. Alex Lundqvist has declined dinner, and retired to his hotel room, alone, to sleep. The following morning, he will be up early, feeling fine.

THE SHOWS IN MILAN ARE WHERE YOUNG MODELS come to jump-start their careers, if they are to have them. For a little under a week, the city's hotels are taken over by hordes of youngsters sharing rooms to save money, the streets filled with slim young men with angular faces and odd haircuts studying Metro maps. In the hallways of designers' headquarters, they wait in line, sometimes for hours, first for the chance to be cast in a show, and then, if chosen, for fittings in which they try on the clothes assigned to them and have them pinned and tucked to be shown at their best advantage. Some of the men read while they wait, but most sit with vacant expressions or try to catch a few minutes of uncomfortable sleep propped up against a wall. Everyone seems suspended in something like airport time, when any activity seems too effortful, and waiting is the only thing to do.

But the Milan experience of Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist these days bears little relation to all that. Though the pace can be exhausting—it's not unusual for them to be booked for shows back-to-back, and to be at fittings for the next day's shows until after midnight—they mitigate the tedium as much as possible. All three stay in the Gallia, one of the most opulent hotels in town, where Vanderloo, an old Milan hand and the most senior and successful of them, has procured a special rate. To reach his appointments, Lundqvist rides a new Ducati motorcycle, which he bought just days ago from the factory in nearby Bologna. "Milan taxis are terrible," he explains, smiling. "I needed something with air-conditioning." Vanderloo and

Lewis—often accompanied by their agent, Patterson—charge around town in Vanderloo's automobile, which he tends to drive very fast with loud music playing, occasionally in the lanes reserved for buses and taxis or the wrong way down one-way streets.

In the days before the shows, Vanderloo and Lewis spend their downtime not reading or loitering in hallways but in activities like visiting the Prada store on one of Milan's prime shopping streets, Via Montenapoleone; admiring the new ad-campaign photographs in the window of the Versace store, featuring Vanderloo and Shalom Harlow; working on their tans in the park; and phoning their brokers in the United States. This week, Donna Karan stock is being released on the market, and the two want in. Vanderloo, having participated in Karan's pre-IPO advertising blitz—he was that lean young man in the sleeveless T-shirt who recently appeared in DKNY ads on the side of bus stops all over Manhattan—now spends his earnings from building the image on buying the image, at $29 a share.

IT HAS NEVER BEEN REVEALED WHETHER, IN THOSE DAYS WHEN Linda, Naomi, and Christy were tearing around the world together being best friends, they spent much time comparing their investment portfolios—though it seems unlikely. But for Jason Lewis, in particular, the subject is one of consuming interest: During a shoot in Carmel, California, this spring, Lewis could regularly be overheard talking not altogether discreetly on the telephone in the cramped company Winnebago about when to buy property—not yet—and how many millions he'll have to retire on.

Lewis is from California and, like many other models, really wants to be an actor; unlike most, he's not too cool to admit it. Earnest and well-meaning, he is a broad-shouldered, exuberant type who delights in his own remarkable physicality. He's constantly rippling his shoulders and giving unsought backrubs, and spends more time than is strictly necessary checking his own reflection in mirrors. "I work as a model, but that is not the only thing I do," he says hurriedly. "I have no problem being a model; it's not something I am embarrassed about—it is what I do. I don't expect everyone else to do what I do. So I am fine with what I do—but sometimes I have a little problem with telling people it, because there is a stereotype." The money he makes seems to serve as a corrective to this occasional sense of inappropriateness about his career. When asked what his father makes of his being a model, Lewis hesitates.

"My father is like a John Wayne–Clint Eastwood type of guy; he's a judge, and he is a little archaic in his values," he says. But then he launches into the following defense of modeling his way: "I am constantly learning how to deal with my money, pay the taxes. I have got a nice investment portfolio, and I am learning more about that. I talk pretty much every day with my investment broker, and I am 25 years old. I have got one hell of a bank account, one hell of an investment portfolio, and because I have been intelligent enough to do it and paid out the effort, I have got something that I can take out of this business with me." He says all this with a John Wayne–Clint Eastwood kind of assertiveness.

It's a recurring theme. Late one evening in Milan, Lewis asks whether I think ordinary people are bothered by the fact that models make so much money just for the way they look.

Jason, I don't know exactly how much money you're making.

MALE MODELS ARE OFTEN TREATED IN WAYS THAT MANY MEN WOULD FIND RIDICULOUS OR EVEN INSULTING.

"More than a lawyer. Well, not a really good one. More than a judge."

Your dad's a judge, isn't he? How much do they make?

"More than a hundred thousand."

And how much more do you make than your dad makes?

"More than triple."

Not bad, he's saying, for putting on a suit and *not* going to a nine-to-five job.

THE APARTMENT ON LEXINGTON AVENUE IN THE Twenties that Lewis and Lundqvist share bears scant resemblance to the kinds of apartments they pretend to inhabit in those *GQ* or *Esquire* fashion shoots. It must be one of the very few rentals in Manhattan that comes with wall-to-wall carpeting. The living room is smallish and looks only half lived-in—not surprising, since its occupants are out of town more often than not. The décor is a classic example of sophistication as perceived by a man in his early twenties—an accumulation of swank whims that has not resolved itself into anything resembling taste. An enormous purple velvet couch looms along one wall, as out of place as a silent party guest in a loud suit. A heavy leather-topped coffee table lies, sluggish, in front of it. A chair from The Sharper Image that delivers an alarmingly realistic back massage sits in one corner. A bar for doing pull-ups is installed in the corridor that leads to the two bedrooms. In the living room, an ugly overhead lamp casts an unflattering glow: All those hours in the studio with the likes of Richard Avedon and Bruce Weber have evidently not taught these young men a thing about lighting.

In his bedroom, the Swedish-born Lundqvist displays photographs of his family, along with pictures of himself, Lewis, Vanderloo, and Patterson on a recent fishing trip. Of the three friends, he is the newest to the business, and seems stunned to be where he is: "There are as many people living in this city as in my whole country," says Lundqvist, looking out over Manhattan. Mild-mannered and sweet-natured, he speaks often of his time in the Swedish army; he was studying advertising in college before being sidetracked into modeling. His straggly mustache and piercing eyes give him a startlingly rakish, almost sleazy look in photographs, unmatched by anything in his personality—except, perhaps, his predilection for motorcycles, and the fact that he dated the scarily proportioned model Nadja Auermann for eight months last year. Dried flowers hang from his closet door, and a box of energy-enhancing PowerBars sits next to the CD player. His room is very, very tidy.

Lundqvist, his friends agree, has a near-flawless physique. "Alex, he has got a beautiful body—he really does," says Lewis. "It doesn't bother me to say that." Photographers adore his abdomen, which is, indeed, a wonder to behold. It does not come without effort. Going out to eat with Lundqvist is like having dinner with a finicky girl on a strict diet who has no intention of loosening up to make you feel more comfortable. He orders salads without dressing, steamed fish; carbohydrates rarely pass his lips. His favorite beverage seems to be carrot juice. Being a male model means knowing how to say "without oil" to a waiter in half a dozen different languages.

But even when beauty is the result of such discipline—when it's worked upon rather than merely lucked into—it's hard to admit that so much of one's value is invested in one's body rather than one's soul. "I never really looked at myself and said, 'Damn, you are so good-looking,' " says Lewis. "I never went from there. I have always gone from what I have got inside, and I still think that is a better measure of a person." Of course it is, but in the end that's not the metric by which Lewis is measured. For a model, being valued for one's surface, not one's depth, inflicts the ultimate narcissistic wound.

Dissociation sets in, it appears, when a man has so many places other than the mirror in which to see his features reflected. "If I look at my pictures, it is never me," says Vanderloo. Says Lundqvist: "It's not me in those pictures; it's an image." When Lewis is asked which of the many photographs of him best captures his personality, he says, "Well, I am neurotic, so I don't think we have hit on that one." What would it be like, if such a picture existed? "Like a Picasso painting, very abstract and distorted, with pieces here and there and an ear on the side of the face."

Perhaps a certain amount of dissociation is necessary in order to keep standing in front of a camera in other people's clothes for a living. "I feel almost stupid talking about it," says Vanderloo, who is not stupid. "Because it's almost like I think it's that important, whereas I don't think modeling is that big of a deal, and if you talk about it like that, it almost seems like you take something so serious. You have your picture taken, what's the big deal—you know what I am saying?" A sense of pride at having reached the top of a profession is tempered by a sense that there is something absurd about the profession. And there is. Having willingly posed naked for Avedon for a Versace ad, Lewis says he'd not be in a rush to do it again. "Just to sell clothes, I am not going to take my clothes off."

IT IS EVENING IN MILAN, AND IN THE STREET OUTSIDE the Versace palazzo, where the first show of the season is being held, the excitement is mounting. Dozens of teenage girls line the street, all awaiting the arrival of Robbie Williams, a huge Euro pop star, who is due to perform tonight. When Vanderloo shows up, though, in the company of the model Michael Bergin, the cries go up: *"C'è Mark!"* Suddenly, Vanderloo is surrounded by Italian schoolgirls snapping pictures, begging for autographs, and letting out the odd self-conscious scream in what appears to be a parody of Beatlemania. Vanderloo swaggers through the crowd, grinning and signing bits of paper, while Bergin—who was perhaps the best-known male model in the business in 1994, when he appeared in Calvin Klein underwear in Times Square and a million magazines—passes through without drawing any attention. When Vanderloo arrives at the palazzo doorway, Bergin tells him, "I'll be your bodyguard," in that joking, ill-humored tone of voice reserved for those confronted with defeat.

Vanderloo is the cover boy of Versace's new catalogue, and the shot, by Bruce Weber, is an eye-popping one. Weber has posed him in black Versace briefs, his heavily veined arms flexed rigidly together, his clenched fists punching through the opening at his crotch. It's a compelling, almost repulsive image, reminiscent of Mapplethorpe's notorious *Man in Polyester Suit* photograph. Vanderloo calls it a "nasty picture," pleased with himself and slightly horrified, too. Inside the catalogue, there are photographs of Vanderloo leaping about in rock-and-roll poses, his face as lined and savage as that of Keith Richards; but there is also a shot of him crouching, looking as vulnerable as a child.

"I UNDERSTAND THAT MORE PEOPLE ARE INTERESTED IN LOOKING AT CLAUDIA SCHIFFER THAN AT ME," SAYS VANDERLOO.

His unusual emotional range has made him a favorite of fashion folk such as Trey Laird, Donna Karan's advertising chief. "He is totally versatile; he really comes to life in front of the camera," says Laird. "I think so many male models have this one attitude, and they just kind of stand there, and I think Mark has a versatility and an energy that you rarely find with guys—it's usually more with girls. He keeps evolving, and I think you are going to see that more and more with the guys, though you have seen it with the girls—Linda Evangelista is the best example—for a long time." It was for DKNY that Vanderloo had his shoulder-length hair cut short. "We said, 'Come on, it will be great, you will be the guy Linda,' and he just kind of smiled."

For the girls outside the Versace palazzo, Vanderloo *is* the guy Linda. To them, at least, he is identifiable by his first name only. There is in this adulation something utterly surreal. Vanderloo is treated like a star—achieves stardom—simply for the way he looks. He doesn't need to be a rock star; he just has to pose like a rock star. He doesn't need to be an actor; he just has to appear in a photograph that looks like a movie still. These little girls are screaming for Vanderloo not because of anything he's ever done, but for things that have been done to him: the way he has been lit, the pose the photographer has asked him to strike, the suit in which the designer has dressed him. Vanderloo's talent—and it is a talent not to be underestimated, to please the camera so completely—is to be a vessel of pure image, untainted by having performed any real activity.

Equally surreal, though, is the scene inside the Versace palace when Robbie Williams, who purports to be an actual rock star, performs his latest single, a cover version of the George Michael song "Freedom '90." Climbing on a stage high above the catwalk, Williams struts about cockily, grabbing his crotch and pulling faces. He acts as though he's doing something substantial. But barely a note of the song's arrangement has been changed from George Michael's original hit, and Williams is plainly lip-synching. And in the face of the singer's wholly derivative cribbing and miming of someone else's song, there is something refreshingly pure and honest about Mark Vanderloo's stardom. There is in it, after all, no pretense that anything other than image is being delivered. He is celebrity distilled—famous not even for being famous but for *looking* as if he were.

ON THIS NIGHT, VANDERLOO, LEWIS, AND LUNDQVIST MAKE their runway debuts for the season, a season in which they will travel from Milan to Paris to New York for trips up and down countless catwalks in countless permutations of trousers, shirt, and jacket. This is where those angular-faced boys with odd haircuts end up if they are lucky, after their hours of waiting in hallways and studying Metro maps: parading down Versace's runway, through the candlelit courtyard. As the show begins, those boys prowl along, in blue eye shadow and tight, vivid T-shirts for the designer's Versus line, in tailored khakis for his next-step-up Istante line. Backstage, Vanderloo, Lewis, and Lundqvist are waiting to appear in Versace's main collection, which is to be shown last of all.

But before any of the three makes it down the runway, Versace has a surprise treat for his audience: Naomi Campbell, who suddenly materializes at the head of the catwalk. The Supermodel of the Year is wearing a slinky, floor-length gold dress, and she vamps arrogantly down the runway, her hip-swinging swank practiced from hundreds of such walks.

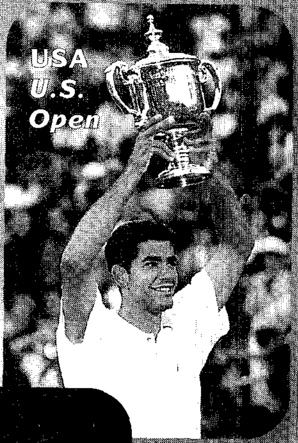
Once again, the scene is stolen. For the first time this evening, the audience starts to applaud. ■

Did you know that

you're the only one in this entire city that still doesn't have cable?

(people are beginning to talk)

NICKELODEON
Rugrats



USA
U.S. Open

SHOWTIME
Dangerous Minds

It's time to get connected to Time Warner Cable or QUICS for only

99 cents

AMC
The King & I

Watch it your way

HBO
Braveheart

You probably don't believe that you could get much for 99 cents. And usually you'd be right. But not this time.

Don't take it personally, most New Yorkers are a bit cynical.

SCI-FI CHANNEL
"V" Mini Series

Call
1-800-OK-CABLE

TIME WARNER CABLE

QUICS CABLE TELEVISION

THE WEATHER CHANNEL

There is a 30-day money-back guarantee which is applicable to monthly service charge only when full disconnection is requested and does not apply to connections and Pay-Per-View charges. Offer expires 8/24/96 and is available to new Time Warner Cable of New York City and QUICS residential customers in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Queens. Tax applies on connection. A $25 converter deposit is required per household. Basic Service ($14.90/mo. Southern Manhattan; $13.80/mo. Northern Manhattan; $14.69/mo. Bklyn./Qns. & QUICS; includes equipment and FCC regulatory fee) must be purchased to receive Standard Service (add'l $15.32/mo. Southern Manhattan; add'l $16.42/mo. Northern Manhattan; add'l $15.86/mo. Bklyn./Qns. & QUICS) or HBO or Showtime (first Premium Service is an additional $12.95/mo.). Not all programming is carried in full or available on all service tiers and may be subject to preemption. All prices are subject to change. Photo credits: Kobal.

THE SCREWBALL SCHEME

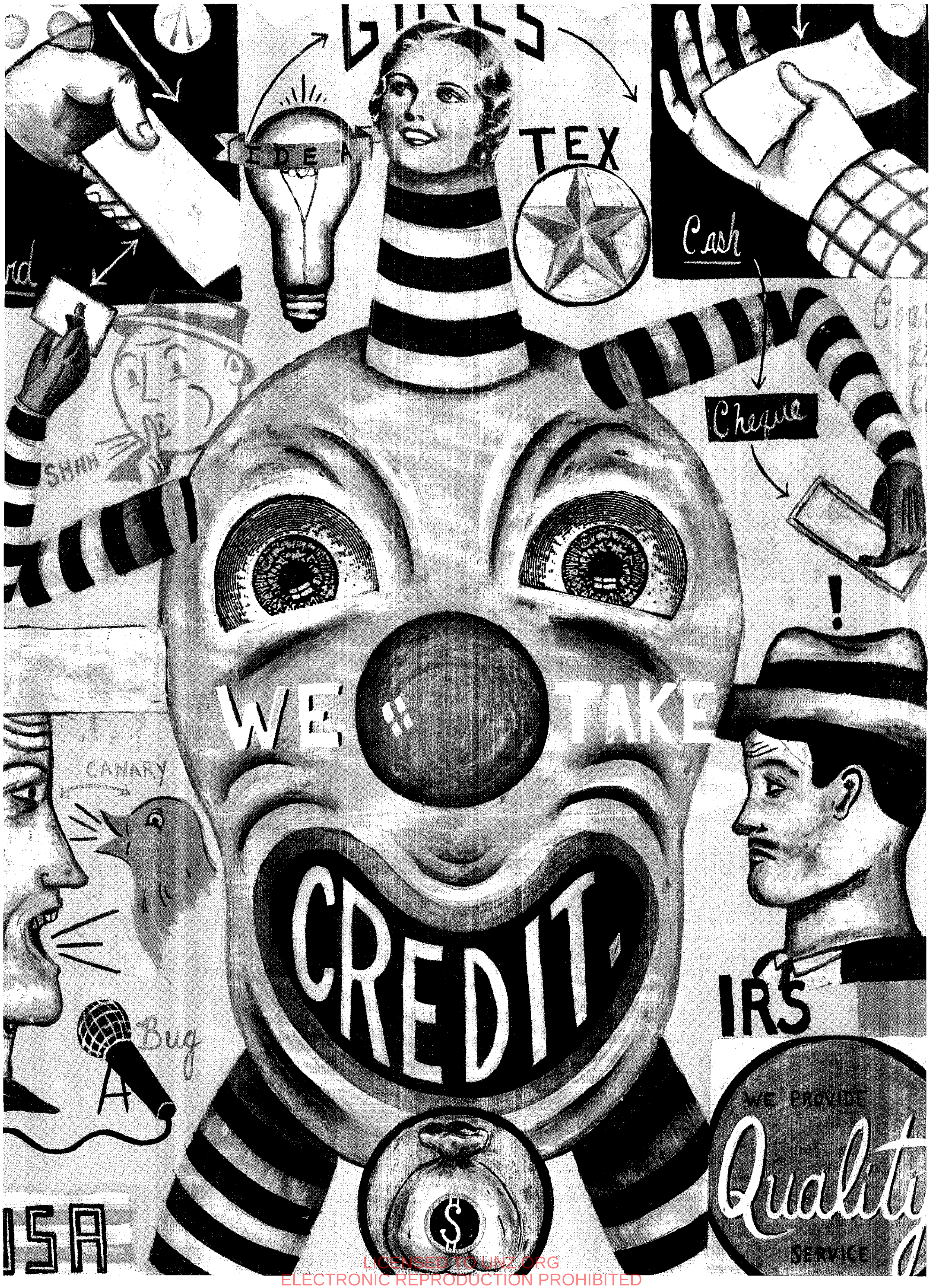
New Jersey businessman Kenneth Byrnes says he was only trying to clean up the sex-for-hire escort business. Unfortunately, one of his partners bragged to undercover IRS agents that they were "running a national prostitution-money-laundering ring."

BY DANIEL GREEN

THE PROSPECT OF SEVERAL YEARS IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY SEEMS to have sharpened Kenneth Byrnes's self-awareness. "I've been involved in a lot of stupid things in my life, but this takes the cake," he acknowledges. "I'm one of those pie-in-the-sky guys. I get involved in these screwball schemes that blow up in my face." ★ Byrnes is a big guy, six three and maybe 300 pounds, and when he says "screwball scheme," you think Ralph Kramden's glow-in-the-dark wallpaper. But according to government affidavits, the 35-year-old New Jersey man is a central figure in what is becoming the most sweeping prostitution case in U.S. law-enforcement history. Snared in Operation Out Call, a huge and ongoing Internal Revenue Service sting, Byrnes is alleged to be the brains—to the extent that there were any brains—behind Entertainment Management Services, Inc., a Paramus-based company that processed and laundered more than $16 million in prostitution credit-card charges. Byrnes and his two partners (one an attorney under suspension from the New Jersey Supreme Court and the other a retired executive with heart trouble) spent more than a year working and sharing business secrets with men who turned out to be undercover IRS agents. The trio was tape-recorded in more than 500 telephone calls and eight face-to-face meetings with agents, including one in which a partner actually bragged, "I'm running a national prostitution-money-laundering ring, [and] all our clients are pimps and madams."

When gun-toting government agents raided EMS's offices this spring, they seized an incredible cache of records. Confiscated were files detailing more than 20,000 separate transactions in which johns used credit cards to pay for prostitutes' services—including thousands from the New York area. For many of those trysts, the customers left a paper trail of Xeroxed driver's licenses, Social Security

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTIAN NORTHEAST
FOR *NEW YORK*


GIRLS
IDEA
TEX
Cash
Cheque
SHHH
WE TAKE
CREDIT
CANARY
Bug
A
IRS
ISA
WE PROVIDE
Quality
SERVICE

numbers, birth dates, home addresses, and telephone numbers, all of which is now being pored over by federal authorities. Very soon, these johns may wish they had eschewed the frequent-flier miles and paid in cash.

"Any of these businessmen who used credit cards to receive services . . . may end up having to be witnesses," promised Marty Sheil, branch chief of the IRS's criminal investigations in Dallas. "I imagine there's going to be some upset spouses and significant others out there."

Byrnes reflects on all this, smoking Marlboros one after another. "We ran a real clean operation," he says in his defense. "Everyone was paid. Everything was on the up-and-up. The only mistake we made—and hindsight is twenty-twenty—is that we got into business with the IRS."

KENNETH BYRNES IS A friendly and likable fellow. His heft, combined with a receding blond hairline and King Tut beard, makes him look like an extra from *GoodFellas.* He's got a great, self-deprecating sense of humor. He calls himself Bozo the Clown. He admits to weaknesses for get-rich schemes, the track, and Vegas craps tables that always seem to have him borrowing money from loan sharks. "I have a flair for numbers." He laughs. "I know five-to-seven."

Byrnes says he expects to be indicted soon on federal charges of laundering proceeds from unlawful activities. The lawyers he's consulted have told him that he will likely serve prison time. "I'm going to be married to some promiscuous 350-pound black man for a decade," he jokes, a bit nervously.

Byrnes can't help making the joke, even when he probably shouldn't. He refers to Texas, where his case would likely be tried, as the "fascist version of *Petticoat Junction.*" Later, realizing this may serve him poorly at sentencing, he asks that he instead be quoted as saying the Lone Star State "is a wonderful, wonderful place."

Byrnes doesn't really dispute the essence of the government's allegations against him and his partners. "There was sex going on, let's face it," he admits. "To say there wasn't was like *Casablanca*—'I'm *shocked* that there's gambling going on here.' It's ridiculous."

Yet Byrnes remains adamant that he did nothing wrong: "This is the total victimless crime. There was no fraud; no one got hurt. At any given time, we could have fucking punched $500,000, glommed all the money, and took off. But I didn't. We were running an honest operation, which means nothing right now. . . . I've been to a couple of lawyers, and they say, 'Who cares? So you're honest. Al Capone ran an honest bookmaking operation, too.' So I'm screwed."

A LONG TIME AGO, BYRNES WANTED TO BE a sportswriter. He says he was accepted at Columbia University but couldn't afford the tuition. After a brief career selling magazine-printing supplies, he got involved in the world of adult entertainment as the publisher of *Swingers* magazine, later spearheading a failed plan to export pornography to Russia after the fall of Communism.

He eventually landed in the 900-number phone-sex business, and when AT&T shut him down, he moved into the 800-number phone-sex business. It was there, he says, that the lightbulb went on: "In the 800 business, you need the ability to accept credit cards. We went from bank to bank trying to get credit-card [merchant] accounts and weren't getting anywhere. Finally, it dawned on me, as we're doing this fruitless search, that people in the escort service had the same problem. So I came up with the idea of putting everyone under an umbrella organization to try and control the fraud. I thought it was perfectly legitimate."

When a man visits a call girl, he may not want to use cash to pay his tab, which can run upwards of $300 per hour. Banks, of course, have policies officially prohibiting credit-card accounts for businesses that traffic in prostitution. And so these prostitution enterprises—which often operate ostensibly as escort services, massage parlors, or modeling agencies—have historically laundered their MasterCard or Visa bills on an ad hoc basis, through a friendly flower shop or gas station.

According to the government's allegations, EMS ran the credit-card division for between 70 and 90 prostitution businesses across the country. To protect against fraud, johns would be required not only to sign credit-card imprints but also to fill out forms that included their name, work and home addresses, telephone number, and credit-card information as well. Those documents would be passed on to the pimp, who would then send copies to EMS. Finally, Byrnes and his associates would launder the charges through their company. Each Thursday, they would FedEx pimps or madams checks for their women's earnings, minus EMS's 15 to 18 percent fee. On a john's credit-card statement, the charge would be discreetly listed as "EMS, Inc."

Working first out of a cramped, messy office on Main Street in Hackensack, Byrnes put in twelve-hour days, sometimes seven times a week. He not only processed the bills but also acted as a fraud-control director. He would chastise prostitutes for adding a zero to a bill and trying to turn a $100 trick into a $1,000 one. He would negotiate with johns who were feeling buyer's remorse and claiming their cards had been stolen. "Look, what can you pay?" he'd ask them. "A hundred dollars a month? Fifty?"

"We thought we were cleaning an industry up," Byrnes says with no small measure of pride. "We made it our practice to spot-check with people that they were happy and satisfied with the service. We would match up the authorization to the charge to make sure everything was kosher. . . . It's a very paperwork-intensive business, something you had to be on top of all the time. It was not an easy thing. But it worked."

Byrnes got so caught up in the bookkeeping aspects of the business that he claims he didn't have the time or inclination to pay attention to the more sensational side. He rattles off a handful of celebrity clients he remembers, including the inevitable Charlie Sheen, but adds, "Whether they were stars or businessmen, I didn't really pay attention. It was tough enough to get everything done in one day, much less go through every single charge and call the girl up and say, 'Did he really do this?' "

By dint of his labor and creativity, Byrnes turned EMS into a thriving company, where weeks of $125,000 in gross billings were not uncommon. The organization moved to nicer digs in Paramus, though Byrnes says that between banking costs, overhead, and customer fraud, there were months "you end up making *bubkes.* Believe me, if we'd made enough money from this, you know where I'd be calling you from now? *Se habla Inglés, por favor?* Okay? Forget about it."

IN FEBRUARY OF LAST YEAR, BYRNES WAS chatting with a Boston madam who told him about a small competitor, Te-

> **'You end up making *bubkes,*" Kenneth Byrnes says. "Believe me, if we'd made enough money from this, you know where I'd be calling you from now? *Se habla Inglés, por favor?* Okay? Forget about it."**

jas Financial Services, Inc., a Dallas-based outfit that was also processing credit-card charges for prostitutes. Unknown to anyone, Tejas was part of Operation Out Call and being run by undercover IRS agents.

"When I first heard of them, there was quite a few complaints from the people that were dealing with them. They weren't getting their checks on time—it was sporadic. They were screwing things up," Byrnes remembers. "They were giving the industry a bad name."

While Tejas was doing only a fraction of the trade EMS was, Byrnes phoned the company and said, "Listen, rather than compete, guys, you know, maybe we can show you a few things. Let's joint-venture it."

Byrnes and his second in command, attorney Robert "Peepee" Hollis, were apparently running their business with little fear of legal interference. Byrnes says EMS was visited in June 1995 by the U.S. Secret Service (which, as a branch of the Department of the Treasury, investigates credit-card fraud). "They told us we were okay," Byrnes claims. "They looked over the operation and said, 'Oh, we don't have a problem with this.' "

EMS also received more than a handful of calls from various police vice squads that had arrested prostitutes carrying EMS credit-card slips. "We certainly weren't trying to hide anything," Byrnes says. "Our name, our phone number, our address was on everything. If we were trying to hide it, we would have gone from location to location, surreptitiously."

Which isn't to say EMS wasn't diligent about making sure the men from Tejas were not government agents. "I asked them twice," Byrnes says. "They denied it both times. It happens." (Dave Schneider, a former executive at Clairol and the third EMS partner, was just as rigorous, going as far as to ask one Tejas associate, "Are you *sure* you're not an FBI agent?") Byrnes also sent his partner Peepee Hollis to Dallas. "Old fucking Inspector Clouseau there," Byrnes now laments. "He checked them out, which means he probably never left his hotel room."

Hollis's inability to complete that task shouldn't have come as a surprise. The 1971 graduate of the Washington College of Law at American University has turned out to be a lawyer of remarkable incompetence. A jack-of-all-trades who has represented everyone from murderers to personal-injury victims to families trying to obtain a home mortgage, Hollis has twice received three-year suspensions preventing him from practicing law in New Jersey, including one in 1993 stemming from an appeal of a convicted murderer's case in which he exhibited "gross negligence [and] conduct involving dishonesty, fraud, deceit or misrepresentation," according to the state Supreme Court's decision. (Neither Hollis nor Schneider returned *New York*'s phone calls.)

Foolishly confident that Tejas was not part of some government sting (one of the partners told undercover agents, "You look so much like cops that you can't be cops"), Byrnes, Hollis, and Schneider began a series of regular meetings with the undercover agents. Looking to utilize Tejas's American Express merchant account (Amex had closed down EMS's account), Byrnes proposed that his company begin forwarding to Tejas the names of pimps who wanted to accept American Express. To avoid suspicion, it would refer only a handful of clients each week. In exchange, Tejas and EMS would split all earnings derived from those Amex sales.

It was during these meetings, sometimes at a Newark hotel, sometimes at EMS's offices, that Byrnes, Hollis, and Schneider divulged all they knew about the world of prostitution, unaware that every incriminating word was being recorded on audio- and sometimes videotape. Often over a pizza dinner (the agents complained they couldn't get good pizza in Dallas), Byrnes and his partners boasted that they had processed more than $16 million in illicit charges over two years—meaning up to $3 million for Byrnes and company. Since Korean madams refused to take checks, they told investigators, Hollis hand-delivered those proceeds in cash (for an additional fee). Peepee Hollis, the disgraced attorney, was especially proud of EMS's success, crowing to agents, "I'm running a national prostitution-money-laundering ring."

Byrnes moans when he is reminded of this remarkable boast.

"*Fucking Peepee.* If you'd been there, you'd understand. C'mon, you sit around with a bunch of guys. It's more bullshit than anything."

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS in business, Tejas had processed $625,673 worth of American Express credit-card charges for clients referred by EMS. At the end of March, the IRS used the information Byrnes and his partners had passed its way to obtain search warrants for 1,000 escort services in more than two dozen states. EMS's NatWest and Bank of New York accounts were seized. A few days later, agents with warrants stormed into the EMS office and the partners' homes and loaded thousands of documents and computers into a moving van bound for Texas.

Byrnes now waits for word from his Dallas attorney as to when he will be forced to surrender to authorities. He is still in business with Schneider (who suffered his third heart attack a few weeks after the IRS raid), trying to sell electronic concierge systems to hotels. "I'm trying to make a living, which is not easy," Byrnes sighs. "Thank God my wife works."

For an entrepreneur who's seen so many of his big dreams fail, Byrnes remains wistful about EMS: "I think if we'd been left alone," he says, "it would have been highly successful." ■

Coming to terms with the relentlessly forthright, family-values-mongering, Honduran-child-labor-crusading, hyper-groomed TV-wifeliness of Kathie Lee Gifford

How Does She Do It?

By Barbara Lippert

LIKE JESUS, SHE WAS BORN A JEW (ONE QUARTER, ACTUALLY), walked on water (dancing and singing for Carnival Cruise Lines, actually), and lived through Passion, Death, and Resurrection. But this is sped-up television time, so starting in May with the Passion on her morning show (an angry, tearful tirade against a man who accused her of exploiting child labor) and moving on through Death in the afternoon (wire-service copy and TV news covering her breakdown over the sweatshop scandal and how she threatened to sue the accuser), she needed less than one month to achieve Resurrection (blessings from Cardinal O'Connor; photo ops with George Pataki, Robert Reich, and Hillary Clinton). And in completing her quickie redemption, she swept the grooming, poise, and appearance categories too.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BARRY
FOR *NEW YORK*

And it continues. This week in Washington, Kathie Lee Gifford will testify before a Congressional human-rights subcommittee and take part in a daylong Fashion Industry Forum organized by Secretary of Labor Reich, a longtime advocate of cleaning up sweatshops in the U.S. "We're jawboning with everyone in the industry to get with the program," Reich tells me. "The public is outraged, and we will continue to name names and trace invoices." Among those sharing his concern with be Cheryl Tiegs and Richard Simmons, who both peddle celebritywear.

It was inevitable, if only in retrospect, that at some point the inexorable reality of the new "celebrity" economy (something based on endless merchandising, line extensions, and marketing) would collide with the horrifying reality of the new "global" economy (something based on subsistence wages and abusive working conditions, in this case in Honduras, but existing in enterprise zones in Central America, the Caribbean, Asia, and West 38th Street).

"The reason we were checking factories in Honduras was not because we were looking for Kathie Lee," says Charles Kernaghan, the labor crusader from Avenue A who outed her last April. "We were there looking at Gap factories, but we happened on this place, Global Fashions. I held a clandestine meeting for the workers behind a rice-and-beans stand. And the girls who came—some of them were 12, 13, 14—put the labels in our hands. We had taught them that labels are power. Kathie Lee's label has a picture of her smiling face on it, and underneath it says that a portion of the proceeds go to various children's charities. And I was stunned by the hypocrisy . . . I mean, this is not La-La Land. What good is she doing for families here to pay mothers 31 cents an hour there?"

So the wifely TV hostess became a lightning rod. But it has been breathtaking how, thanks to the remarkably effective services of Howard Rubenstein Associates, she has been able to use the power of that same talk-show-based celebrity to clear her name, make nice to Wal-Mart, and become associated with the effort to end the exploitation.

HOW *DOES* SHE DO IT? A PURE TV BEING, SHE has the tiny body and large head of a star; her camera-ready features tilt up and out, right into the light. She's a righteous family icon at a time when politicians and TV personalities compete to show off their wholesomeness. Kathie Lee, like her fellow Fairfield Countyite Martha Stewart, engenders love or hate. Stewart, a workaholic divorcée, teaches how-to with a firm and moneyed yet unornamented Puritan hand, whereas Gifford flashes a five-carat-diamond ring as she sits next to Regis in the morning on her high stool, crossing her properly hosed and high-heeled girly-girl legs, bringing lessons in French-manicured suburban Born Again living down from her gated Connecticut estate. In her starched wifeliness, she stirs our primal cravings for a time when Dinah Shore roamed the earth.

In a conservative, spiritual, family-centric moment, Kathie Lee is all three. A deft melder of traditional and free-market values, she has at 42 the face and body of a high-intensity boomer and the soul of a Norman Vincent Peale. The gospel/showbiz split makes her an even more atypical generational case. She might talk about the same issues that other working moms do—the juggling, the struggling. But unlike those who didn't open for Shecky Greene in Vegas at 26, she seems to excel at being married to older men (to 62-year-old

No sweat: With husband Frank before a May press conference in which she announced her anti-sweatshop crusade.

FASHION CAFE
N CAFE

Photograph: bottom, AP/Wide World Photos.

The Passion: This past May, discussing the Wal-Mart accusations on air for the first time.

Regis in the studio in the morning; to 65-year-old Frank Gifford in the evening). And to the Frank part, at least, she brings a reverence for the connubial state—gazing at her man with those worshipful Nancy Reagan eyes—that few of her contemporaries can muster.

But she's working from an entirely different bible. What she and Frank, her hunka-hunka Hall-of-Famer husband, have together with their two towheaded kids, aside from the fabulous hacienda in Greenwich and the vacation place in Colorado and the staff, is a family business, a corporate-endorsing/infotainment empire all their own.

Not Tammy Faye and Jim, not Desilu, not a Clintonian two-for-the-price-of-one deal, this is a unique power partnership. Public and private meld every morning on *Live* when she tells stories of home, when Frank makes appearances in the booth on *Monday Night Football,* and when they minister to their various charity matters and endorsement deals and specials and videos. Frank had a Pentecostal Christian background; his mother took him to Aimee Semple McPherson meetings. Perhaps it was then that he developed a penchant for singin', preachin', headline-grabbin' women.

Ironically, the whole issue of child exploitation resonates especially with Kathie Lee, who has been accused of shamelessly using her own little Giffords. Cody, now 6, has been much more in the limelight than baby sister Cassidy. But at 3, Cassidy, already Georgette Mosbacher–formidable, is starting to hold her own, and will appear on the cover of *Good Housekeeping* with her beaming mom in September.

Cody first went to work at 5 weeks, when he made his initial appearance on *Live,* producing a 44 share for the show, something equaled only by the lost episode of *I Love Lucy.* Kathie Lee insists that it was not done as a ratings gambit but as a love thing, a spontaneous act of sharing. What with all the cards and handmade gifts that poured in from fans, she owed it to her audience. She did put him to work at 10 months in an Ultra Slim-Fast commercial featuring the whole performing family. For charity, she published a book of stories inspired by him, *Listen to My Heart.* They are pictured together on the cover sitting beneath a tree; he seems to be staring at one of her prodigious nails.

But Kathie Lee is genuinely thrown by the idea that this is exploitation, since it's such a natural extension of her life and her interests, her passion and her business. She sees it as "character building." "How bad is it that I can take my little boy to a little house that's named after him, that takes care of children so different from him, and he sees that because of him writing a little book or naming a little house after him, he makes their lives less painful? That's damaging to my son's psyche? I don't think so."

Like royal tots, the children have been groomed for their roles in the family firm from Day One. "It's not like I forced my children to do these things," she tells me by phone from her vacation home in Colorado. "Cody's just like I was. He loves to perform. You can't get him off the stage. So is Cassidy. Cody gets upset if he doesn't get to introduce [Regis and me] in Atlantic City."

It's not a performing family in the Osmond sense, though. The children, in public appearances, play only themselves. At the dedication ceremony last month for Cassidy's Place, the East 86th Street refuge for AIDS and crack babies, Cody performed like a trouper, especially in the prayer session, when he bowed his awesome platinum head expertly while Cassidy, in hair ribbons and a frilly dress, sat quietly playing with mythic paternal totems: Dad's championship ring and handkerchief.

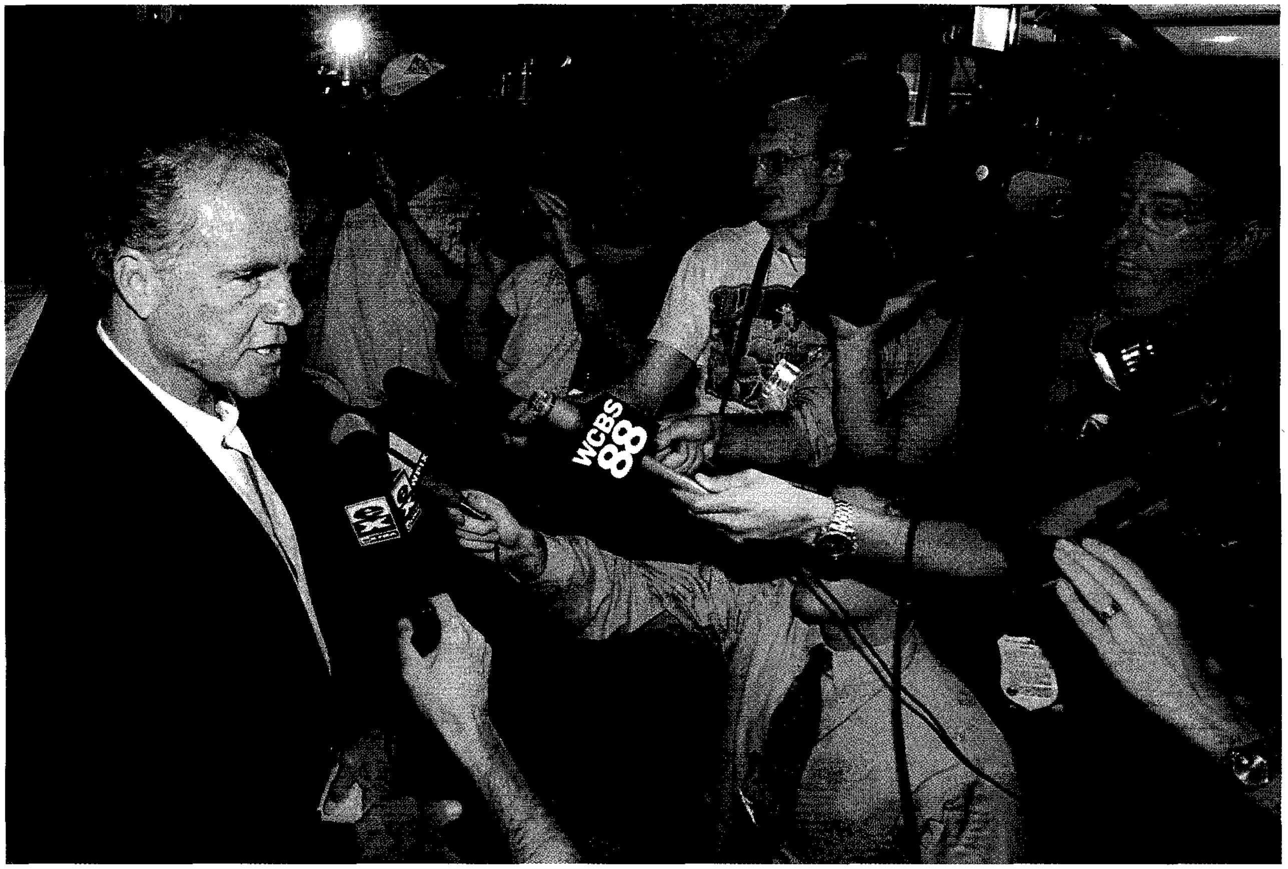
It's in marketing the fifties family ideal, while incorporating some nineties accommodations, that the Giffords do so well. This is Frank's third marriage, after two divorces. It's her second. This time, Frank brought a higher determination to it, by dint of his age (23 years her senior) and All-American experience. Now the old footballer is apparently unthreatened by the idea of playing a more "female" helpmatey role around the house. "He's a much better wife than I am," Kathie Lee told me when Frank dropped by during a chat in her dressing room on the West 67th Street set of *Live.* "Frank is a great cook. He takes the kids to school in the morning. I'm working."

"Yeah, and you should see some of the ladies in the car pool!" Frank added.

He's also more protective about his wife's well-being than most younger men tend to be—driving her to the studio in bad weather, for example. This is a fantasy-daddy courtesy that makes otherwise-strong boomer women cry.

For her part, she talks about their sex life with abandon (still going!), because it's all within the confines of a healthy Christian marriage. In playing a nuclear wife and mom, even though she has a dramatically lucrative career, she can stay in tune with much of her morning TV audience—older retirees, young mothers at home. She elevates the ordinary with her domestic epiphanies. While she retains her own perks, her life is a middle-class fantasy—not highbrow, just more moneyed and corporate-sports-entertainment-media-powered than that of the trivia-question winner on the phone who stayed home last night and cleaned her bathtub.

And she is paradoxically able to further this just-a-housewife connection with her frequent public hedging about whether to stay on the show (she recently did sign another one-year contract). "There are days when I can see myself doing the show for the rest of my life," she told me. "And then there are other mornings when I can't get into the studio without crews sticking a camera in my face. Who needs it?" she asked. She seems to see *Live* as a sideline from her real talents: "I studied acting



The Redemption: Frank at a Manhattan sweatshop, where he delivered envelopes filled with $300 to unpaid garment workers.

and singing for twenty years before I ever did a talk show. I mean, that's what I think I'm much better at than talk shows!"

But even in this, she harks back to the stifled ambitions of frustrated TV missuses past. Lucy, of course, was always desperate to get out of the apartment and perform onstage with Ricky. Laura Petrie would dance in slim pants in front of the shuttered pass-through in her New Rochelle living room. Likewise, there is something poignant about the way Kathie Lee takes her on-set responsibilities so seriously, emoting à la Barbra when she sings, livening up costumed shtick by doing Carol Burnett–like physical comedy, forever trying to escape the matronly everydayness of the chair.

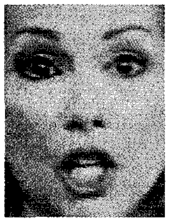
Then again, during interview segments, she uses the mantle of marriage and domestic contentment to flirt with guests. Of course, there's no threat, no suggestion of predatory danger. She and Frank are the marriedest couple around. (Speaking of flirtation, Judith Regan, who has edited books by Kathie Lee and the man who mocks her, Howard Stern, insists: "We've actually had long conversations about Kathie Lee Gifford, Howard and I. And he admitted to me privately that at the root of making fun of her, he's attracted to her.")

In the thick of the sweatshop scandal last month, the Giffords appeared on *Larry King*—Frank in Los Angeles, Kathie in New York ("Miss you, honey"; "I miss you, too, babe"). In talking about Wal-Mart's culpability, she used an odd marital analogy: "Am I responsible because somebody else was unfaithful?"

That they see even child-labor troubles in Third World nations in terms of their own family rectitude is extraordinary. When Frank came on later in the show, he said hanging in there with Kathie over this struggle was "sort of like Cody . . . I didn't want any more children, but that was her decision."

Later, the always sympathetic Larry King asked, "Whaddya need this for?"

"Well, we've got it," Frank said.



IT'S CLEAR THAT BEFORE THE BROUHAHA, Kathie Lee never focused on the idea that part of her high-volume line is made in sweatshops. She believes in business and she believes in Wal-Mart. And she is incredibly devoted to her mother, Joan Epstein, the first person in the family to walk with the Lord. (It happened in their living room in Maryland: Mrs. Epstein knelt before the TV during a Billy Graham crusade broadcast in 1964.) Her mother had an impoverished early life, which actually included a stint working in a fur sweatshop in Canada when she was an orphaned teenager. "If my mother hadn't had a personal faith in God," Kathie Lee told me, "there's no way she wouldn't have been quite mentally ill, I think."

One of the "defining moments" in her decision to do the Wal-Mart clothing line (besides creating a way to funnel more money to children's charities—roughly $1 million last year) came when she read that "a certain designer did not do plus sizes. He said, 'I'm a designer, not an upholsterer.' My mother wears a plus size, and *she's* not a sofa!"

She repeated the line on *Larry King*, so burned up about it is she. And in fact, what the Honduran girls were sewing—the harvest of shame that she unwittingly put her name on—was a huge order of plus-size rayon-poly pants.

"COMING DOWN ON KATHIE LEE GIFFORD IS LIKE THE MOST cynical thing I can think of," says Judith Regan, who pub-

Photograph: top, AP/Wide World Photos.

lished Kathie Lee's autobiography, *I Can't Believe I Said That!* "Because she's cutesy. Family values? Supersweet? What's wrong with that?" For those Honduran kids working fourteen hours a day to cut and sew her "careerwear," Regan has a clipped answer. "You know what? It's known as *capitalism*!"

At her time of resurrection last month, Kathie Lee agreed to meet with Wendy Diaz, the 15-year-old *maquila* worker who was brought before Congress to describe the sorry pay and working conditions in Honduras. Because his group works with Jesuit human-rights organizations throughout Central America, Kernaghan wanted the two to meet in a church. He suggested one on Lafayette Avenue in Brooklyn. Instead, Rubenstein's office set it up at John Cardinal O'-Connor's private residence in Manhattan. "There was a gold throne in the room, and all these other chairs around the throne," Kernaghan recalls. Gifford was kind and sympathetic to Diaz during the meeting, Kernaghan says, "but then she told her the story about how Cody asked why everyone on TV was saying she was a bad lady. It just fell flat. Wendy just stared through her. I mean, she's an orphan supporting three brothers who lives in a room with eleven people."

IN *I CAN'T BELIEVE I SAID THAT!*, KATHIE LEE writes, "I've always felt like I was born out of my time, that I never quite fit in with everyone and everything around me." Indeed, born in 1953, she came of age during the late sixties. That's when Kathie was in high school, getting her start in showbiz by winning Maryland's Junior Miss pageant, later wowing national cohosts Anita Bryant and Ed McMahon with a stirring a cappella rendition of "Go Down, Moses." (Hearing her through a doorway, Bryant's husband told Anita: "We finally got a black girl into the pageant.") She was disqualified for talking to a boy, but she did win the Kraft Hostess Award for planning the best party, a Hang-Ten Luau.

The Resurrection: Expressing concern alongside Secretary Reich at a press conference held at the Fashion Café.

Although she was born Kathie Lee Epstein, she's only marginally more Jewish than Elvis. Her grandfather, Meyer Epstein, was a snake-charmer and carnival barker. ("That's who I am most like—Meyer Epstein the carnival barker!" Kathie Lee says.) He married out of the tribe, and so did his son, Aaron. From early teenagerhood on, Kathie and her siblings were brought up as strict fundamentalists.

By 22, she had already worked as Anita Bryant's assistant, traveled the country as one of Oral Roberts's World Action Singers, and married Paul Johnson, a gospel composer and arranger who had at one point been president of a local Pat Boone Fan Club. She talks openly in her book about their sex-impaired marriage (perhaps one of the reasons she constantly alludes to Frank's manliness).

When I ask Kathie Lee if she's a feminist, she responds unequivocally that she is. But this has limits. In her book, she writes, "Radical feminists came on too strong for me—and, frankly, though this may sound contradictory, they were often so unappealing, so unfeminine. . . . Gloria Steinem, though, was one exception. . . . She was attractive. She had style. She had groomed fingernails."

For better or worse, while Kathie Lee may see herself as being not of this time, time has come around to her. The Disney-syndicated *Live With Regis and Kathie Lee* was the nucleus of nice years before Rosie O'Donnell got there. (In fact, Regis and Kathie Lee do Mike Douglas to Rosie's Merv.) It remains top-rated while clones like *Mike and Maty* and *George and Alana* tank. The show is also becoming the spot for major cultural and political figures to visit, especially if they'd prefer to talk about their family vacations instead of answering pesky questions from the ruffians at the network breakfast shows. The Doles recently made a campaign stop to hawk their book; so comfortable were Liddy and Bob with Regis and Kathie Lee that they got into an easy, old-marrieds kind of Mars-Venus chat about who controls the remote at home. And Colin Powell dropped by last week to sell the paperback of his best-seller. Attack dog Katie Couric had to ambush him on air at the end of the hour to get him for the *Today* show. "How's the baby?" Kathie Lee asked Katie.

And it is no coincidence that Hillary Clinton took the opportunity to rub shoulders with Kathie Lee at last month's dedication of Cassidy's Place. (It's the kind of program Mrs. Clinton touts in *It Takes a Village*.) In the thick of her current agonies, Mrs. Clinton, who, like Kathie Lee, was dressed in pink, also seemed to be in search of redemption and transcendence. Though they are professional women of the same generation, they would appear to have taken different paths. But they bonded big-time, as everyone assembled, including David Dinkins and Marla Maples, rocked back and forth and sang "Kumbaya."

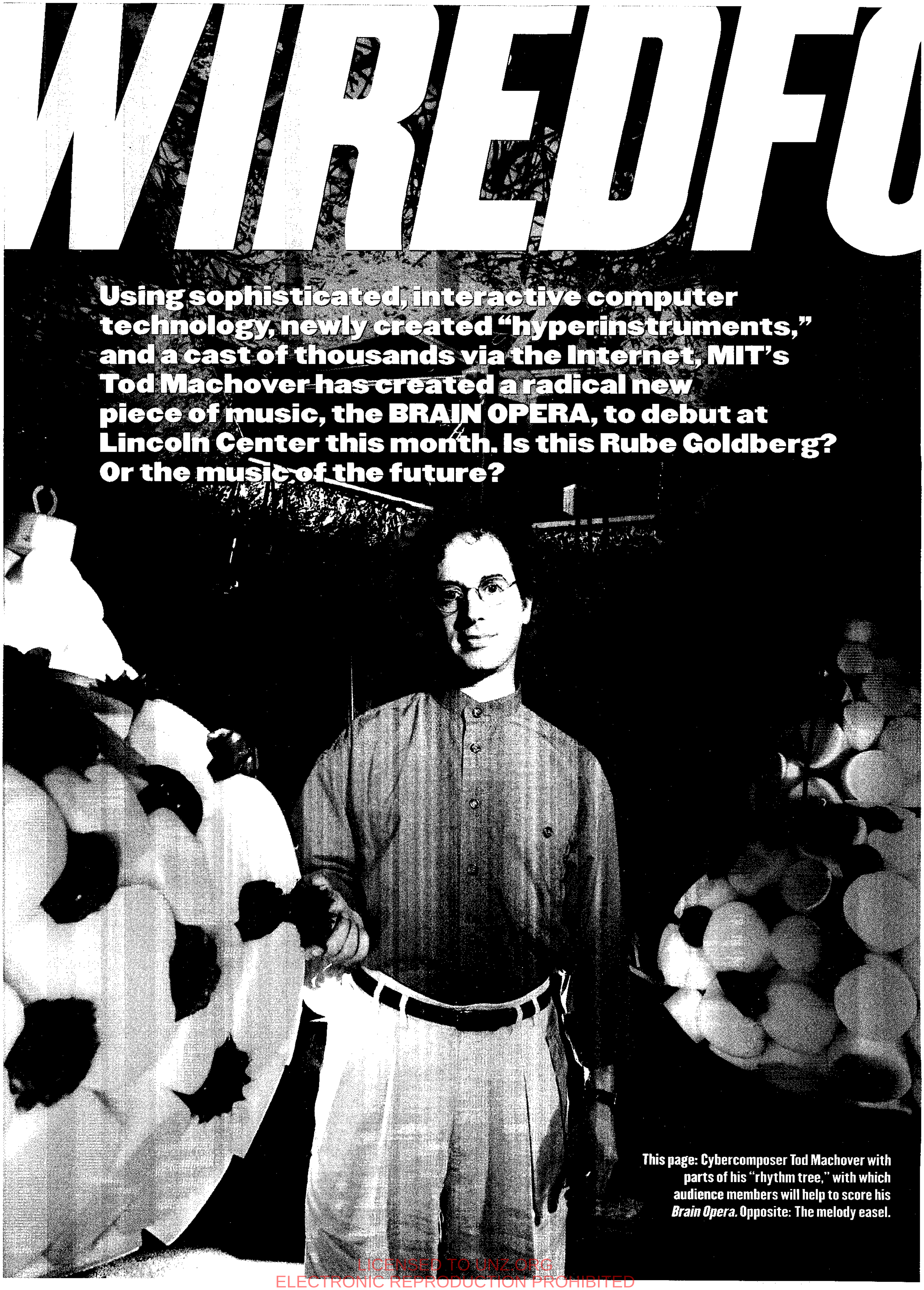
Kathie Lee's career will only grow—she's going to do another Christmas special for CBS, and this fall will also star in a made-for-TV movie on the Family Channel. Her appearance on the new CBS hit *Touched by an Angel* was critically applauded, especially since she got to act the part of a surrogate mother, giving birth on camera and crying a lot.

"Here's the difference between Kathie Lee and normal shit," says Jim Dwyer, the *Daily News* columnist who broke the sweatshop story that sent Frank scurrying to West 38th Street with crisp bills the next morning. "Last year, I did a column on kids working in a sweatshop in Sunset Park, Brooklyn. They were working 80 hours a week, no minimum wage, no overtime, terrible conditions. It got no attention at all. Zip. Zero. Now we have Kathie Lee. It's five weeks later, and $40,000 in fines and $20,000 in back wages have been paid by the owners, and there's a national forum about the issue this Tuesday. All because of one celebrity, who is famous for *what*?"

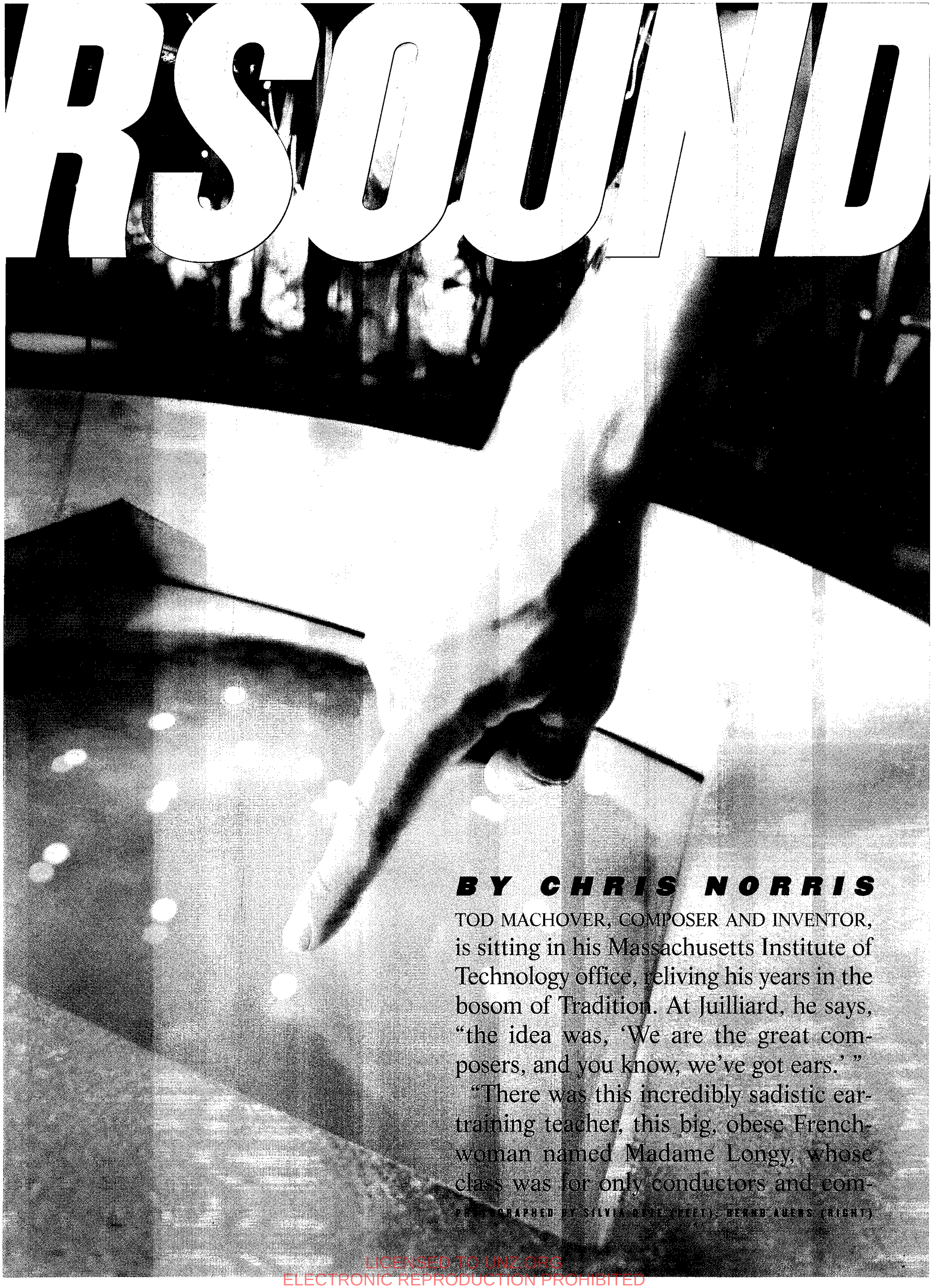
Photograph: bottom, Nina Berman/Sipa.

WIREDF

Using sophisticated, interactive computer technology, newly created "hyperinstruments," and a cast of thousands via the Internet, MIT's Tod Machover has created a radical new piece of music, the BRAIN OPERA, to debut at Lincoln Center this month. Is this Rube Goldberg? Or the music of the future?



This page: Cybercomposer Tod Machover with parts of his "rhythm tree," with which audience members will help to score his *Brain Opera.* Opposite: The melody easel.



RSOUND

BY CHRIS NORRIS

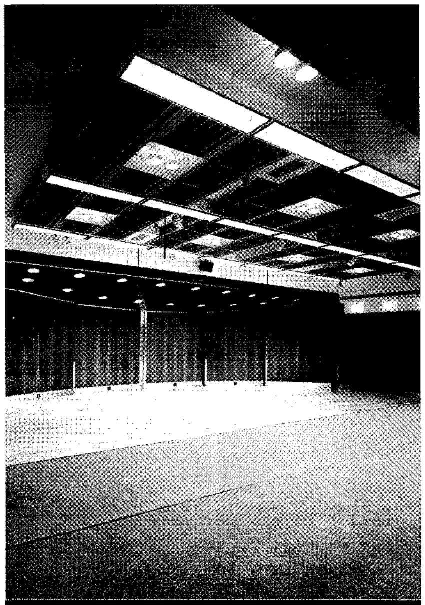
TOD MACHOVER, COMPOSER AND INVENTOR, is sitting in his Massachusetts Institute of Technology office, reliving his years in the bosom of Tradition. At Juilliard, he says, "the idea was, 'We are the great composers, and you know, we've got ears.' "

"There was this incredibly sadistic ear-training teacher, this big, obese Frenchwoman named Madame Longy, whose class was for only conductors and com-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SILVIA OTTE (LEFT); BERND AUERS (RIGHT)

posers. It was very good training, but it was continual humiliation . . . you know, 'Your ears aren't good enough; you can't be a musician because . . .' So everybody had this attitude of 'My ears are better; I can write five lines and hear the fourteenth oboe'—that kind of thing."

Machover is wrapped cross-legged on his desk chair, *Star Trek* screen saver winking behind him. Slight and bespectacled, MIT's renowned composer has the eager eyes and wild hair of a lab tech who's been standing a bit too close to the Van de Graaff generator. His high-baud conversation rate fits neatly into a scene characterized by Teva sandals and T-shirts that read INTERNATIONAL MATHEMATICS OLYMPICS. And at an institution whose learning process students compare to "drinking from a fire hose," Machover's uniquely broad purview—artificial intelligence, computer interfaces, electronic music—is no big deal.


Morse Recital Hall at Juilliard, where the *Brain Opera* will debut.

But even here, Machover seems slightly ahead of the curve. For instance, not many of his colleagues can say they've outraged a concert hall full of Parisian musicos. Nor can they claim collaborations with both Yo-Yo Ma and Prince. Nor can they say, as Machover will within a month, that they wrote and conducted an opera whose conceptual dimensions make Wagner seem a miniaturist, whose production utilizes some of the world's most dazzling media technology, and whose cast includes professional and amateur musicians, playing in towns and cities around the country—at the same time. Machover sits between the worlds of futurist new music and hyper-advanced technology—the perfect person to shepherd serious music into the cyber age.

"Ever since World War II, there's been the general deep feeling that European culture is in the last death throes," says Machover. "Or there's something really wrong, so we've got to start from scratch. You can't have melody; you can't have harmony; you can't have regular rhythm; you can't have structure that's repetitive; you can't do anything that sounds like old music or old culture. So what do you do?"

Machover has some suggestions.

MACHOVER'S OFFICE IS ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF MIT'S SLEEK, I. M. Pei–designed Media Lab, a largely corporate-funded center whose research includes digital television, artificial intelligence, interface design, and other advanced fields of media technology—almost all of which, it seems, will be brought to bear on Machover's newest, most ambitious creation, *Brain Opera.*

A grand, sweeping, interactive extravaganza, *Brain Opera,* which premieres next Tuesday at the Lincoln Center Festival 96, will, according to its prospectus, "attempt to bring expression and creativity to everyone, in public or at home, by combining an exceptionally large number of interactive modes into a single, coherent experience." An Internet Website will allow participants not only to hear the Lincoln Center debut live at home but, through a downloaded virtual musical instrument, to actually modify the performance—to jam, essentially—online. The artistic dimensions of this D day–ish undertaking are every bit as ambitious: "To seek a new kind of balance between the ordered complexity of Bach and the exuberant chaos of Cage, with a touch of the Beatles' youthful energy."

It will also, hope the festival's planners, help position the midtown cultural Establishment in the music of the future. John Rockwell, erstwhile *Times* critic and director of Lincoln Center Festival 96, considers the *Brain Opera* a signature event among such blue-chip offerings as the complete plays of Samuel Beckett and a new production by Robert Wilson. "It's something that points to the future," says Rockwell, "that says what performance could be as opposed to what performance is."

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE MEDIA LAB'S "CUBE," A DARK, AIRY ROOM THE size of a gymnasium, grad-kids are hunkered down spray-painting power strips, fine-tuning computer-interface modules—part of the 55-person team racing to complete a mock-up of the *Brain Opera.* Silent computer terminals glow from all corners. A black grand piano sits in the corner. Machover walks over and picks up a translucent scepter.

In his black high-top sneakers and orange collarless shirt, the composer seems some tech-savvy cross between John Zorn and Doug Henning, as, poised before a bank of computer equipment, he begins conducting—in the old, pre-electronic sense. Silently pointing the scepter, a "digital baton," at a tripod-mounted camera, Machover gives a quick downbeat. Suddenly, wordless, angelic female voices emanate from the speakers behind. Machover's arm makes graceful arcs as bar graphs on a monitor rise and fall with the ghostly choir, charting the vagaries of this composed section from the *Brain Opera.*

The digital baton is among the latest of Machover's "hyperinstruments," the focus of his research since he came to MIT in 1986. Using special sensors and computer interfaces, these instruments are designed to access the immense musical abilities of modern technology to give expanded power and finesse to the player. Past hyperinstrument performers have included Yo-Yo Ma, the Kronos Quartet, magicians Penn and Teller, and Prince, who, struck by Machover's "sensor chair," demanded a modified one for his European tour. "Basically, he had our tech guy, Joe, rip out the sensors and put them in naked female mannequins," Machover reports. "I guess we should have been able to predict that."

Recently, Machover's research has focused on making hyperinstruments playable by novices—a crucial step in what he considers an essential mission of involving general audiences actively in artistic experiences. These new, user-friendly hyperinstruments will have their New York debut in the lobby of Juilliard's Morse Recital Hall. As audience members enter the marble lobby, they will find several of these odd, rubbery, Dr. Seuss–like devices challenging them to experiment and learn. One, the "rhythm tree," is covered with urethane-molded sensors that resemble sea urchins, walnuts, or other eldritch shapes, each releasing a different gong or crash depending on how it's plucked or bounced. Another, the "gesture wall," turns the person standing in front of it into a live electrical conductor—in both senses of the word—able to shade the dynamics, articulation, and expressiveness of a piece with movements of the body. This process of experimental music- and noise-making is the *Brain Opera*'s first act, the audience members its cast. "If it works, I think it's going to feel kind of like a party," Machover says. "If it doesn't work, it will feel like a science museum, or a trade show."

This interactive salon will color the upcoming performance. Sound bites, sung melodies, or Bronx cheers gathered from the participants' early fumblings with the instruments—which double, Big Brother–ishly, as digital recorders—will be used in the fabric of *Brain Opera*'s later acts. In the nightclublike setting of the performance area, three trained performers—playing sensor chair,

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

gesture wall, rhythm tree, and digital baton—will combine audio and video material from diverse sources, slowly building the disparate sounds and notes into a recognizably musical framework. "I want it to feel like walking into somebody's brain while a piece of music is being created," Machover explains.

A surprisingly traditional order underlies all this chaos. In both its form and its text, *Brain Opera* explores the theories of artificial-intelligence guru Marvin Minsky, whose seminal book *The Society of Mind* proposes a radical understanding of human cognition. Machover sums up the theory of his MIT colleague thus: "Instead of the mind being an orchestra and you being the conductor, saying things like 'I want my fingers to move' and sending out instructions to the muscles and the nerves, Minsky says there is no 'you,' no central consciousness. There are only relatively dumb agents that work together to achieve a larger goal."

> **"If it works, I think it will feel kind of like a party," says Machover of the Brain Opera's first act. "If it doesn't, it will feel like a science museum, or a trade show."**

The *Brain Opera* will mirror this process with the voyage of each audience member through a maze of fragments to a collective and coherent experience. The far-reaching social implications of Minsky's text—excerpted in interview sound bites throughout the piece—will emerge in *Brain Opera*'s third act. This is when the "Internet Solo" presents the sonic contributions from the live, real-time Web audience, hundreds of people from around the world blended together into a panoramic group shot.

The fact that *Brain Opera* will include no live singers or traditional instruments may seem off-puttingly hokey to outsiders, the realm of tech-mad knob-twiddlers, emotionally vacant post-serialists, or Emerson, Lake, and Palmer. But a quick scan through the pantheon of music greats reveals very few Luddites. Beethoven wrote *Wellington's Victory* for the newfangled panharmonium. Haydn and Mozart both wrote for the hurdy-gurdy. Machover, son of a computer-graphics pioneer and a pianist, fits right into the tradition.

Since his earliest efforts at blending art and technology, Machover has shown a knack for integrating potentially alienating hardware into concepts that seem to demand it. His dislocated, haunting, and critically acclaimed opera *Valis* took its text from a book in which sci-fi author Philip K. Dick creatively chronicled his own mental breakdown. "I think because of my background, and because of being an American right now, I have the spirit of finding strong ideas from different places and putting them together into something stronger."

The phrase may not scream for a melodic leitmotiv, but "information overload" is probably one of the most crucial issues of the moment, one with large implications for society. What better theme is there for an opera?

"It's an opera in every sense but that of a linear story," the composer says. "I think the narrative is how an individual makes sense out of an incredibly complex set of sensory impressions and how a group of people manage to accept responsibility for what they do as individuals and somehow come up with something that's bigger than what they could do alone."

For all its gee-whiz aspects, the *Brain Opera* is also deeply, if subtly, rooted in tradition. Much of it bubbles with driving, surprisingly accessible modernist melodies and rhythms. Its musical fabric uses a Charles Ives–ish pastiche with recognizable dashes of the Beatles, Stravinsky, and Monk. And for its structure, the work draws from Western music's most supreme architect, Johann Sebastian Bach. The basic harmonic progression of the *Brain Opera* comes from Bach's *Musical Offering.*

The other composer to whom the *Brain Opera* is dedicated is very nearly at the opposite end of the musical spectrum: the musical conceptualist John Cage, whose letter of recommendation Machover suspects helped him win tenure at MIT. Gratitude aside, the dedication to this playful, deeply humanist composer makes sense. Cage once suggested that music is a way of preparing our minds and our personalities to throw away music and to experience the world directly. "Part of the buzz is the way that this chaotic, bubbling, strange environment turns into something with a shape to it," Machover says. "That's kind of a Cage idea—that the music grows out of the sound around you. Instead of starting a piece and then bringing in sound, you start with the everyday world and bring in music." Or, as the voice of Minsky declares at the beginning of the *Brain Opera,* "We're going to try to look inside our minds and hear what's going on."

SPENDING A DAY WITH MACHOVER IS exhausting—covering years of music theory and technological breakthroughs, ambling through offices filled with inscrutable hardware, febrile minds, hard drives the size of my refrigerator. Now, resting on the Cube's sole plush object—a sofa—hearing Machover explain the supposedly simple principle of the *Brain Opera*'s construction for the fourth time, I glance over at a poster that clarifies it for me immediately.

Up close, the pictorial field is filled with tiny snapshots: a laughing little girl, a boy on a swing, a fireman, a dog. Viewed from a bit farther back, these photos coalesce into a larger one of the Statue of Liberty, the pixilated images shimmering in its light and dark regions, each playing a distinct role in the larger image. It's a visual representation of the *Brain Opera.* And I find myself surprisingly, inexplicably, moved by the realization. Later, before he leaves to pick up his 2-year-old daughter, Machover touches on an aspect of the piece we haven't yet discussed: the emotions he expects such a complex work to provoke. "If it works, if it clicks," he says, "I think the feeling is going to be actually kind of a joyous one." After my little epiphany by the poster, I see what he means.

Glenn Gould once predicted that "in the electronic age, the art of music will become much more directly a part of our lives, much less an ornament to them, so that it will consequently change them much more profoundly." It's almost certain that our future relationship with music will exist in places well outside the concert hall or the recital space. The best of pop music has already gone there, in songs like the Beatles' "A Day in the Life," a rumination on modern life that's so much a part of our culture that it speaks about it and to it simultaneously. Machover aims to be part of that tradition. Another signpost might be the grand sweep of the wordlessly eloquent 1983 film *Koyaanisqatsi,* the way the arpeggios and melismas of Machover's fellow Juilliard alum Philip Glass blend with the images of conveyor belts, people on escalators, riverbeds, and cloud banks into a panoramic rhapsody.

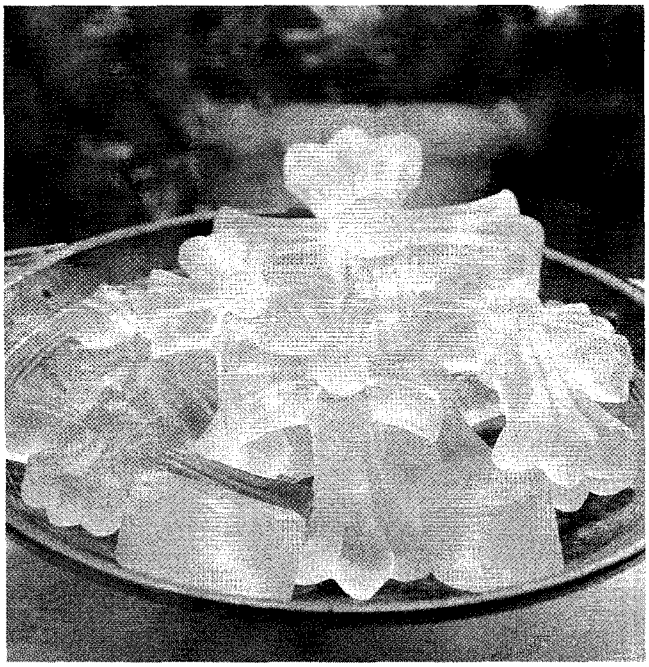
If all goes well, a similar magic will transpire next week at Lincoln Center (and later in Austria, Berlin, and Tokyo). The spoken reminiscences, tentative renditions of "Happy Birthday," and crystalline sopranos will coalesce into a grand musical tapestry whose strange spectacle is all the more moving because the bits and pieces of its construction are so familiar. It's us. And if you stand far enough back and look just the right way, we're beautiful.

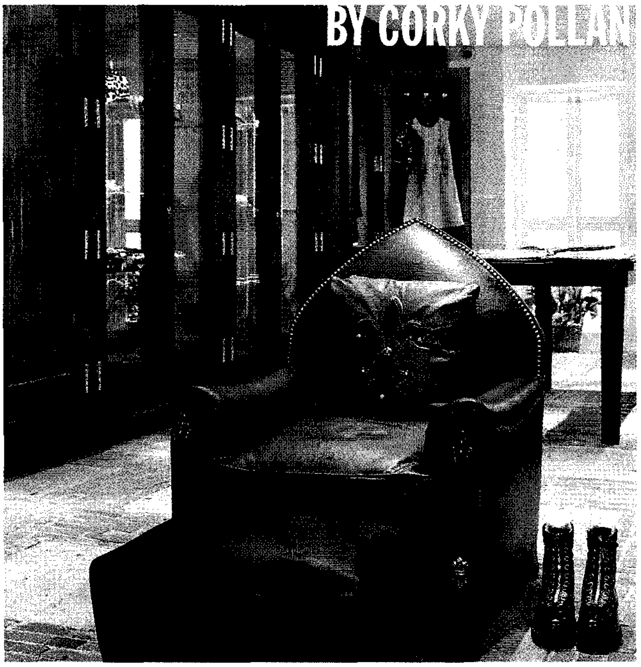
Whether this epiphany can be downloaded remains to be seen.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



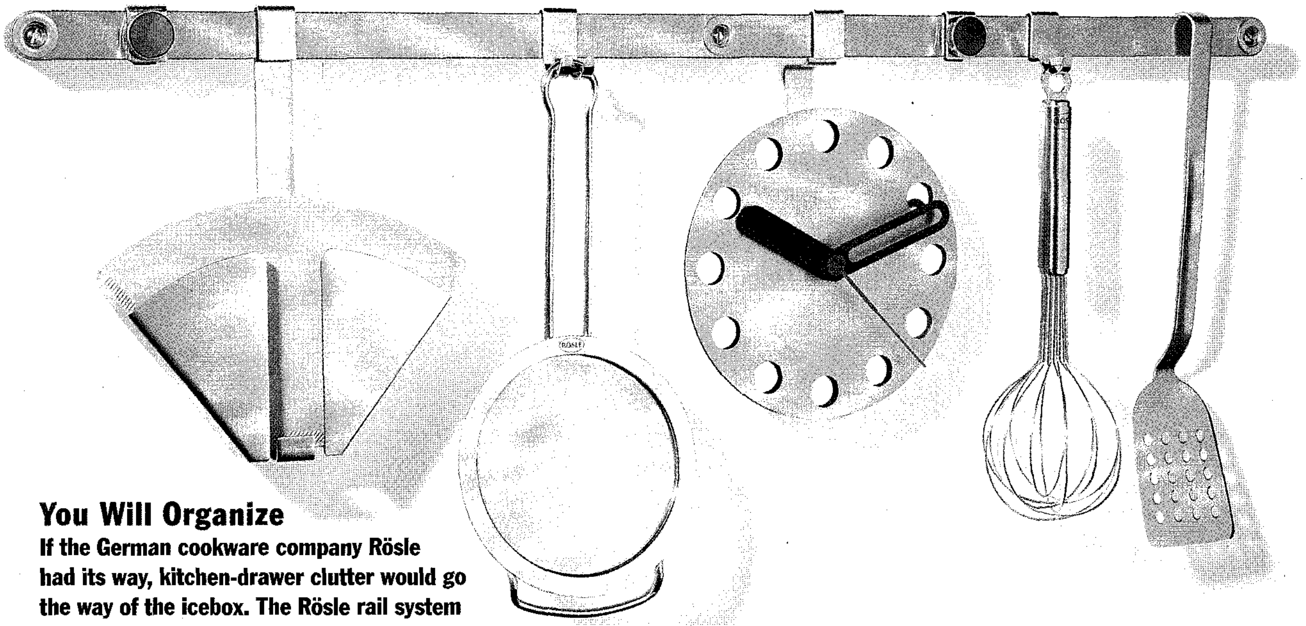


Photographs: clockwise from left, Minh + Wass (4); Steve Wisbauer (2); Francesco Mosto.

Stark-Raving Mod

The hyper-voguish have been wearing Chrome Hearts leathers ever since Richard Stark began turning out his gritty biker garb from a garage in Malibu seven and a half years ago. Now, after eight months of construction, Stark has opened Chrome Hearts, the store, on the Upper East Side. Stark's scatty perfectionism is everywhere, right down to the sterling-silver-dipped hinges; but a certain classicism is also evident in the many Celtic and Gothic touches. Mostly, the shop is filled with such handmade, road-worthy clothes as sterling-silver-adorned leather jackets, pants, and boots (priced for billionaire bikers). But there are newer designs too: baroque pens, weighty silver jewelry, cotton bed linens, soap crosses, and Gothic leather furniture. (From $35 for an infant T-shirt to $3,000 for a jacket to $15,000 for a chair.)

CHROME HEARTS/*159 East 64th Street/327-0707*



You Will Organize

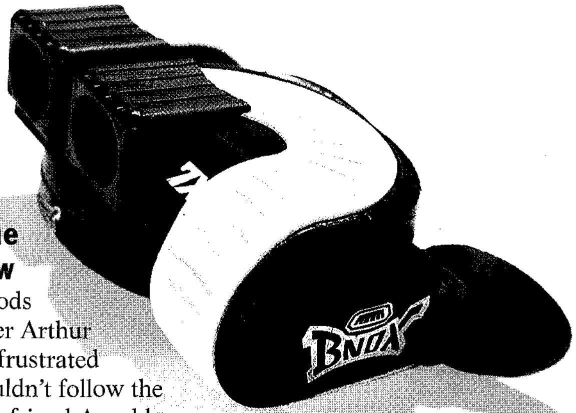
If the German cookware company Rösle had its way, kitchen-drawer clutter would go the way of the icebox. The Rösle rail system allows you to stow your utensils smartly right in plain sight. It consists of stainless-steel rods that can be wall-mounted (or suspended below the cabinets) and accessories that either attach to the rails or hang from them. Each of the tools is perfectly balanced, and there's everything from a melon baller to a spice rack to a cookbook holder to a paper-towel dispenser to a clock. (From $11 for a spatula to $155 for a paper-towel holder; rails $39.50 to $66.50.)

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367*

Beyond AstroTurf

Operating on the reasonable theory that people, by now, are pretty well bored with and/or appalled by conventional indoor/outdoor carpeting, Yosi Barzilai of Sarajo has begun importing hand-woven, water-resistant plastic rugs from Morocco. Though strikingly op-arty, the designs are actually traditional to Northern and Western Africa ($18 to $25 per yard; widths vary).

SARAJO/*98 Prince Street/966-6156*

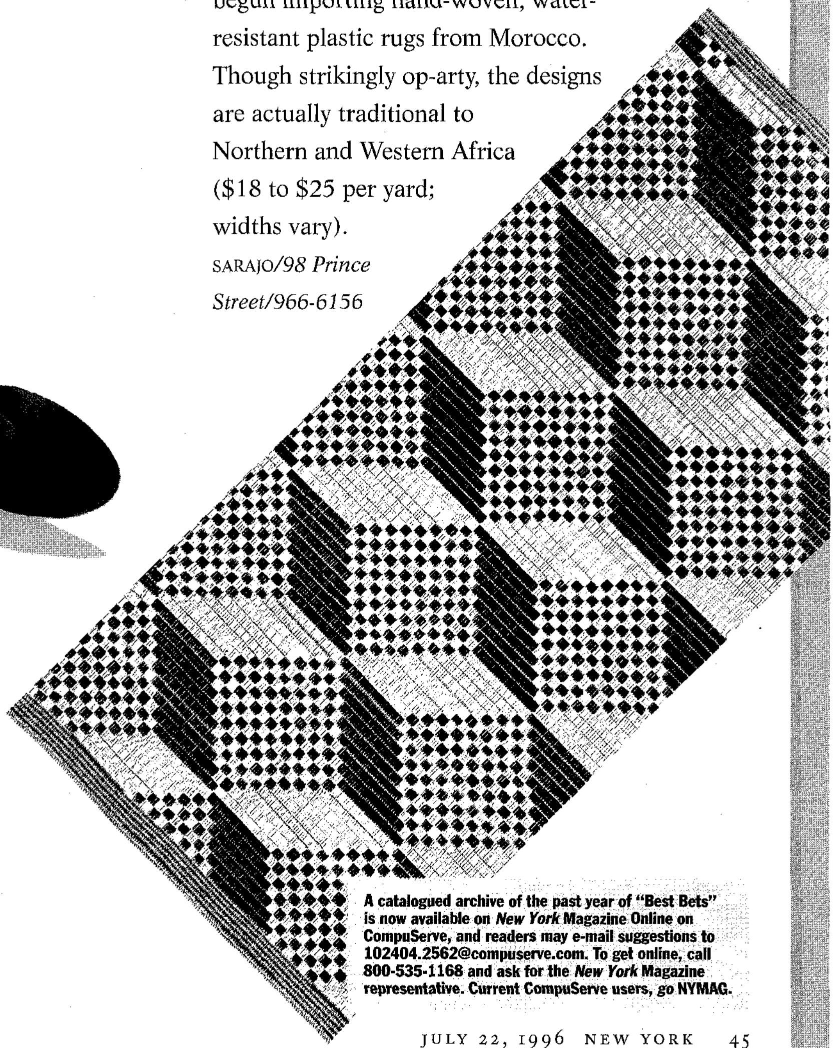


Taking the Long View

Sporting-goods manufacturer Arthur Becker was frustrated when he couldn't follow the ball after his friend Arnold Palmer teed off in the Bay Hill Golf Tournament. So he created Bnox Sports Binoculars specifically for watching sports. They're high-powered (7X magnification), focus-free (beyond 40 feet), have adjustable eye-cups (to accommodate eyeglasses), and a big-screen view (square, oversize lenses). Even if you're in the back of the upper-tier reserves at Yankee Stadium, you can still see a Pettitte curve (around $20).

MODELL'S/*51 East 42nd Street/661-4242; and 901 Sixth Avenue, near 33rd Street/594-1830*

PARAGON SPORTING GOODS/*867 Broadway, at 18th Street/255-8036*



A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.

Take a one-day getaway to West Point.

The U.S. Military Academy at West Point is a national treasure.

And now, Metro-North provides the most colorful way of visiting it. Our getaway includes train service from Grand Central to Peekskill, where you'll board a Hudson Maritime ferry for a scenic cruise to West Point.

On arrival, you'll be treated to a guided tour of the campus and village. Just $27 (lower from suburban stations); discounts for seniors and kids. For more information, call (outside NYC) 1-800-METRO-INFO, or, (NYC) 212 532-4900.

MTA **Metro-North Railroad** *Going your way*
http://www.mta.nyc.ny.us

©1996 Metropolitan Transportation Authority

JAMAICA

James Bond Festival

THE NAME IS BOND. JAMES BOND.

Join us for the first Official James Bond Festival, October 23rd to 27th, 1996.

Five days of events, including a black-tie, Bondesque gala and concert

First-ever tour of Goldeneye, where Ian Fleming created Bond

Hear behind-the-scenes experiences from renowned "007" actors, writers and directors

Five-day stay at the Jamaica Grande Hotel in beautiful Ocho Rios

Presented by the Jamaica Tourist Board and:

RENAISSANCE. JAMAICA GRANDE RESORT OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA | airJamaica | ISLAND OUTPOST

For reservations, information or brochure, call Sunburst Holidays at 1-800-MONTEGO. See your Travel Agent.

http://www.james-bond-festival.com
Official Jamaica Website: www.jamaicatravel.com
©1996 Eon Productions Ltd. and Mac B Inc. ©1995 Danjaq Inc. and UAC All Rights Reserved

INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION PAUL LUKAS

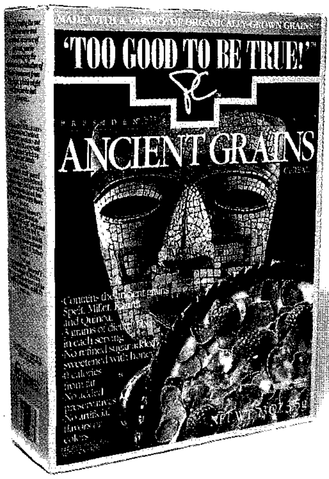
Grains of Salt

Will we really save four primeval crops from extinction by pouring milk on them and eating them for breakfast?

President's Choice Ancient Grains Cereal
13-ounce box (Loblaw Brands, Ltd.)

IN THE CEREAL BIZ, MARKETING PITCHES rarely deviate from some combination of health appeal (All-Bran, Total, Special K, Grape Nuts), youth appeal (Honeycomb, Count Chocula, the timeless Kaboom), and comfort appeal (corn flakes, raisin bran). So I was surprised when my friend Heather gave me a box of President's Choice Ancient Grains, a reasonably tasty cereal whose shrewdly subdued marketing premise makes a sneaky appeal to consumer guilt.

The pitch begins by establishing the cereal's historical pedigree. According to the box, the ancient grains referred to in the product name are spelt, millet, kamut, and quinoa. A note on the side panel explains, "By supporting the use of these rare and ancient varieties of grains, you're encouraging the continued cultivation of these treasures from the past, which might otherwise be lost forever." This statement, despite its soothingly worded feel-good platitudes, is really a big finger designed to push the consumer's guilt button—just as *National Lampoon* once threatened IF YOU DON'T BUY THIS MAGAZINE, WE'LL KILL THIS DOG, the President's Choice folks are essentially saying, "If you don't buy this cereal, the planetary decline in biodiversity will be on your hands."



In an effort to find out more, I spoke with Larry Griffin, vice-president for quality assurance at Loblaw Brands, the Canadian company that markets the President's Choice line. He acknowledged that millet is widely used outside of North America and "certainly is not on the endangered list." The information he faxed me about quinoa and kamut was interesting but did little to indicate whether either grain was on the verge of vanishing from terra firma. Nonetheless, he maintained his company's party line: "If we can perhaps create a larger marketplace for something that might otherwise be in trouble, we're happy to do so. If there aren't places for these grains to go, you and I both know what happens—people stop growing them."

Well, maybe. But according to Charles Murphy, national program leader for grain crops at the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Agricultural Research Service, it isn't quite that simple. "The claim that eating this box of cereal is going to keep these grains from being lost to the world is a fallacious approach," he said. "I don't know of anything that would indicate that. There isn't anywhere near the quantity of, say, spelt grown for cereal as there is wheat or corn or whatever, but that doesn't mean it's endangered."

More to the point, as Murphy noted, President's Choice and its grain suppliers are hardly acting out of altruism. "Obviously, someone is growing these things commercially," he explained. "They're not in the business of preserving seeds or species diversity—they're looking to make a profit growing a crop."

All of which is fine by me—it's just business, after all—but I wish they weren't so damn sanctimonious about it. Maybe the big PC on the Ancient Grains box doesn't stand for "President's Choice" after all. *(Loblaw Brands, Ltd., 22 St. Clair Avenue East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4T 2S8.)*

Spelt, milk: Don't cry yet.

THE NEW ISSUE OF *Beer Frame: The Journal of Inconspicuous Consumption* includes product reviews that have run in this space, plus an assortment of related material. For more information, contact me at the address below. ■

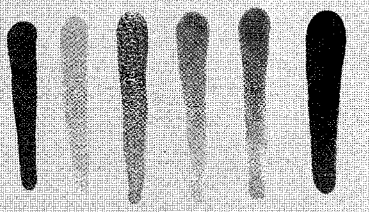
SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

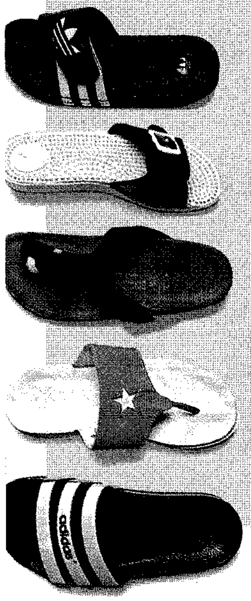
DRESS CODE

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

THE HOT FOOT



PLAYING FOOTSIE: Summer's heat presents myriad style challenges: keeping linen from going wrinkly, for instance, and choosing a lipstick that won't melt on your face. Toughest of all, from our perspective, is keeping your feet—which are not only on constant display in the summer but also woefully overtaxed—looking, feeling, and smelling unobjectionable. The Body Shop has a number of foot-care unguents, the best of which is its Refreshing Foot Spray ($4.50), which deodorizes and revivifies with natural ingredients like tea-tree and rosemary oils. **PEDICURIOUS:** Each summer seems to have a cosmopolitan nail polish of choice: This year's are opaque pastels, but we're actually keener on the shades pictured above, which *don't* look like they belong on the wall of a baby nursery and have the metallic sheen that everyone will be daubing on come September. They are, from left, Christian Dior's Orange Sparkle, $14; MAC's Delish, $8; Creative Nail Design Systems' Pure Platinum, $4.50; Lancôme's Platinum, $11; Revlon's Frostiest Pink, $3.95; and Chanel's Orange Sorbet, $15. **WORK IT OUT:** This is, beyond a doubt, the summer of the sports sandal, and with good reason: It's sturdier and more comfortable than regular sandals, and stylish to (pardon the expression) boot. Here are a few of the favorites around town (from top to bottom): "Adissage," by Adidas, $24.99; Bionatur, $15; Birkenstock "Gizeh," $64.95; Converse star thong, $31.99; Adidas "Namanga," $24.99. ■



Photographs by Norman.

Miriam Rigler

Specializing in Bridal, Mother of the Bride, Special Occasion and Custom Made Dressing

14 West 55th Street New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-5519

Open Monday - Saturday 10-6 Thursday 10-7

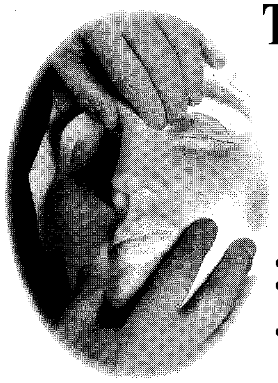
Stutter?

Know Someone who Does?

Then you owe it to yourself to contact the National Center For Stuttering and learn about the physical cause of stuttering that led to a treatment with a 93.4% success rate. If you stutter, or know someone who does, call 1- 800 221-2483 for a free brochure - and ask about the video - tape showing the dramatic results of treatment.

The National Center For Stuttering
200 East 33rd Street
New York, NY 10016

The Talents of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon



For 30 years, Board Certified Plastic Surgeon and award-winning sculptor **Stanley Taub, M.D.** has offered the finest in

Cosmetic Surgery

- *Face, Neck and Eyelid Surgery*
- *Breast Enlargement and Reduction*
- *Male Breast Reduction*
- *Liposuction/Body Contour*
- *Rhinoplasty & Secondary Nasal Repair*
- *COSMETIC LASER SURGERY removes wrinkles, scarring, pigmentation, & tatoos*

Call for a Free Consultation

(212) 628-8585

737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Ile de la Cité

From a B&B in the Bronx to seaweed wraps at Anushka, it's a week for eudaemonistic pursuits, New York–style.

TWENTY MINUTES OUT OF town, on City Island, sits Le Refuge Inn, a French auberge and restaurant. If you reserve a $75 room (no more than a week in advance), dinner is only $10 per person. Continental breakfast included. *Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave. (718-885-2478); call for information; through 3/97.*

Hue Knew?

IL-MAKIAGE IS A MAKEUP STORE frequented by minxes (think Naomi Campbell, Jerry Hall) and makeup artists alike. Through the end of August, the two-for-one sale means any item sold individually (eye shadow, lipstick, mascara, and more) comes with a partner. *Il-Makiage, 107 E. 60th St. (371-0551); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. and Thurs. 9 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues. and Wed. till 7 p.m., Fri. till 5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 8/31.*

An inn out on the Island—*City* Island, that is—where you can dine on a ten-spot.

Serene Wrap

SHE'S BEST KNOWN AS THIS CITY'S CELLULITE guru, but Anushka runs a day spa dedicated to all the rituals of pampering. The salon is now offering a series of specials: Beauty Express, a one-hour massage, facial, and manicure, was $142, now $119; full-leg-and-bikini wax, was $65, now $50; pedicure with paraffin, was $51, now $39; cellulite spa sampler (body wrap, cellulite mechanical session, and half-hour massage) was $185, now $145. *Anushka Day Spa, 241 E. 60th St. (355-6404); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Sat. 9 a.m.– 6 p.m., Tues., Thurs. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Wed., Fri. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 8/15.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Off-Track Bedding

SLEEPING PARTNERS MANUFACTURES ATTRACTIVE bedding sold at stores like ABC and Portico. Its sample sale has sheets, duvet covers, pillowcases, crib bedding, and pajamas, priced wholesale and below: queen duvet cover, retail $106, here $48; pair of pillowcases, retail $35, here $15. *Sleeping Partners, 63 Greene St. (between Spring and Broome Sts.), Suite 502 (274-1211); checks accepted; Wed.–Sat. 2 p.m.–7 p.m.; custom orders by appointment 7/15 and 7/16; sale 7/17–7/20.*

Allen Town

ETHAN ALLEN HAS MORE THAN A MILLION dollars' worth of furniture it needs to disembogue. The New York store is hauling in truckloads of floor samples and discontinued pieces, pricing them at 30 to 70 percent off. Expect new shipments weekly. Oak dresser, was $689, now $489; sleeper, was $2,499, now $1,699. *Ethan Allen, 192 Lexington Ave., at 32nd St., 16th floor (213-0600); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon., Thurs 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues., Wed., Fri. 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 8/31.*

Spilled Beans

D'AMICO FOODS, THE TERRIFIC Brooklyn-based coffee roaster, is now offering package deals that you can buy at the store or order by mail. Plan E, for example, consists of three pounds of dark coffee (one pound each of Colombian Dark, Viennese, and French Kenya AA), regular price $16.23, now $13.80. There are seven plans, one of which includes cheeses. Catalogue upon request. *D'Amico Foods, 309 Court St., Brooklyn (718-875-5403); A.E., M.C., V., checks; through 8/31.*

Asian Maven

WILLIAM LIPTON, A DECORATIVE-ARTS DEALer with an Asian focus, is phasing out certain items. Porcelain bowls, were $68–$210, now $35–$105; handmade monastery candles, were $55–$250, now $25–$125. Japanese ceramics, including sake sets and sets of teacups, were $50–$250, now $20–$125.

A block away, Things Japanese carries—surprise—Japanese things. The storewide sale has items such as scroll paintings and screens, were $150–$2,500, now $120–$2,000; masks, were $110–$450, now $88–$360; and more. *William Lipton, 27 E. 61st St. (751-8131); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 7/31. Things Japanese, 127 E. 60th St., second floor (371-4661); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon., Wed.–Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m., Tues. till 6 p.m.; through 9/7.* ▬

Photographs by Eric Rank.

fall fashion

special issue

-ready

When it comes to fashion, NEW YORK Magazine readers are more than ready. They're able! Our special Fall Fashion issue features the season's hottest looks–for people who demand the most out of their wardrobes.

-willing

NEW YORK's 1.5 million fashion-conscious readers are a very willing audience, mixing distinctive style with urban-minded sophistication.

-able

Are you able to reach NEW YORK Magazine's serious shoppers? Of course! To participate in the special Fall Fashion issue, contact Publisher Amy R. Churgin, at 212-880-0886, or call your NEW YORK sales representative.

fashion-able NEW YORK

Art by Ruben Toledo

issue date: 8/26 on sale: 8/19 ad close: 8/5

MOVIES **DAVID DENBY**

Life During Wartime

'Courage Under Fire' is a war movie with a complicated—though ultimately traditional—message about integrity and pride; 'Lone Star' is grounded and smart.

The good soldier: Denzel Washington in *Courage Under Fire.*

Courage Under Fire IS A TRUE RARITY IN THE ALIEN-invasion season—a serious big-budget movie. Too serious at times: As director Edward Zwick demonstrated in his two previous films, *Glory* and *Legends of the Fall,* he is not a man burdened by a surplus of wit or audacity. But Zwick has done something stirring in an old-fashioned way: He's developed conscience as a dramatic virtue. He begins with familiarly abstract TV images of the Gulf War—"smart" missiles turning corners in Baghdad or blowing up individually targeted buildings, and so on. He appears eager to acknowledge the unease of those people who complained that the coverage of the war was like a computer game. *Courage Under Fire,* coming from an odd angle, puts us on the ground. Screenwriter Patrick Sheane Duncan made up a story—two interlocking stories, actually—but he gave it the density and the elusiveness of truth. Denzel Washington plays Lieutenant Colonel Nathaniel Serling, a tank commander who gives an order at Al Bathra that accidentally destroys an American tank and kills the men inside—men from Serling's own company. But Serling is also a hero (we find out why late in the movie), and the Pentagon buries the friendly-fire incident. The colonel is given a lousy desk job: investigating whether servicemen nominated for medals actually deserve them. Serling becomes obsessed with the case of a Medevac-helicopter pilot, Captain Karen Walden (Meg Ryan), who died on the ground while trying to rescue some stranded soldiers. He becomes obsessed, we gradually realize, because he can't accept the lies that have been told about his own acts in the war. Living in lies, he's a miserable wreck.

Meg Ryan has always displayed a defiant upper lip and the willfulness of a girl used to getting her own way; now she's pushed those qualities into an exuberant butch cockiness. If you look at what she does on the screen rather than think of her cuddling her way through earlier movies, she's convincing as a brave female warrior whose desire to be a hero leads her into a mess. What is the truth about her Karen Walden? Duncan and Zwick obviously took a good look at the familiar Kurosawa masterpiece *Rashomon,* in which the audience sees the same story—a rape and possible murder in a forest—from the point of view of four different participants, each person telling it so that he looks innocent or brave. *Courage Under Fire* is a *Rashomon* with earnestness substituted for poetry, but it's still something to see. Colonel Serling travels about the country tracking down Walden's crew, and from the point of view of one man and then another, we see the helicopter go down and the long, scary night in which the Americans on the ground fend off an Iraqi attack. Did Walden maintain her authority? Or did she panic? The medical orderly who came along (played by the gifted and affecting young actor Matt Damon) remembers Karen as heroic, but he may be hiding something; the macho skunk (Lou Diamond Phillips, looking more bullet-headed than ever) who obviously loathes her remembers a bitch who lost her nerve. Zwick stages the events again and again, with overlapping details—but significant differences, too, and the differences are fascinating.

Implicitly, the movie asks the usual questions about women in the military—can they hack it in combat?—

Photograph by Merie W. Wallace/20th Century Fox.

but that's not the center of the picture. The center is Serling's suffering—his feeling that his integrity, and his manhood, have been sullied. Denzel Washington gives an intense, imploding performance, the pain held inside by military reserve. His Serling can't talk straight to anyone or accept his family's love. He's at odds with his sympathetic but morally equivocal commanding officer (Michael Moriarty, who has made equivocation into an insinuating art). There's a buried event, a bit of shame, hidden in the night, and Serling eventually roots it out.

Zwick and his cinematographer, Roger Deakins, using the Texas desert as a substitute for Kuwait, stage the tank battle in darkness, lit only with the flames of burning oil wells—an eerie sight. The scene of the helicopter hit and falling in the rocks may be produced by special-effects wizardry, but it looks genuine enough, and I realized that after all the fantasy violence of *Broken Arrow* and *The Rock,* I still wanted a reminder of real combat.

Despite its muckraking, its distaste for Pentagon publicity tactics, this is a very traditional movie: It says there is no substitute for the integrity of the individual soldier, which is a sentiment of which even John Wayne might approve. As for myself, I felt a swell of pride in my country. The United States won an overwhelming victory in the Gulf, and here a major studio has made not some tub-thumping hymn to American glory but a sober movie about fear and confusion and the search for truth. This may be a screwed-up country, but no one could say that we're complacent.

JOHN SAYLES'S **Lone Star** BEGINS WITH A skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while I admire Sayles's ambition and ingenuity, I can't help wondering how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plot lines. Characters who seem at first to have nothing to do with one another are brought closer and closer until they are all held in a tight web. So tight, in fact, that the movie becomes more of an extraordinarily well-crafted stunt than a dramatic construction that surprises us. Sayles, the veteran of many independent productions, will never be a natural. His screenwriting can be prosily overexplicit one minute, fancy the next, and his movies are visually undistinguished. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by a sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. The movie never talks down to us, and we repay its trust by staying absorbed in it. ■

With U.S. Savings Bonds, the more you give, the more you receive.

Every day, we pass a little of ourselves on to the next generation. Why leaves change colors, what makes a noun different from a verb, how to add fractions, where to find Alaska on the globe. The knowledge that we give stays with them forever. And we hope we've made their lives a little richer for the learning.

Giving U.S. Savings Bonds also passes an important lesson on to the future generation. Bonds can teach our children how to save, how interest grows and how a small investment can help make their dreams come true.

Buying U.S. Savings Bonds contributes to a solid and secure America for generations to come. What a great way for you to say, "I believe in your future!"

Bonds are as easy to buy as they are to give. Buy them at half their face value through your local bank. U.S. Savings Bonds are like friendships — the longer they're kept, the more they're worth.

So share the tradition of U.S. Savings Bonds. They're the gift that gives back more than you've given.

Take Stock in America
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

A public service of this magazine

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Beverly Hells

In his new novel, Bruce Wagner visits the circles of the movie-business inferno and explicates the specific torment reserved for each sinner—worse than you imagined.

Wagner, also a screenwriter, has perfect pitch for the Hollywood languages of power, status, and degradation.

I'm Losing You

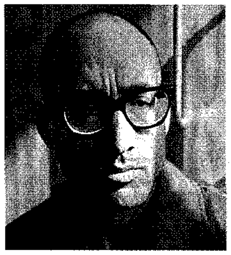
BY BRUCE WAGNER

Villard; 319 pages; $23

EQUATING THE MOVIE WORLD WITH ANCIENT Babylon is perhaps the greatest feat of hype ever to come out of Hollywood—a triumph of negative self-promotion so sweeping that it passes almost unnoticed. What other American city or industry views itself as biblically significant, its workday dramas as cosmic allegories, its bad-guy achievers as devils incarnate? Grand as the movie industry may be, its delusions of grandeur are far more impressive, and the greatest of its delusions is that it's Evil. A proud city bids to host the Olympics, but it requires a truly awesome vanity to offer to host the Apocalypse.

Is Los Angeles really hell on earth, or does it only wish it were? Bruce Wagner's Hollywood novel *I'm Losing You* seems to hold with the old infernal image yet manages to get beyond it, too. Wagner shows us Sin City from new angles, including the one of its own self-demonization. In *I'm Losing You,* characters work at being monsters—or at least at making monster movies. Depravity isn't just something they fall into (though this happens, too); it's an aura that they cultivate, trying to fit in. In nineties Hollywood, everything's a remake, and even transgression is a kind of mimicry. The Dead Animal Guy, a wannabe writer who works removing dead pets from crawl spaces, isn't merely a voyeuristic loser from a Burroughs novel; he's knowingly re-creating one. *I'm Losing You* isn't just yet another novel by someone who's read *The Day of the Locust;* it's a novel about people who have read the book.

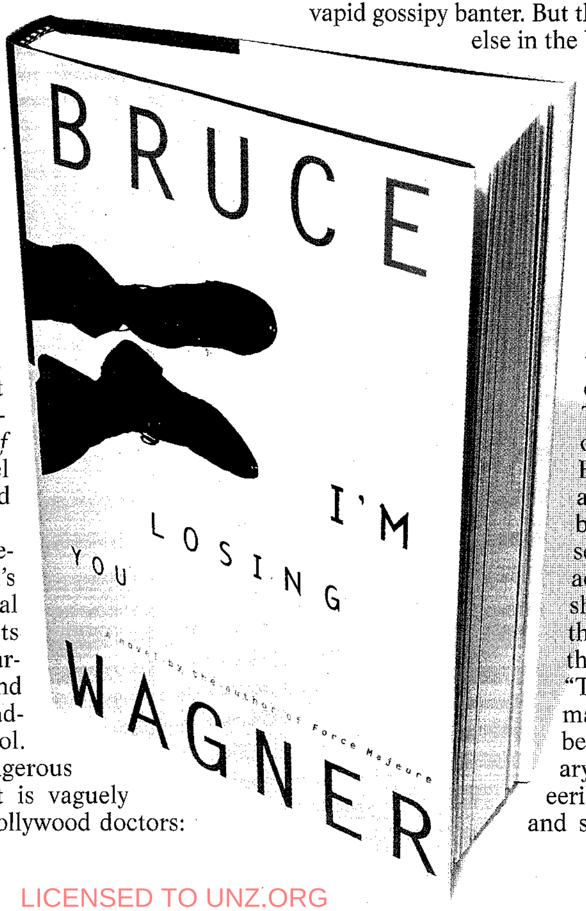
I'm Losing You lacks heroes, or even antiheroes. It's a book of voices in casual collision. Miniature plots arise and dissipate, and characters move from foreground to background. No one is admirable; everyone's a fool. Most are repulsive, dangerous fools. The sprawling cast is vaguely magnetized around two Hollywood doctors:



Leslie Trott, a gay plastic surgeon who overprescribes narcotics for celebrities, and Calliope Krohn-Markowitz, a prim psychiatrist who "fires" patients of insufficient fame. Of all Wagner's people, these two elite M.D.'s are the closest to being stock satirical figures. The class divisions their practices point up aren't surprising, either. But the doctors keep the book focused on the physical, on bottom-line biological corruption, and that's Wagner's theme: the movies as literal skin trade. A bodily-fluids market.

Nearly everyone in *I'm Losing You* falls ill or gets injured. The novel swarms with bugs. AIDS is no longer a plague, but a given, as common as blond hair. Ailing celebrities are HIVIPS. The men who coolly pass the virus on at poolside orgies and backseat trysts get no special treatment from the author. His satirical blade cuts gays and straights alike. In the age of noble victimhood, there's something uncompromising, if not disturbing, about Wagner's deeply ugly gay grotesques, with their unfunny penis jokes, brutal couplings, and vapid gossipy banter. But they're no worse than anyone else in the book. Wagner's disgust is so thick and evenhanded, so grindingly absolute, it's almost religious: revulsion as a form of mysticism. What unites Wagner's characters is decay, not health. Cancer, blindness, AIDS, and dementia are just different outfits taken from the same closet.

Blending all into one, the way death does, is Wagner's own ambition as a writer. The book takes off in its second section, "Women in Film," a mishmash of diaries, letters, and memoirs by everyone from a lesbian screenwriter to a kleptomaniac masseuse. The women share the Hollywood belief that their stories matter—that they're material. Entitled "The Thief of Energy," the masseuse's journal is the best—poignantly hyperliterary, annoyingly New Age, and eerily stalkerish: "I will discuss and share my apprenticeship in

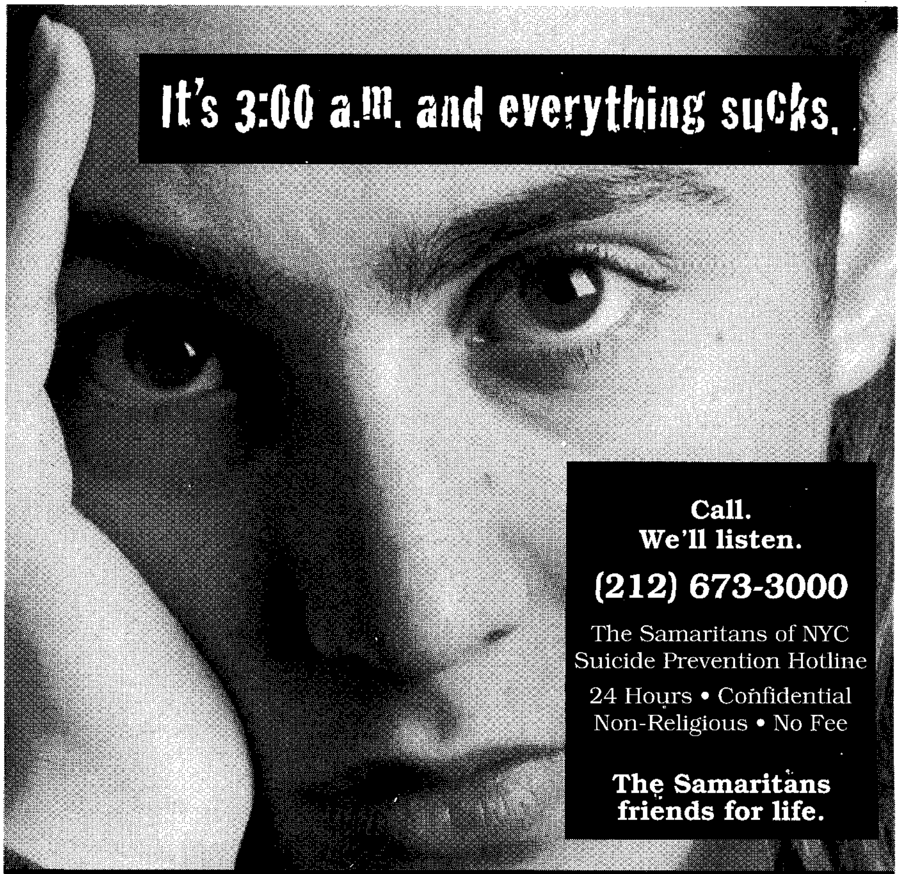


Photographs: top, Zaia Alexander; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

the art of massage and festively detail my subsequent acquired intimacy with celebrities on the calibre of Jodie Foster, Laura Dern, and Whoopi Goldberg. How I took from them, and gave, too." Another woman, a struggling producer, flails away at an autobiography, *You'll Never Eat Me During Lunch in This Town Again.* The title is her idea of humor, not Wagner's, who's at his funniest when overhearing his characters' sad attempts at wit. Wagner's strength is deadpan witnessing. He's like a TV camera mercilessly fixed on a bombing talk-show monologuist.

What jacking off was to *Portnoy's Complaint,* name-dropping is to *I'm Losing You.* Using more real names than fictional ones (Wagner knows "real" names are fictions, too, these days), he takes the affliction to psychotic lengths. In one of the diaries, a Vancouver ingenue cheerily tracks her own decline from cocktail waitress to porn star, all the while effusing about the stars she's met: "Life at Sweets is sweet; making MUCHO DINERO (I'd rather be making DE NIRO!!) Flirted tonight with PETER WELLER and HARRY DEAN STANTON (he's so old! but charming . . .)." In another book, such trivial riffing might be good for a few cheap laughs, but Wagner gets a deeper, richer effect from his copious pop referencing. It's not the names themselves that make us smile, but the grammar and syntax of sleazy adoration. The enthusiasm of losers is Wagner's specialty. He has perfect pitch for sad-sack optimism. His characters speak as though waiting for canned laughter that never comes.

This nightmare of greed and madness isn't new, of course. Even Wagner can't avoid the unavoidables: the washed-up comedy writer who worked with Benny once, the perverted exec, the dopehead fading beauty. The Hollywood novel has certain compulsory moves. Wagner takes his best shot at the usual targets, and more than a few times, he blows them clean away. Instead of being an old duffer in a deli, his aging comic's a full-blown paranoid who's been sitting at home for a solid fifteen years awaiting a crucial phone call. But what raises the book above virtuoso portraiture, what makes it more than a gallery of grotesques, is Wagner's—dare it be said—spirituality. The typical Hollywood Babylon story contrasts the unbelievable corruption with some sort of corny lost innocence. The hero's pastoral farm-boy youth, the heroine's true-blue first love. Wagner knows such tricks won't do. The consolation he finds is older and bitterer but vaster and more satisfying, too: Everything dies but dying. We can feel safe that nothing bad will last, because nothing good lasts, either. ▬


It's 3:00 a.m. and everything sucks.

Call.
We'll listen.

(212) 673-3000

The Samaritans of NYC
Suicide Prevention Hotline

24 Hours • Confidential
Non-Religious • No Fee

The Samaritans
friends for life.

If you want to volunteer, call The Samaritans of NYC's recruitment line (212) 673-3041.
Created by the Public Service Committee of the Advertising Club of New York. Creative: Dog Eat Dog Advertising. Photo: V. Amése

It Never Ceases To Amaze Us How Many People Discard Their Valuables.

It's a miracle that so many abandoned animals make it to the safety of North Shore Animal League. Some are left on our doorstep — others are found on busy city streets — and we routinely rescue thousands from certain death in pounds. Our lifesaving vans are always on the road rescuing puppies and kittens from nearby private homes, from local town and city shelters, and from far away pounds in Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina.

Our commitment to life — rather than death — makes it impossible for us to turn our backs on these foundling animals. We give them a roof over their heads, nourishing food, and plenty of T.L.C. until good homes are found.

North Shore Animal League has saved the lives of more than 600,000 orphaned pets over the past 51 years. Now we need your support to save even more...

because there is nothing more valuable than the gift of life.

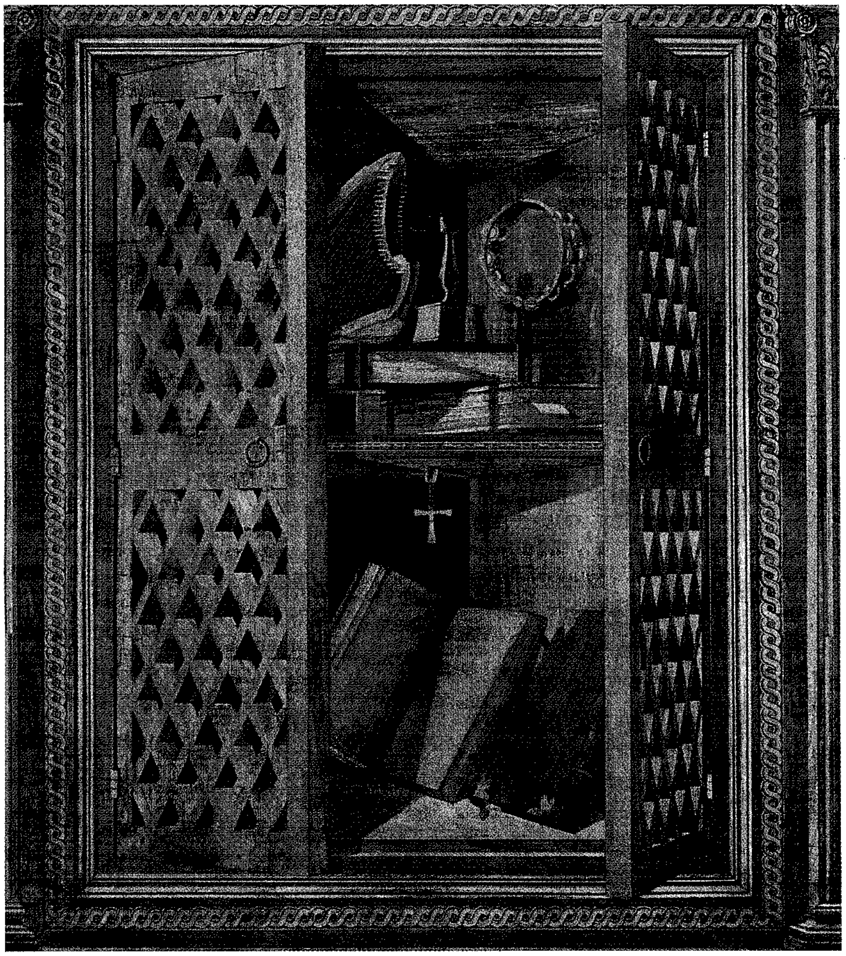
North Shore Animal League

Dept. MS • Lewyt Street • Port Washington • NY • 11050 • (516) 883-7575

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Masters of Illusion

The Renaissance craftsmen who designed a trompe l'oeil masterpiece for a duke knew how to build a room for musing.



Faux art: Detail of the Gubbio Studiolo, in flat wood panels, 1478–1483.

SOMETIMES, THE ROOM IS ALSO THE VIEW. **The Gubbio Studiolo**—recently reinstalled at the Metropolitan Museum of Art after almost 30 years in storage and more than a decade of restoration—is a masterpiece of woodworking that should not be condescended to as an example of "interior design" or "the decorative arts." This exquisite cubbyhole embodies, in its way, a serious vision of the world. If the studiolo is a room, then St. Peter's is a chapel.

Made between 1478 and 1483 for the palace of Duke Federico da Montefeltro, in the Umbrian town of Gubbio, the studiolo was intended as a small private study or retreat for a great man. The Sienese artist and architect Francesco di Giorgio Martini probably oversaw the design, which makes brilliant use of the Renaissance ideas of linear perspective. The workshop of Giuliano da Maiano—a Florentine master of a complex woodworking technique known as intarsia—then rendered the trompe l'oeil designs using many variously colored woods from local trees, among them the pale spindle tree and the delightfully named "black bog oak."

Cupboard doors seemingly open to reveal various accoutrements of the famous duke. He was a celebrated humanist, and so we see trompe l'oeil arrangements of books and scientific, musical, and writing implements. He was a great soldier; his armor and honors are here. The craftsmen take infinite pains in their depictions. For a musical instrument, they will use three strands of razor-thin wood in order to give each string an almost "plucked" depth. Using the knife as a brush, they lay in light and shadow; a greenish wood is used to evoke the feathery sheen of a parrot.

You must, of course, bring your own imagination to bear when you look at this room. Time and earlier restorations have hurt the paneling (though Antoine Wilmering and her conservation team have done an astonishing job, as an accompanying exhibition demonstrates). The light and air of Umbria would originally have refreshed the space; the flicker of a lamp would have made the golden woods shimmer; paintings depicting the liberal arts would have risen toward the coffered ceiling above the intarsia.

Even so, the room remains preternaturally alive—less because it fools us with the trompe l'oeil, however, than because it says something true about the nature of reverie. Linear perspective is often thought to reflect the Western interest in reason and rational control. But it can also suggest fancy, play, and delight. The studiolo is a retreat from the world of the straight and narrow, a room made for musing. Rather than a stern cube, it is a quirky trapezoid of mysterious metaphysical scale. Here, the world and its illusions engage in a kind of dance; control honors whimsy; wit disarms intelligence. This is reality's quick and wandering shadow.

IN THEIR DAY, **William Morris** (1834–1896) AND **Josef Frank** (1885–1967) were artists and designers who also resisted the Western thrust toward the straight and narrow. Each had an eye for the curvilinear, the fanciful, and the biomorphic shape. Each was respectful of history and local tradition. Each thought a room should be more than merely decorative and elegant: It should embody a rich relation to the past and to the greater world.

For the centenary of Morris's death, the Pierpont Morgan Library has brought out its extensive collection of Morris material (through September 1). "Being

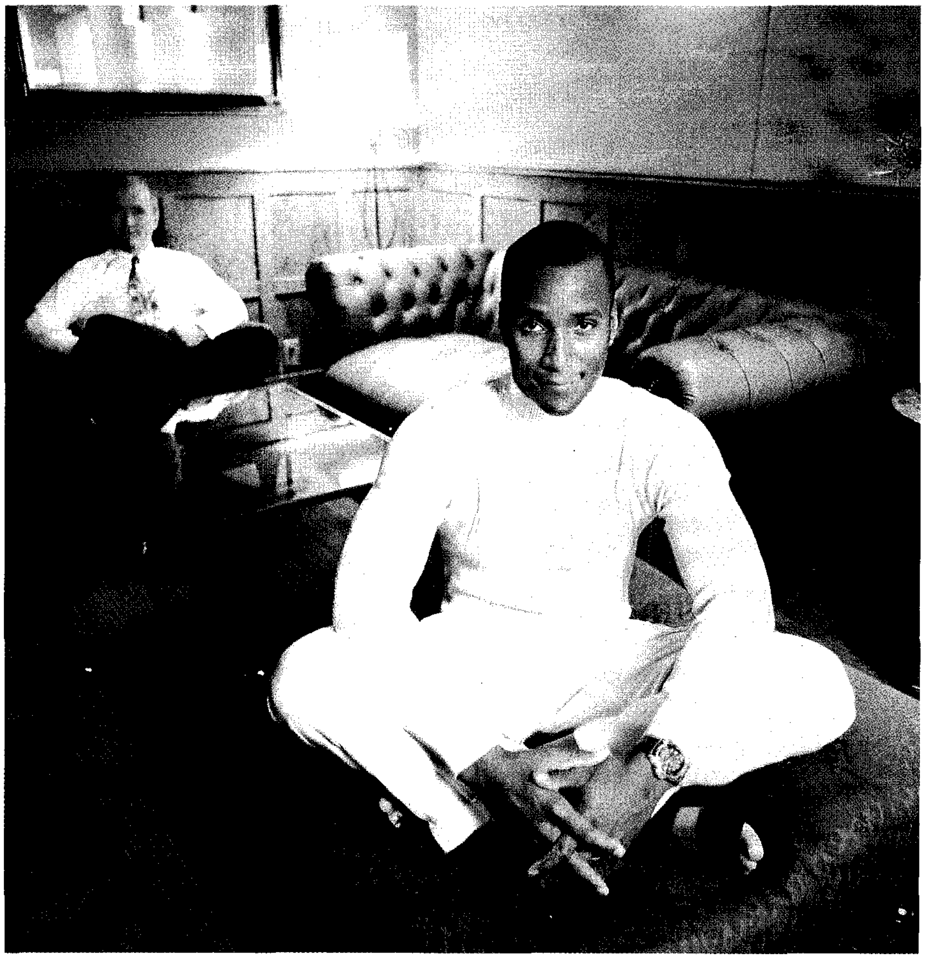
(continued on page 85)

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Two Darn Hot

Granville, on East 20th, is about to combust with Cafe Tabac's formula; it's not the food that keeps SoHo's E & O chugging along.



But will they let *you* in? Billy Gilroy and Granville Adams III at Granville.

ON THE TORRID WEEKDAYS WHEN our town's trendmachers recuperate from the Hamptons hustle, they buzz Manhattan fretfully. Is this spot passé? Is this new boîte not yet imperative? The crowd too young? Too old? Already polluted by Visigoths and wannabes? Sighting Susan Sontag contemplating a summer roll at E & O on Houston Street may thrill you and me, but not these chiclettes as they desperately attempt to track this year's Bowery Bar, the next reincarnation of Cafe Tabac, a 150 Wooster with legs.

Is **Granville Restaurant and Lounge** primed to become a paparazzi roost? There are telltale signs. The velvet rope was up two weeks before the doors officially opened. And a waitress we recognize from the Bowery Bar confesses that she fled because "it got so demoralizing when customers kept coming in and comparing it to the *Titanic*." Having ridden the tsunami of fickle fame at Match, uptown and down, and after prepping with Keith McNally at Lucky Strike and Odeon, Billy Gilroy knows he and his partners must please the neighborhood if his newest commissary is to survive more than fifteen minutes. Perhaps that's why he decided to name it Granville, after his sleek and natty maître d', Granville Adams III, instead of calling it Smoke as originally announced. "At first I wanted to be provocative, but then I decided Smoke made it sound too trendy. I didn't want to discourage nonsmokers." Stacked humidors, flickering gas lights, walls the color of money, and D.J.'s spinning jazz and blues in a glass cocoon make it feel like a club upstairs, where—in Cafe Tabac déjà vu—the guarded stair makes it easy to keep the riffraff at bay. If and when the kiss of chic makes its mark, mere mortals will have to vie for the bare-wood tables in the ground-floor humdrummery, a modest salon refusé, with only the flames of the pu-pu platter to warm wounded egos.

I'm not such a fussbudget I can't find happiness on this motley menu, as it lurches from Volga boatman and ersatz Asian to forties *Ladies' Home Journal* and poor white trash: Caviar. Tuna burger with wasabi mayonnaise. Cheese fondue. Chicken wings. My incurable junk-food palate steers me through the quicksand, though one night's pu-pu performance is definitely too low-class. I'm talking greasy calamari rings, lukewarm ribs, spring rolls crisp but vague. And wings that taste weary and worn. A blend of sweetness and smoke in the Peking-duck salad is pleasant enough, though I'm not sure why I'm eating these wilted greens. Vinegar drowns the beef salad. Snippets of oyster mushroom float rubberlike in the coconut-cream soup. Cured sea bass laid out on a blackish rectangle of kombu seaweed looks funereal. And the buffalo is mighty chewy, kemosabe.

But if I'd ordered only the splendid sesame summer roll and the luscious nori-wrapped salmon (delivered tremulously rare, just as I asked), I'd be purring. Especially as we've splurged a bit on BV's Tapestry Reserve ($37) from the house's small and savvy wine list. (Instead, I'm neurotically fixated on whether I will be losing face sitting downstairs with the nobodies or risking emphysema with the triumphant smokers upstairs, if and when this place scores on the circuit.) Sweetly crusted tandoori chicken is too cooked for me, as is the duck. And the sea bass fried whole seems petrified with embarrassment as well as overcooking. Porterhouse with first-rate fries wins the Road Food Warrior over, and sliced hanger steak, sweet as it is with its caramelized shallots, is even better. This upscale grub is suavely priced (entrées from $8.95 for a blue-cheese burger to $18.50 for that hefty porterhouse, and less at lunch). A predictable yawn of desserts—angel-food cake like chunks of wallboard, grainy chocolate torte, the usual sorbets, and pastry-wrapped apple mush—includes chocolate fondue, an interactive exercise for the table to share. An eager waiter urges us to in-

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

dulge. "It makes your head spin," he promises. "Who says you need drugs?" Dutifully, we dip chunks of biscotti, chocolate-chip cookies, strawberry, and kiwi in the warm sludge, looking in vain for the rush.

Granville, 40 East 20th Street (253-9088). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; dinner, from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. daily. A.E., M.C., V.

DUMB AND DUMBER IS HOW I FEEL SCALING the slanted, broken pavement with its few scattered tables for twosies outside **E & O.** Why am I back? I don't really care for this half-baked rendition of Vietnam in Gainsborough blue, the latest trick from Lynn Wagenknecht, disco diva Nell Campbell, and her artist beau, Eamon Roche. To me, there's something dyspeptic about eating surrounded by bright blue, though I love the tilted mullioned mirrors, Asian graphics, birdcage-shaded fixtures, and the small red "good luck" squares from Chinatown that paper the stairs to the shadowy lounge. It's the blue of Vietnamese houses. As Nell herself lamented to *W:* "It's not a restaurant you can wear black in. It's a crisis with my noir-to-noir wardrobe."

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

I find it hard not to compare this awkward intimation of a Far Eastern feeding station on Houston with the brooding and brilliant Russian saloon Wagenknecht's ex-husband Keith McNally has conjured up on Lafayette. Even Nell and Lynn don't seem to be here that often, but then, a waiter confides that Lynn has been preoccupied by the opening of La Bodega, a small Mexican canteen on West Broadway across from Odeon. And the partners may show up at midnight as they did one recent Monday ready to cruise the room, hoping you'll accept the straight-faced explanation that serving stumbles and a sense of disorganization are intentional—meant to evoke colonial languor in old Saigon.

The lithe exotic with a bared midriff gets your order mangled and admits this is her first shift on the floor. And yet she is calm and soothing, remarkably congenial. One night, our veteran waitress's skill is sabotaged by what seems to be chaos in the kitchen. Dishes inexplicably delayed. Delivered twice. Or not at all. Though I hope it's not true, I'm beginning to believe that Vietnamese cooking is a minor cuisine. At its best, flavors dance and tingle, deep-fries emerge crisp, the meats and sea animals are recognizable, and salad greens don't require excessive chewing.

That first dinner was tentatively delivered and dreary, each small portion sadly dowdy, missing the crisp and lively vegetable garnishes New York's best Vietnamese restaurants favor. We navigated through hideously chewy summer rolls, listless green-papaya salad, tasteless shrimp tossed with asparagus. I tasted the big fried disks of sesame-rice cracker with tamarind sauce four times to be sure they were as bad as I thought they were. At this point, it was almost a shock to find the faintly pinkish filet-mignon salad was actually edible. And al dente vegetables on a mattress of noodle-crunch and a few pieces of crisp and fatty duck seemed like a treat. We attacked rigidly frozen sorbets and decided what this green-tea ice cream needs is a taste of tea and less sugar. Time, I thought. Let's give them time.

Sure enough, a month later the crowds have arrived. We eye one another for signs of celebrity. Are you someone? I hope so. What about you? A good-looking and eclectic gathering. Could be the neighborhood. Music alternates between a roar and an anvil chorus—aural torture. After auditioning a parade of lackluster appetizers—beef in wimpy broth, a gummy and charmless summer roll, skewered squid that tastes too long out of the sea, and a pad Thai (since removed from the menu) that has me straining to remember if I've ever loved any pad Thai, our guests rebel. We pay the check and rush elsewhere to satisfy the craving for dinner.

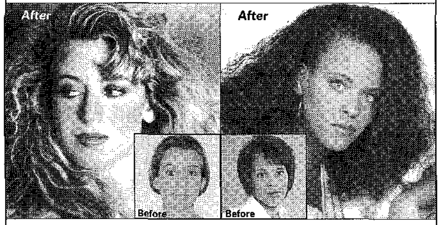
I dreaded still another visit. Surely I'd find no news for serious food lovers. And how much must I suffer for readers obsessed by transient chic? Should I take along someone I dislike? Or would I be happier surrounded by tolerant loved ones? A gossip columnist, an anthropologist, and two fresh-and-hungry twentysomethings prove to be the ideal posse for this final expedition. And most of us are mellowing out with a Suzie Wong, vodka and watermelon juice.

So maybe the critical faculties are a bit numbed. Or maybe the kitchen is shaping up. Tonight, the food is actually agreeable, and all priced from $12 to $18: Rather small portions of crisp caramelized duck. Grilled chicken on angel's-hair noodles. Sautéed shrimp and asparagus. Our earlier favorite, vegetables on fried noodles. Or maybe it's the cast of players. Tonight the geography is revised with a batch of big tables signaling en masse revelry. Exquisite beauties, blonde and blonder, male and female, parade by our table. "You can tell this is a hot place," one of our younger guests observes. "All the men are at least 25 years older than the women." Thank God for Christie Brinkley. She is only the most beautiful in a table of born-for-the-camera faces celebrating the birthday of her supremely fair-haired boyfriend.

It's possible that the crisp duck may outlast the summer heat. Still, I wouldn't bet all the cash in my Prada bag on the staying power of either.

E & O, 100 West Houston Street, between Thompson and LaGuardia (254-7000). Lunch, noon to 5 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m. to midnight; supper, Sunday through Thursday, midnight to 1 a.m., Friday and Saturday till 2 a.m. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Why do over 3000 women feel so good about Hair Blending™?



Because **Hair Blending**™, the most natural concept in hair thickening, immediately relieves hair distress. *Hair Blending* actually blends pure and healthy hairs between your own natural growth one single hair at a time!

How? With a special element known as the *Blending Strand*™. Exclusive to Sequence, the *Blending Strand* thickens your hair to any degree. And all you'll feel when you run your fingers through your hair is your scalp, and your hair. And that's a good feeling.

Already, over 3000 women have found relief with **Hair Blending**. You can join them by calling Sequence and asking about the *Blending Strand*™ the secret to a fuller head of hair.

1-800-992-9976 ext. 81

SEQUENCE™
It's a good feeling!

WHEEL & ROCK TO WOODSTOCK
150 MILE
BIKE TOUR

"Possibly the Best Bike Tour in the World..."

SEPTEMBER 6 - 8, 1996
at the Concord Resort Hotel

25 - 175 mile route options

A Luxury Tour with unequalled service & entertainment

For a FREE BROCHURE, contact:
Phone: (914) 345-3500
www.fightms.org

MS
NATIONAL
MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
SOCIETY

WINES **TONY HENDRA**

Support Your Local Vineyards

Coming of age in New York State, our Merlots and Chardonnays are, apparently, nothing to sneer at. Long Island and the Hudson Valley redeem themselves in the nineties.

'NEW YORK'S ALL ONE REGION, AS FAR AS I'M concerned," drawls the Brit who answers the phone at Crossroads—an otherwise splendid wine store on 14th Street. The reason for his put-down of a geographical entity roughly the same size as his native land? Crossroads carries only two wines from the three extremely distinct regions of the Empire State—Long Island, the Hudson Valley, and the Finger Lakes. (In the case of Long Island and the Finger Lakes, they're as distinct as Alsace and Bordeaux—and are enjoying a series of excellent vintages.) Could our distinguished visitor be an ignoramus?

Right from the start, New York State wines have had three strikes against them: the words *New, York,* and *State.* Hearing them, a true New Yorker feels the chill of impending drabness, the parochially second-rate. It's hard to imagine what Manhattan's sense of cultural primacy might have been if the Empire State Building had been called the New York State Building.

The wines of New York State, like its junior senator, have a lot to live down. For several decades after Prohibition, New York State wines meant (a) fizzy muck masquerading as champagne; (b) loopy, fruity varietals that tasted like liquid Skittles; or (c) the Mom's-preserves school of kosher viniculture. And to make matters worse, they were made . . . *upstate,* like Syracuse or someplace.

These days, few local drinkers are unaware that the 90-odd wineries in the state are making a lot of fine wines. But more than twenty years after hardy folks like Konstantin Frank in the Finger Lakes and Alex and Louisa Hargrave on Long Island proved that *Vitis vinifera*—which translates roughly as European grape varieties like Chardonnay and Merlot—could survive the decidedly non-European New York winter, there is still a residuum of prejudice against our native juices. The snooty Brit is not alone. Robert Parker, the hugely influential, much overrated wine rater, gave New York wines a mere two paragraphs in his Yellow Pages–size 1993 *Wine Buyer's Guide,* then dropped them altogether in 1994 and 1995. On Prodigy, he has said: "You can safely walk past the display of Long Island wines—I really have found no wines I can recommend."

Well, Bob, you're wrong. The news is that a corner has been turned. New York wines—especially those of Long Island—have a character all their own, which bears comparison with those of California or France. They're defining themselves clearly against their overwrought cousins on the West Coast and their overpriced aunts and uncles across the pond. They're wines New York City ought to like: elegant, complex, subtle, stylish. And unlike so many pumped-up Californian reds and whites, which tend to wrestle good food to the ground, they're excellent dinner companions.

There are two main reasons for this quantum leap in quality. Many New York vineyards were planted in the early eighties. They're beginning to come online now, as vines mature and wine-makers become familiar with the idiosyncrasies of climate and soil. As Alex Hargrave of Long Island's Hargrave Vineyard—his wife, Louisa, is the wine-maker—puts it, "We've had [enough time] and enough producers to have reached critical mass." Plus, the near-drought conditions of the past three summers have produced some excellent vintages. Farmers may dread it, but a touch of drought is to wine-making what unemployment is to the stock market.

Long Island and Hudson Valley wines are also the regional wines of New York City. Our chefs still, these days, use largely local ingredients. And there's a lot of satisfaction in drinking fine wines made less than a hundred miles away with what they cook. Of the twenty wine producers currently on Long Island, seventeen

Bottoms up: The tasting room at Pellegrini Vineyards in Cutchogue.

Photograph by Jim Marchese.

for information call

NEW YORK

For the latest on restaurant trends, nightspots, Broadway shows, concerts, sporting events, and more, turn to NEW YORK's Information Services Department.

To get information about any articles or reviews that have appeared in NEW YORK, just call 212-880-0755.

Rediscover the world's greatest city by calling the Information Services Department, Monday-Friday, 10:30 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

WINES

are in the North Fork. I've picked one of these, relatively new: **Pellegrini Vineyards.** Though it's very good, it hasn't been selected because it's "the best." With wine, there's no such thing as "the best" (which is not to say there ain't no bad—there's *plenty*). Assuming a wine is well made, the pleasure of drinking it varies directly with its function: who or what you're drinking it with, whether you're cellaring it or drinking it this evening. There are no ratings in this review because assigning a number to pleasure that variable is ludicrous. The job of wine writing is to introduce wine drinkers to wine-makers they can trust. Especially if the wine-makers are within driving distance. Wherever possible, drink local.

While other, longer-established Long Island wineries—Hargrave, Lenz, Bidwell—tend to produce more sophisticated and complex wines, Pellegrini is a comer. Because it's still in the formative stages, it also dramatically demonstrates what the North Fork is, and will be capable of in the near future.

EAST END
1994
EAST END
1993

A Pellegrini white and red.

> *"...Pellegrini* **dramatically demonstrates** *what the North Fork is, and will be capable of in the future..."*

BOB PELLEGRINI OWNS A graphic-design firm in Manhattan, and it shows. His logo and label designs are impeccable, and his winery is beautifully laid out—airy, spacious, and efficient. It makes excellent use, as they say, of white space. Similarly, his wine-maker, Russell Hearn, is a careful craftsman who leaves little to chance. In his lab, Pellegrini points out with some amusement "the only microscope in the North Fork." But Pellegrini wines exhibit very little intervention. Oak is used sparingly, and the varietal character of the wines is preeminent—they mirror the winery's design: crisp, precise, understated.

The two staples of North Fork wine-making, Chardonnay ($12.99) and Merlot ($15.99), show very well in their 1993 Pellegrini incarnations—especially the Reserve Chardonnay called Vintner's Pride ($19.99). Pellegrini also makes a "quaffer" called East End Select in both red and white. Both retail for under $10—great buys. The 1993 Cabernet Sauvignon regular ($14.99) and Vintner's Pride Encore (a Cabernet-Merlot blend, $23.99) are a bit nunlike: excellent fruit and structure, but fairly tongue-puckering tannins. Nothing wrong with that, but I'd cellar these and drink them around the turn of the century. At the top of the line is a remarkable dessert wine called Vintner's Pride Finale, an Eiswein made by crushing frozen grapes—except Pellegrini's grapes are commercially frozen instead of being allowed to freeze on the vine. (This process goes by the rather sinister term "off-the-vine cryo-pressing.") Finale is made of 77 percent Gewürtztraminer and 23 percent Sauvignon Blanc and is sublime—if you're willing to pay 25 bucks for a half-bottle.

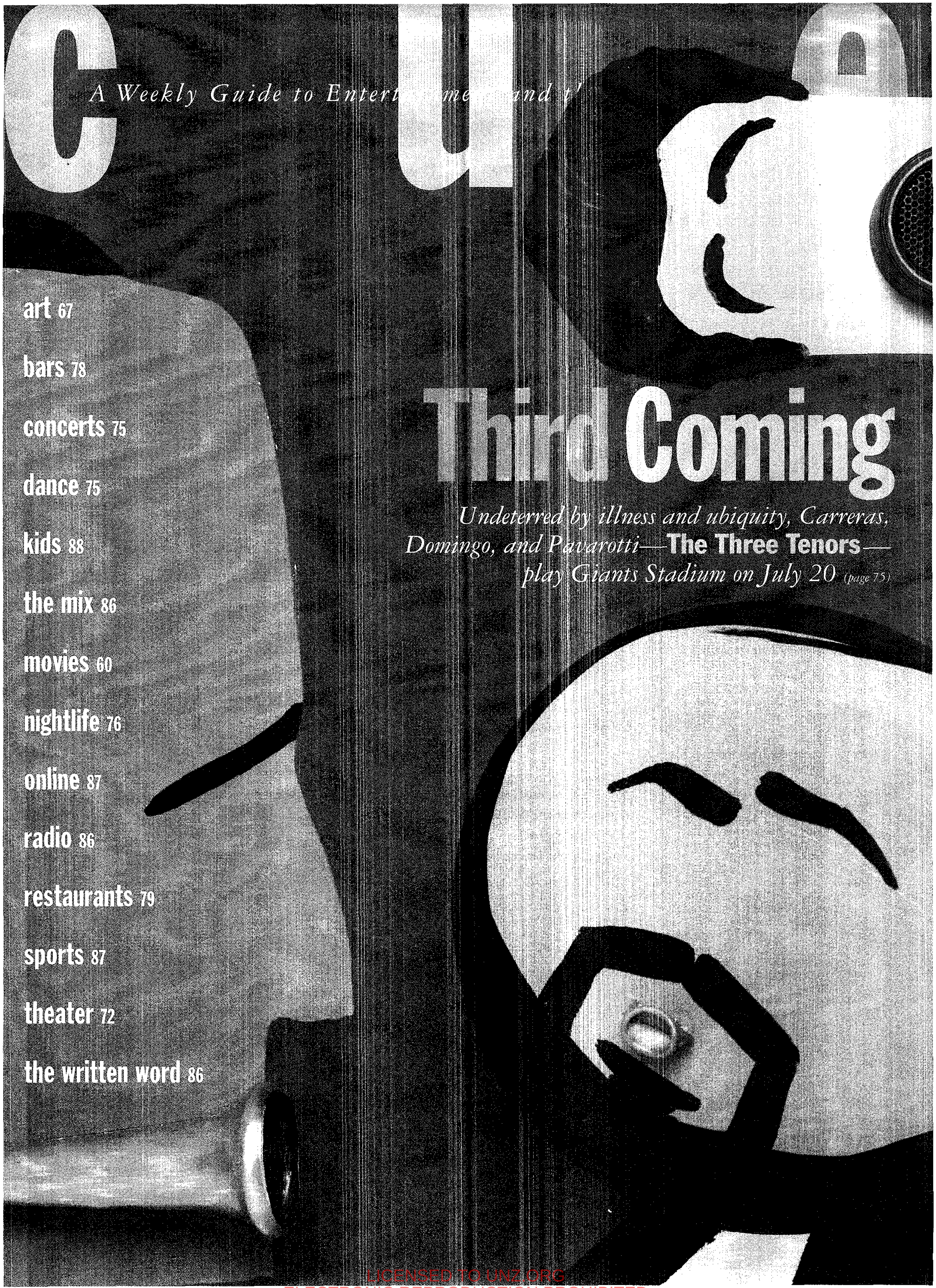
Pellegrini Vineyards, 23005 Main Road, Cutchogue (516-734-4111).

PELLEGRINI IS PRETTY REPresentative of its North Fork neighbors; **Millbrook** is the exception rather than the rule. The Hudson Valley is far more spectacular than the barely undulating East End, but climatically, it's a lot less hospitable to Euro-grapes. The wineries tend to be small and grow hardy Euro-American hybrids to survive the winters—whites like Seyval Blanc and Bignole, reds like de Chaunac and the unappetizingly named Baco Noir. Millbrook, however, concentrates on vinifera, and in some ways it's a triumph of the will. Its proprietor, John Dyson, a former deputy mayor of New York City, has deep pockets—right around his ankles—and they're doubtless a little lighter after a fifteen-year investment in his splendiferous winery.

Wine-maker John Graziano's approach is to let the grapes speak and keep a light hand on the oak; Millbrook's trademark 1994 Chardonnay ($12) typifies this—light and vernal on the nose, crisp and fruity in the mouth. The 1994 Reserve Chardonnay ($17) is even better, more honeyed on the nose and bigger in the middle, with a long finish. The 1993 Pinot Noir ($13) is a bargain, a fine Burgundian nose and the fruit still in its teens, but with a delicate, peppery quality. Millbrook's 1993 Merlot packs a punch of fruit in the nose, thanks to a heating technique called "thermo" that also tends to knock out the middle and candyize it a bit, but it's still a delicious trip (the 1994, a trifle fruitier and a trifle less rich, is $14.99).

Millbrook Vineyards, Wing Road, Millbrook (914-677-8383). ■

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.



cue

A Weekly Guide to Entert[illegible]me[illegible]and t'

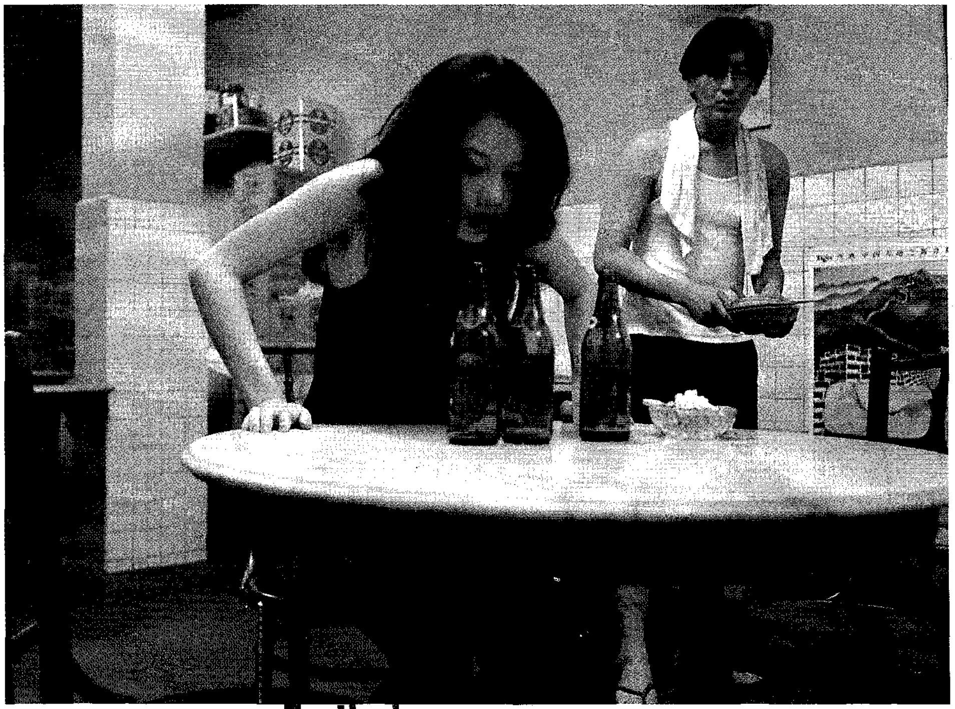
art 67
bars 78
concerts 75
dance 75
kids 88
the mix 86
movies 60
nightlife 76
online 87
radio 86
restaurants 79
sports 87
theater 72
the written word 86

Third Coming

Undeterred by illness and ubiquity, Carreras, Domingo, and Pavarotti—**The Three Tenors**—*play Giants Stadium on July 20* (page 75)

movies

The Screening Room . . . *Lonesome*



Festival
Orient Express

***Mee Pok Man*, with Joe Ng (above, right) as a lonely all-night-noodle-stand operator who takes a shine to a regular (Michelle Goh, left)—will be screened along with 50 other features, shorts, and documentaries from more than ten countries during the 19th Asian American International Film Festival. It will be held, oddly enough, at the French Institute. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)**

New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia, and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Cinema 3.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. They host a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Manhattan Twin; Worldwide Cinemas.*

Bye Bye—A young North African emigrates to France with his teenaged brother, and both struggle with issues of class, race, and identity in what has become their family's new homeland. Directed by Karim Dridi (*Pigalle*). (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that New York recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

The Cable Guy—As directed by actor and comic Ben Stiller, this is obviously an attempt to bring Jim Carrey out of the realm of goose-brained comedy and give him something more sustained and complex to do. As such, it is a disaster. Steven (Matthew Broderick), a mild-mannered architect thrown out by his girlfriend, is setting up house in a new apartment. The cable guy arrives, and, sensing that Steven is at a low ebb, he insinuates himself into the architect's life, demanding friendship. The movie becomes nightmarish, with a strong, unacknowledged homoerotic streak. How is one supposed to respond to *The Cable Guy*—as serious drama, or farce? Once we see what Carrey is up to, he's not very funny. He punches up and parodies all his emotions, putting quotation marks around everything. Not just poor Steven but his girlfriend (Leslie Mann) and his family, taken in by the cable guy, sit there passively and stupidly, and we realize that Carrey has had the same effect on Stiller and the cast that the cable guy has had on the characters, intimidating them, sucking up all the oxygen, and leaving them half-dead. Doesn't anyone have the courage to tell the star when to quit? (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Celestial Clockwork—An aspiring opera singer moves to Paris, where she encounters a woman who continually tries to thwart her success. Directed by Fina Torres. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but rather smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's funny but smug little 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. In all, the movie presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: Its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Courage Under Fire—See Denby, p. 50. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum.*

Dragonheart—Dennis Quaid plays a medieval knight who teams up with the last existing dragon (the voice of Sean Connery) to overthrow a vicious despot. With Pete Postlethwaite and David

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY HANOCH PIVEN

Thewlis. Directed by Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

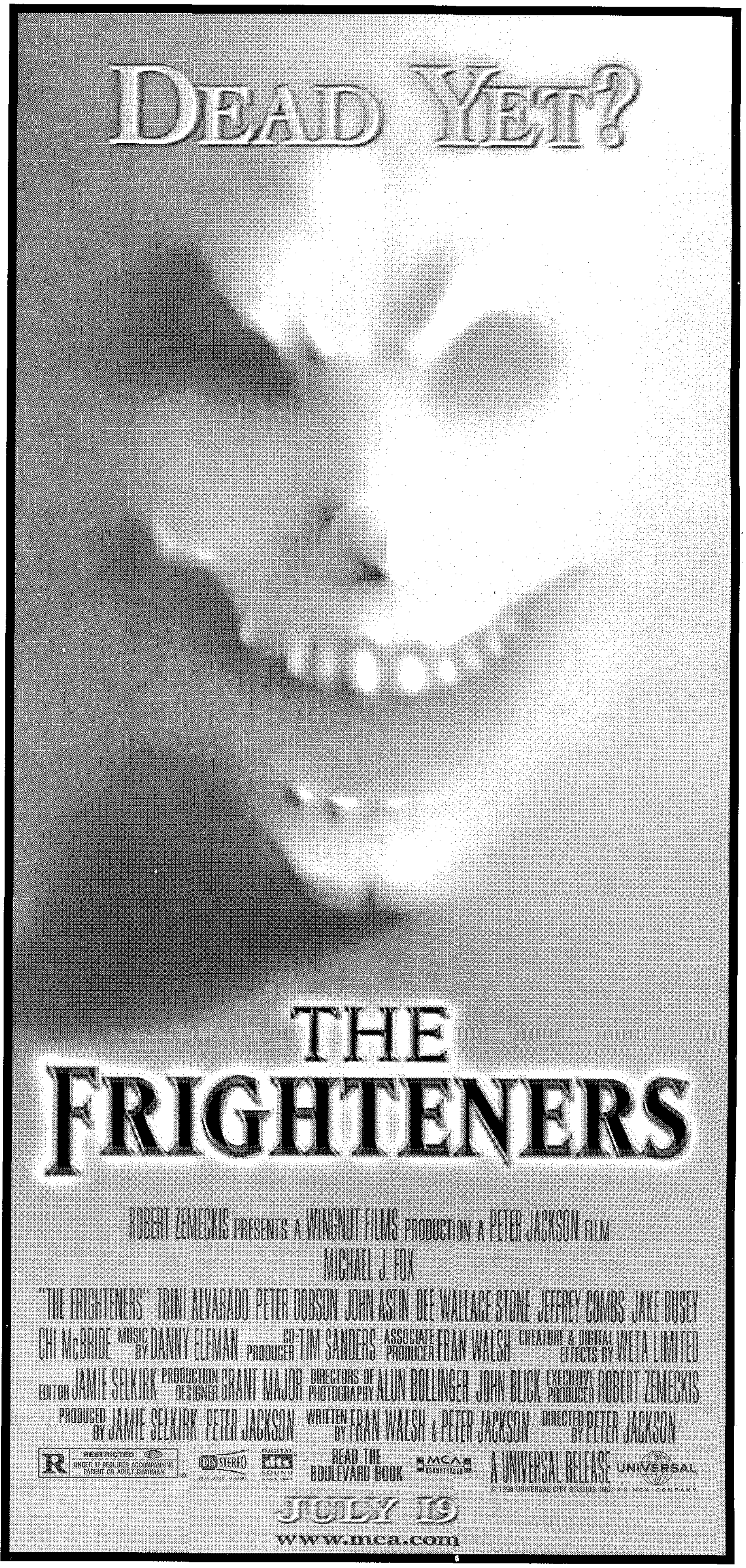
Eraser—Arnold Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of the people in the witness-protection program—yet whether Arnold is "good" or "bad," whether he's the Terminator or the Eraser, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. In these summer thrillers, explosions and punches, like rum in fruit punch, produce a mild high. In order to keep it going, audiences and moviemakers have made a kind of silent agreement about violence: It shall be as meaningless as possible. None of the characters in these movies has anything more than one dimension, so the audience never feels the dread it used to when someone it identified with was placed in jeopardy. One comes away from *Eraser* sorely wondering if Hollywood has not caught itself in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum; Tower East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman, hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this north-country world. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway.*

Fled—Two escaped convicts (Laurence Fishburne and Stephen Baldwin), on the run from both the feds and the Cuban Mafia, attempt to stay alive by retrieving stolen money and a valuable computer disk. Directed by Kevin Hooks. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with disaster, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which everything goes wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Frighteners—Michael J. Fox plays a con man who works with ghosts he's hired to exterminate in this black comedy. Directed by Peter Jackson (*Heavenly Creatures*). (1 hr. 46 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*



DEAD YET?

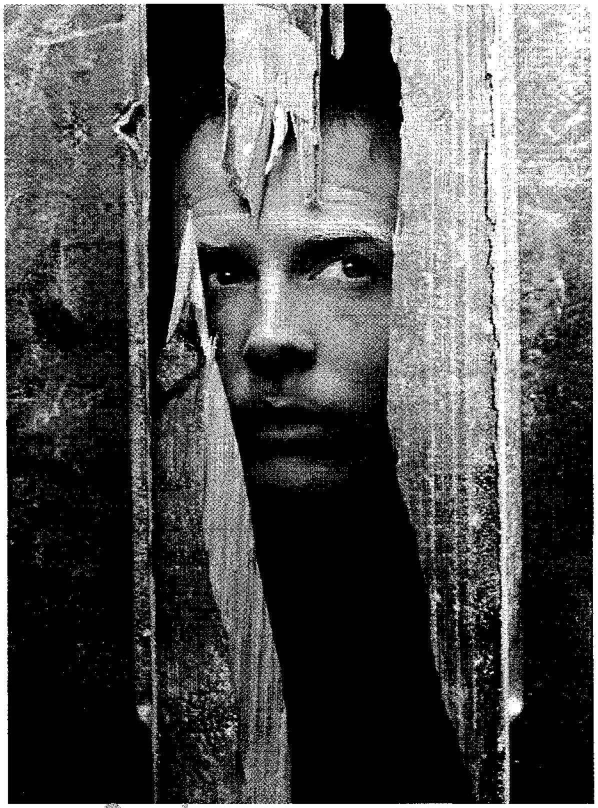
THE FRIGHTENERS

ROBERT ZEMECKIS PRESENTS A WINGNUT FILMS PRODUCTION A PETER JACKSON FILM
MICHAEL J. FOX
"THE FRIGHTENERS" TRINI ALVARADO PETER DOBSON JOHN ASTIN DEE WALLACE STONE JEFFREY COMBS JAKE BUSEY
CHI McBRIDE MUSIC BY DANNY ELFMAN CO-PRODUCER TIM SANDERS ASSOCIATE PRODUCER FRAN WALSH CREATURE & DIGITAL EFFECTS BY WETA LIMITED
EDITOR JAMIE SELKIRK PRODUCTION DESIGNER GRANT MAJOR DIRECTORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY ALUN BOLLINGER JOHN BLICK EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ROBERT ZEMECKIS
PRODUCED BY JAMIE SELKIRK PETER JACKSON WRITTEN BY FRAN WALSH & PETER JACKSON DIRECTED BY PETER JACKSON

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
DTS STEREO
DIGITAL dts SOUND
READ THE BOULEVARD BOOK
MCA SOUNDTRACKS
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE
UNIVERSAL
© 1996 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AN MCA COMPANY

JULY 19

www.mca.com



Opening

The Other Side

In *The Frighteners,* Michael J. Fox (above, having quite the Jack Nicholson moment) is a psychic con man who works in tandem with the very ghosts he "exterminates." Peter Jackson's black comedy-thriller opens July 19.

Girlfriends—An anthology of short films from around the world by and/or about lesbians. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curious young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Embassy 2–4; New York Twin; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–4; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, lived on the street in sixties New York and then became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny, but also a ferocious pain in the ass. After her initial success, Valerie bombs at the Factory because she's too intense—crazy in the wrong way for Warhol. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth; Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Independence Day—To love this movie completely, you have to go beyond irony; you have to enjoy being had. The world gets smushed by alien invaders—cities flattened, people annihilated—and the spectacle is turned into merry pop entertainment. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, just plain busy—as they go about their little daily tasks. And then shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and director Roland Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. Mostly, the effects are cheesy. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale), seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible. Just as in a World War II platoon movie, the ethnic representatives—blacks, Jews, Hispanics—compose their differences and pull together. An elderly Jew finds his lost faith, the black pilot marries his woman and takes responsibility for her child, and so on, and the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Crown Gotham; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Lone Star—See Denby, p. 51. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Mission: Impossible—In the most impressive sequence, Tom Cruise, as a rogue intelligence agent, hangs from the air, suspended from a harness. Our boy has penetrated the inner sanctum of the CIA—a white-on-white chamber so sensitized to intrusion that instruments register the slightest change in temperature or weight. As directed by Brian De Palma, *Mission: Impossible* is a no-sweat movie; there is no stupid or unnecessary violence, but there is also nothing that engages your emotions. Jon Voight, as the head of the team, summons the troops, and the movie slips into its nominal plot. Ah, yes, this business of a minor diplomat at the American Embassy who is selling a computer disk with the names of American agents. Of course. Without a word of explanation about who the diplomat is or to whom he's selling secrets or why any of this matters, we get an elaborate plan to entrap the diplomat at the embassy. Now, even in this early scene, nothing really is at stake. The movie has lost itself in sheer process. The spies wear glasses equipped with tiny hidden cameras; as they move around with their specs, we watch multiple images on a computer screen. Ingenious, but so what? Relationships between the characters are barely sketched in; new people enter, and we don't know who they are, or why they matter, but everyone talks very allusively, in knowing techno-gibberish, and the poor actors are left trying to make something intense out of virtually nothing. (Denby; 6/3/96) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street Showplace; Astor Plaza; Tower East.*

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright stars in this epic period piece, loosely adapted from Daniel Defoe's novel, about a high-minded young woman forced into a life of prostitution. With Morgan Freeman. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Multiplicity—Michael Keaton stars in this comedy about a beleagured man who clones himself in order to meet the demands of daily life. Directed by Harold Ramis. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a huge fatty, 400 pounds or more, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac (the first *Ace Ventura*) directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise and often grotesque, but

Opening

Something Old

The perpetually-in-therapy Catherine Keener (left) and shrink-in-training Anne Heche (right) are lifelong friends who painfully yet inevitably drift apart when one decides to get married, in Nicole Holofcener's comedy 'Walking and Talking' (opening July 17).

Photographs: top, Pierre Vinet/Universal City Studios; bottom, Komo/Miramax.

the spirit is not cruel. Sherman is a genuine character and a figure of some depth. When he falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA he has been using in experiments and becomes Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. He becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But Murphy does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. The hero of *The Nutty Professor* isn't the fast-talking stud; it's the two-ton intellectual with soul. When Sherman is feeling cranky, he retreats to his family—his hearty big mama and her cranky husband, his voluble grandmother, and his crude brother. They attack one another, yet they are recognizably a family, and the joke deepens when you realize Murphy is playing all of them. They are the aspects of a single personality—they are him, the comic who can do anything. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; National Twin; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

★**A Perfect Candidate**—The producer-director team of R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor gives us this heartbreaking documentary about the Chuck Robb–Oliver North senatorial campaign of 1994. The portraits of the candidates are firm—the hapless Robb, miserably compromised, inarticulate, a man just barely holding on to the promise that once made people believe in him; and the pious North, fraudulent, vaguely fascist, "charming," a self-serving demagogue who seduces people into credence that Robb can no longer inspire. The movie is a parable of cynicism and belief, and its soul is devoted not so much to the candidates as to two nearly biblical characters—*Washington Post* reporter Don Baker, a defeated idealist engaged in a hopeless quest for a man of honor, and North's dirty-trickster strategist Mark Goodin, a kind of tormented Mephistopheles who knows that what he's doing is sleazy and yet is drawn by the nature of politics to ever-lower calculations and strategies. Goodin's self-disgust is the most powerful sight in American movies so far this year. (Denby; 7/8/96) (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Phenomenon—On his thirty-seventh birthday, a pleasant mediocrity named George Malley (John Travolta) wanders drunkenly into the street and is sent sprawling by a small circle of light that descends from the sky. When he wakes up, he feels an insatiable curiosity and desire—to read any book he can get hold of, to poke into things and figure them out, to experiment with planting and soil, to crack a complicated military code. Travolta's George is chagrined by how easily he outclasses his friends, but he can't help doing it—and Travolta gives him a little smile of pleasure (not vanity) when he struts his stuff. George becomes a genius but not an intellectual; he doesn't have ideas in the formal sense or develop cultural interests. One can see the commercial calculation here—the fear of turning the audience off with fancy talk or intimidating manners. Yet the decision to keep George an informal country fellow makes sense; we know we're watching a tall tale and we're willing to be charmed. But then the movie changes its tone and starts to fall apart—it's a sanctification of simplicity, after all. When George saves a little immigrant boy, and people gather around him as though he were Jesus walking on water, you know there's trouble. What starts out as a comedy about a big brain turns ethereal, soft, and insufferably noble. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles, armed with people-melting chemicals, at San Francisco. The FBI

Richard Corliss, TIME MAGAZINE
"A JOLT OF PURE MOVIE ENERGY!
Brilliant...compared with it, most other films look zombified."

NEW YORK MAGAZINE
"THRILLINGLY VIBRANT!
The well-crafted artistic rebellion of the moment."

Michael Atkinson, SPIN
"A POP CULTURE CYCLONE!"

Trainspotting

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON CAPITOL RECORDS

R RESTRICTED

READ THE MIRAMAX AND W W NORTON BOOKS Visit THE MIRAMAX CAFE on the web at: http://www.miramax.com

MIRAMAX FILMS

SONY THEATRES
•LINCOLN SQUARE
B'WAY BETWEEN 67TH & 68TH STS.
336-5000

STARTS FRIDAY, JULY 19TH!

•ANGELIKA FILM CENTER
CORNER OF HOUSTON & MERCER ST.
995-2000

Cue

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?
Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
How about dinner after the show?
Let's take the kids out - where should we go?

CUE - The weekly guide to everything that's worth seeing and doing in the most exciting city in the world.
See it every week in

NEW YORK MAGAZINE®

matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. The action sequences are pure fakery, a lot of whirling and thrashing about in semi-darkness. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere, in which people are chained, melted, crushed, and dropped onto spikes. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it, and the shimmering golden heat of Tuscany. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems, to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is physically pleasing and occasionally very sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion / Windsor.*

Striptease—When Demi Moore loses her child in a custody battle, she takes a job as a topless dancer at the Eager Beaver club in Fort Lauderdale, but she hates stripping, just *hates* it—she does it only so she can get enough money to get her daughter back. As men drool and come on to her, she goes to work with black fire in her eyes and disgust in her heart, and she's fascinating in a machinelike, vigorously hostile way—thrusting, jerking, and turning herself upside down for the slobs. The movie audience, of course, is put in the same position as the droolers. We want her to take off her clothes (how could we not? The whole movie sets us up for it), but we're asked to identify with her anger. Moore herself is a huffy exhibitionist—the worst kind. She's so determined to demonstrate her virtue in *Striptease* that she never loosens up and gives a performance. The movie is based on a funny book by Carl Hiaasen and could only be played for comedy, but Andrew Bergman, the director, has a star on his hands with the wit of a John Deere combine, and Bergman seems to have lost his bearings himself. There's some funny stuff backstage at the topless club, but *Striptease* is so punitive and hypocritical in form that the audience sits there in a funk, afraid to enjoy itself. (Denby; 8/15/96) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is hosting her popular L.A. radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby panics, asking her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. The charm of *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* depends precisely on its slightness and improbability. The filmmakers drag out the suspense for as long as possible: Will Brian accept the actual Abby as the woman he loves? Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Trainspotting—Director Danny Boyle's film adaptation of Irvine Welsh's novel about a bunch of smart-ass Scottish heroin addicts. With Ewan McGregor. Written by John Hodge. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Twister**—Jo (Helen Hunt) and Bill (Bill Paxton), dauntless scientists of Tornado Alley, drive a truck right into the path of an oncoming tornado, smashing through a field of cornstalks or down a narrow ditch—driving right at the whirling beast while cows, tractors, and tree limbs fly through the air. The movie, of course, is preposterous (the psychological explanation for Jo's fixation—that she watched her father get blown away by a tornado as a child—is particularly movieish and unconvincing), but it is also irresistible. Directed by kinetic whiz Jan De Bont (*Speed*), it is the essence of all the flying-daredevil, test-pilot movies ever made. The nature worship is lovely, but there's a bit of melodrama thrown in that weakens it (Bill and Jo lead a bunch of gonzo-hippie graduate students; another stormchaser works for a corporation and is in it for money), and all this disastrously cheapens the man-against nature theme. Still, silly as it is, you may come out of it smiling. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin.*

The Visitors—A French knight cursed by a witch must travel back in time to reverse his mistakes. Directed by Jean-Marie Poiré. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

Vive L'Amour—The story of three lovelorn urban professionals who separately share an empty apartment in Taipei. Directed by Tsai Ming-Liang. (1 hr. 59 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Walking and Talking—Two lifelong friends (Anne Heche and Catherine Keener) begin to drift apart when one announces her engagement. Written and directed by Nicole Holofcener. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *I Shot Andy Warhol; Lone Star; Maybe . . . Maybe Not; Stealing Beauty; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Harriet the Spy; The Nutty Professor.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *In the Realm of the Senses.* Opening 7/19: *Girlfriends.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Heavy; Who Killed Pasolini?* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) .(See

Opening

Dinner and a Movie

More egalitarian than De Niro's clannish Tribeca Grill, yet more cosmopolitan and sophisticated than the fast-food-and-gimcracks store that is Planet Hollywood, The Screening Room (54 Varick Street, just below Canal; 334-2100) aims to strike a happy medium. Like its forebears, it is both restaurant and movie theater—but that's where the similarities end. "People don't put up with that themey, glitzy crap," says co-owner Henry Hershkowitz, a movie fanatic who quit practicing entertainment law three years ago. "We just want to be a nice place that won't price out a starving artist." Be that as it may, the Screening Room—which will serve straightforward American cuisine (roasted pork loin, grilled Long Island duck) in a forties-inspired nightclubby space—does have slightly grand aspirations. Three private screening-dining rooms (where you may select from a vast library of film, music, or TV; design your own dinner menu; and control the lighting) are tucked away in the back—but as Henry puts it, "You could show home movies of your sister for all I care." The real picture show, however, unspools in the 131-seat theater (7 are actually love seats), which just opened last Friday with an apt double bill of *Like Water for Chocolate* and *Cinema Paradiso;* the concession stand will sell popcorn as well as sandwiches, cookies, brownies, bagels, and, in the morning, muffins. The restaurant itself—which Henry's partner, a fellow Columbia grad named Steve Kantor, is currently finishing—won't be open until July 23, and although it's been the subject of considerable buzz, don't get all manic about reserving a table. "Some New Yorkers really love that VIP, excluusive feeling," says Henry. "But we're a neighborhood joint."

MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Photographs by Erik Rank.

also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *A Perfect Candidate; Cold Comfort Farm; The Visitors; Vive L'Amour.* Opening 7/19: *Bye Bye; Celestial Clockwork.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Rock.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; Twister.* Opening 7/19: *Fled; Multiplicity.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Courage Under Fire.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Harriet the Spy; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/19: *Multiplicity.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Fargo; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Independence Day; Phenomenon.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Dead Man.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Angels & Insects.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Mission: Impossible.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Courage Under Fire.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Maybe . . . Maybe Not; The Postman.* Opening 7/19: *Celestial Clockwork.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Visitors.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Courage Under Fire; Dragonheart; Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.* Opening 7/19: *Multiplicity.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Independence Day.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Kazaam.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Harriet the Spy; The Rock.* Opening 7/19: *Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Phenomenon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *James and the Giant Peach; The Birdcage; The Craft.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Eraser.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; City Hall; Executive Decision; Mighty Aphrodite; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Independence Day.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Rock; Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Stealing Beauty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Cold Comfort Farm; Dragonheart; Fargo; Moll Flanders; The Horseman on the Roof; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.* Opening 7/19: *Multiplicity.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Harriet the Spy; Eraser.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Harriet the Spy.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Fargo.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Phenomenon; The Rock.* Opening 7/19: *Fled.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Flirting With Disaster; Lone Star; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; Pather Panchali.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; Welcome to the Dollhouse.* Opening 7/19: *Multiplicity.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Courage Under Fire.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Eraser; Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Cold Comfort Farm.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Independence Day; Harriet the Spy.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Courage Under Fire; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Independence Day; Courage Under Fire.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Kazaam.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Multiplicity; Phenomenon.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-

"Northern Italian East-Sider...
First-rate all the way!
& of course, NINO, the Great Host!" **—Zagat**
ENTERTAINMENT 7 NITES!
Dinner 7 Nites 5PM to Midnight
FREE VALET PARKING 7 NITES
Nino's
1354 First Avenue, NYC
(Bet. 72 & 73 Sts.) Res. 212 988-0002

Les Pyrenees
distinctive French specialties
Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner
PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES
251 W. 51st St. (opp. Gershwin Theatre)
Res: 246-0044 / 246-0373
Jean Claude Pujol, Owner - Open 7 Days
(Across from SHOWBOAT)

HEARTLAND REAL BEER BREWERY
"BEST BREWPUB" IN NYC
– New York Magazine 1996 *Best of New York* Issue
35 Union Square West at 17th Street, NY 10003
212-645-3400

La Mediterranee
ENJOY OUR $21.00 PRIX FIXE
An intimate relaxed Atmosphere with Enchanting Mediterranean Paintings
•Piano Music Nitely•
947 Second Ave. at 50th St. 755-4155

LA VERANDA
Theater Goers Haven
Dine In Elegance At Moderate Prices
One Of The Best Italian Restaurants In New York
FREE PARKING NEXT DOOR 5 PM TO 1 AM
163 W 47th St Res: (212) 391-0905

PIG 'N' WHISTLE
IRISH PUB
Renowned for fresh salmon with horse radish crust, steaks, pasta and daily fresh seafood.
CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER
SNACKS • COCTAILS
OPEN 11:30am - 4:00am
PIG 'N' WHISTLE • ORIGINALITY AT ITS VERY BEST!
165 W 47th St. (6th & 7th Aves.) • NY 10036 • (212) 302-0112

FILM#576) *Eraser; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Independence Day; Kazaam; The Nutty Professor.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Striptease.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Eraser; Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Eraser; Independence Day; Stealing Beauty.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Phenomenon; The Rock.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Harriet the Spy; Phenomenon; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Independence Day; Lone Star; Striptease.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Independence Day.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Courage Under Fire; Stealing Beauty.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Courage Under Fire; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Kazaam.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Dragonheart; Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Eraser; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Courage Under Fire; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Nutty Professor.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Heavy; Mission: Impossible.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Independence Day; The Nutty Professor.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Harriet the Spy; Independence Day.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Courage Under Fire; Harriet the Spy; Independence Day.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Phenomenon.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon; The Rock.* Opening 7/17: *Multiplicity.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Phenomenon.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Courage Under Fire; Eraser; Harriet the Spy; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Independence Day; Mission: Impossible; Phenomenon; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—7/20: "Warner Bros. Whiz: Mervyn Leroy in the 1930s." 7/20: *Little Caesar* (1931) and *Two Seconds* (1932). 7/21: *Gold Diggers of 1933* (1933) and *Showgirl in Hollywood* (1930). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Italian Summer Film Festival V." 7/18: *The Myth of Cincecitta.* 7/18 and 7/21: *Rossellini on Rossellini.* 7/19: *Socrates* (1970). 7/20: *Age of the Medici* (1973). 7/21: *The Rise of Louis XIV* (1966). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/15: *The Seven Year Itch* (1955). 7/22: *Funny Face* (1957). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Village 12th St.—beginning 7/18: "Sick & Twisted Festival of Animation." 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); $8.

A Different Light—7/7: *A Summer Place* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Out of the Seventies: Hollywood's New Wave." 7/15: *Diary of a Mad Housewife* (1970) and *Wanda* (1971). 7/16: *Panic in Needle Park* (1971) and *Puzzle of a Downfall Child* (1970). 7/17 and 7/18: *M*A*S*H** (1970) and *Heavy Traffic* (1973). 7/19-7/21: *Chinatown* (1974). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film in Void—"Feature Film Wednesdays." 7/17: *The Shining.* Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Le Livre, Le Film: French Screen Adaptations." 7/15: *Les Parents Terribles* (1948) and *Death in the Garden* (1956). 7/16 and 7/17: *Douce* (1943) and *Gervaise* (1956). 7/18 and 7/21: *The Clockmaker* (1973) and *Sunday in the Country* (1984). "Golden Silents." 7/19 and 7/20: *Lonesome* (1928), with live accompaniment by the Alloy Orchestra. "Movies for Kids." 7/20 and 7/21: *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* (1947). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/19-7/21 and 7/25-7/28: "The Asian American International Film Festival." Call for detailed program info. Also, 7/16: *La Régle du jeu (Rules of the Game)* (1939). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, seniors, $5.50.

Jewish Museum—7/16: *Homage to Chagall: The Colors of Love* (1977). 1109 Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200); $8.

Le Madri's "Film al Fresco"—"Film al Fresco," a series of outdoor screenings, with live music and a menu keyed to the film. This summer's movies revolve around cowboys. 7/21: *The Wild Bunch* (1959). 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022); $8 admission; no minimum on food or drink required.

Lighthouse Cinema—"The Give Me Liberty Psychedelic Summer Anything Goes Film Fest." 7/15: "The effects of Dada and Surrealism on Hollywood in the Thirties." 7/16: "Cross Dress Extravaganza: Men in Drag and Women in Revolt." 7/17: *October: Ten Days That Shook the World* (1928). 7/18: *Little Murders* (1971). 7/19 and 7/20: *I Love You Alice B. Toklas* (1968). 7/21: "Life and Death in the 1950s." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571). $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/12: "Scorsese at the Movies: Selections from the Martin Scorsese Collection." 7/15 and 7/18: *The Phoenix City Story* (1955) and *East Side, West Side* (1949). 7/16: *Carmen Jones* (1954). 7/16 and 7/19: *The Bandwagon* (1953). 7/19: *Silver River* (1948). 7/19 and 7/21: *Canyon Passage* (1946). 7/20: *Desert Fury* (1947), *Duel in the Sun* (1946), and *Streets of Laredo* (1949). 7/21: *Man in the Saddle* (1951) and *Unconquered* (1947). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

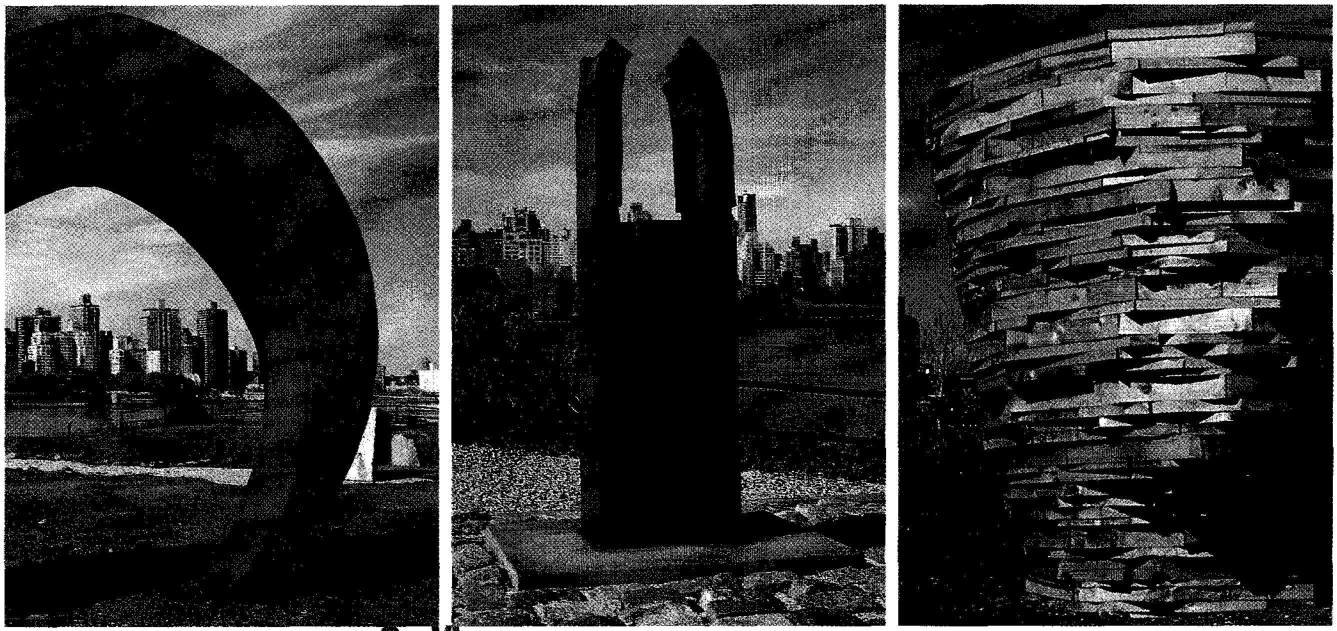
One-Shot Beachcombers

'Lonesome,' Paul Fejos's 1928 love story—about two strangers who fall in love on Coney Island—was one of the very first films with audible dialogue (though it was added to a few scenes simply because it was possible rather than because it was necessary). It has its New York premiere this weekend at the Walter Reade Theater, with a live score performed by the Alloy Orchestra. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

art

Socrates Sculpture Park...Simon Leung



On View

Park Yourself Here

There's outdoor sculpture all over New York City, but none of it has as dramatic a backdrop as do the works at Socrates Sculpture Park. Broadway at Vernon Boulevard, Long Island City, Queens, open daily dawn to dusk.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Honoré Daumier—A selection of more than 40 original lithographs by the French satirist; through 8/3. McCarron and Schulman, 1014 Madison Ave. (772-1181).

Antonio Frasconi—Recent prints and illustrated books; through 7/31. Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Larry Poons—New abstract paintings that continue the artist's interest in surface texture; through 8/30. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

57th Street Area

Laurent de Brunhoff—Recent abstract watercolors by the author and illustrator of the *Babar* books; through 8/2. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 7/26. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Charles Salis Kaelin—Paintings and pastel drawings of coastlines, harbors, and dense woodland interiors by this artist (1858–1929) who worked in his native Cincinnati and in Cape Ann, Massachusetts; through 7/26. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits executed between 1946 and 1996, including those of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer; through 7/31. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Roderick Buchanan/Jacqueline Donachie—Recent works by these two Glasgow-based artists; through 7/26. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Dale Chihuly—New glass sculptures from the artist's "Chandeliers" series; through 7/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Jennifer Cho/Warren Neidich—Computer-generated images of mountains from a well-known Korean scroll that have been reproduced on small, pillow-shaped canvases/An installation of photographs and computer-generated paintings that focuses on the relationship between Jackson Pollock and Lee Krasner. Through 7/27. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Edward Ruscha—A survey of the artist's books and book works; through 7/27. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Lee Stoezel/Mark Stone—Recent paintings by both; through 7/27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Peter Waite—Paintings of various kinds of institutions, among them casinos, prisons, corporate boardrooms, and educational facilities; through 7/26. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Simon Leung—A project titled "Call to Glory . . . or Afternoon Tea With Marcel Duchamp" that proposes the Duchampian legacy as a discourse of ethics and consists of individual works in silkscreen, photography, text, sculpture, and video; through 7/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366), Wed.–Sun. 11-6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). Works from the collection of the Federal Reserve Board celebrating the twentieth anniversary of its Fine Arts Program and a selection of trompe l'oeil paintings of currency; 7/18–9/7.

Davis & Langdale—231 E. 60th St. (838-0333). A summer selection of works by Lennart Anderson, Quentin Bell, Lucian Freud, Albert York, and others; through 8/30.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Paintings, sculpture, photographs, and works on paper, both representational and abstract, that deal with the

Photographs courtesy of Socrates Sculpture Park.

subject of water, by Jennifer Bartlett, Jeffrey Blondes, Vija Celmins, Judith Cotton, April Gornik, Erin Parish, David Reed, Reeve Schley, Eric Wolf, others; through 8/30.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Going Places: Images of Travel and Transport," with works by more than 45 American and European artists dating from the nineteenth century to the present; through 8/16.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-7338). Works by Carol Diehl, Charles Garabedian, Grace Knowlton, John Lees, Joan Snyder, Robert Rahway Zakanitch, others; through 8/16.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre,* among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Works on paper, cast-gesso reliefs, plasticine reliefs, and wooden constructions by Lynda Benglis, Louis Lieberman, and Astrid Fitzgerald; through 7/27.

57th Street Area

Adams—50 W. 57th St. (489-5064). "Going Places," with works by Robert Arneson, Luis Cruz Azaceta, Jim Barsness, Jose Bedia, Joan Brown, Peter Saul, James Valerio, others; through 8/16.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Ceramic tulip vases by Ralph Bacerra, Kim Dickey, Anne Hirondelle, Philip Maberry, Matt Nolen, Adrian Saxe, Jan van der Waart, others; through 8/9.

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). Recent paintings by gallery artists, among them Leigh Behnke, Alice Dalton Brown, Jane Freilicher, Candace Jans, Polly Kraft, Billy Sullivan, and Jane Wilson; through 8/23.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). "Recaptured Nature," with works by Giovanni Anselmo, Joseph Bartscherer, Lothar Baumgarten, Dan Graham, Richard Long, Gabriel Orozco, Ed Ruscha, others; through 8/30.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Barbara Hepworth, Donald Judd, Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Murray, and Joel Shapiro; through 9/7.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "Breaking All the Rules: Art in Transition," with works by Gerd Arntz, Max Beckmann, Sue Coe, Lea Grundig, John Heartfield, Hector Hyppolite, John Kane, Gustav Klimt, Justin McCarthy, Emil Nolde, others; through 9/6.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). "Affinities: Contemporary and Historic Art," with works by Milton Avery, Ilya Bolotowsky, Norris Embry, Laurie Fendrich, Hannah Fink, Luke Gray, John Obuck, Rolph Scarlett, Patrick Strzelec, Steve Wheeler, and others; through 8/16.

View—250 E. 51st St. (317-9757). "Sculptors' Drawings," with works by Agnes Denes, Richard Nonas, Clement Meadmore, Yoko Ono, Dennis Oppenheim, Mary Ann Unger, others; through 9/4.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Recent abstract paintings and works on paper by Will Berry, Holly Hughes, Wendy Miller, and Bob Penrose; through 8/9.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). A selection of Boliw shrine figures of the Bamana people of Mali; through 10/5.

Bonakdar—130 Prince St. (925-8035). Works by Uta Barth, Markus Baenziger, Mat Collishaw, Olafur Eliasson, Charles Long, Robin Lowe, Peggy Preheim, and Julie Roberts; through 9/7 (gallery is closed 8/3–9/2).

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). Recent paintings by Sharon Horvath, Thomas Laduke, and Jeanne Tremel; through 7/26.

CRG—93 Grand St. (966-4360). Works by Robert Feintuch, Frances Stark, and Bernard Voïta; through 7/26.

Donahue—560 Broadway (226-1111). Works by Laurie Fendrich, Vanessa Haney, Ruth Pastine, Li Lin Lee, Nachume Miller, Lenore Tawney, and Robin Utterback; through 7/31.

Gibson—568 Broadway (925-1192). Recent sculpture by Mark Dion, Samm Kunce, Matthew McCaslin, Eve Andree Laramee, Dan Reiser, and Bill Schwarz; through 7/26.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (966-6676). "Summer Pleasures, Summer Treasures," with works by Rafael Ferrer, Viola Frey, Frank Owen, Joseph Raffael, and others; through 9/3.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works on paper by twenty artists that depict the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, and the Flatiron Building; through 8/31.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Konstantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Recent works by Dianna Frid, Amy Steiner, and Patricia Thornley; through 7/26.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). "Splash," with paintings, photographs, and sculpture by Peter Begley, Christina Bothwell, Christopher Giglio, Mac James, John Risley, Jacqueline Schatz, others; through 8/16.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (944-0012). Works by Shirley Jaffe, Valerie Jaudon, Robin Hill, Harriet Korman, Carmengloria Morales, Joan Mitchell, Mia Westerlund Roosen, Denyse Thomasos, and Cindy Workman; through 8/4.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). "Exposure," with photo-based works by Janine Antoni, Sophie Calle, Larry Clark, Gregory Crewdson, Paul McCarthy, Steve Wolfe, and others; through 8/2.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). Each of the 60 artists in this show—among them Larry Clark, Jane Dickson, David Humphrey, Suzanne McClelland, Alexis Rockman, and Kenny Scharf—was provided with a standard Rawlings Official American baseball and asked to transform it into an artwork; through 8/9.

PaceWildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Paintings and sculpture by George Condo, Jim Dine, Lucas Samaras, Julian Schnabel, and Kiki Smith; through 7/31.

Room—25 Thompson St. (226-1831). "Fourteen Days—A Salon," with works by 32 emerging and established American and European artists, among them Katherine Bradford, Jeanette Christensen, Sally Elesby, Tom Martinelli, Stephen Westfall, and Kit White; through 7/27.

Rosen—130 Prince St. (941-0203). "Space, Mind, Place," with works by Michael Ashkin, Francis Cape, Craig Kalpakjian, Susan Goldman, Rachel Harrison, Calvin Seibert, and Andrea Zittel; through 8/7.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Carved wood sculptures by Azara, Ghiz, Grossman, King, Von Rydingsvard, Whitten, others; through 7/26.

Shafrazi—119 Wooster St. (274-9300). Paintings by Jean-Michel Basquiat, Donald Baechler, Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Keith Haring, David Salle, Kenny Scharf, and Julian Schnabel; through 8/2.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with pieces by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

Other

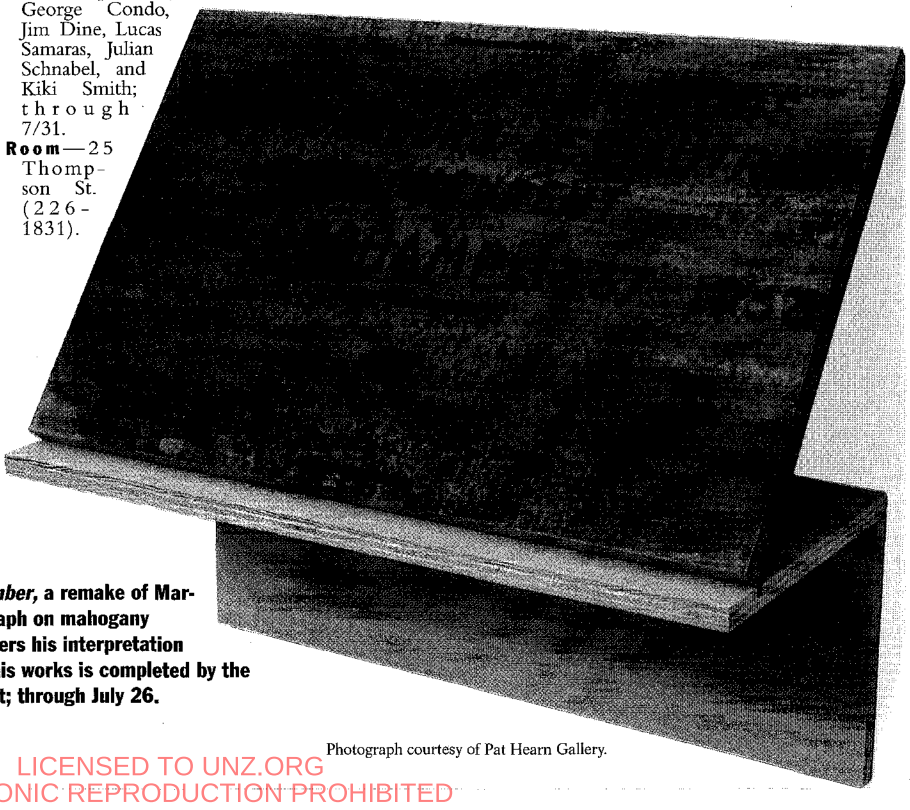
Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage '96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (463-7770). Works by Thomas Baldwin, Julie Becker, Rachel Harrison, Josephine Meckseper, and Luke Murphy; through 8/2.

Morris Healy—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). Wall drawings and other wall-dependent works by Robert Adams, Quisqueya Henriquez, Steve Keister, Joyce Pensato, Cindy Poorbaugh, Mark Sheinkman, Meg Webster, and Kathleen White; through 8/23.

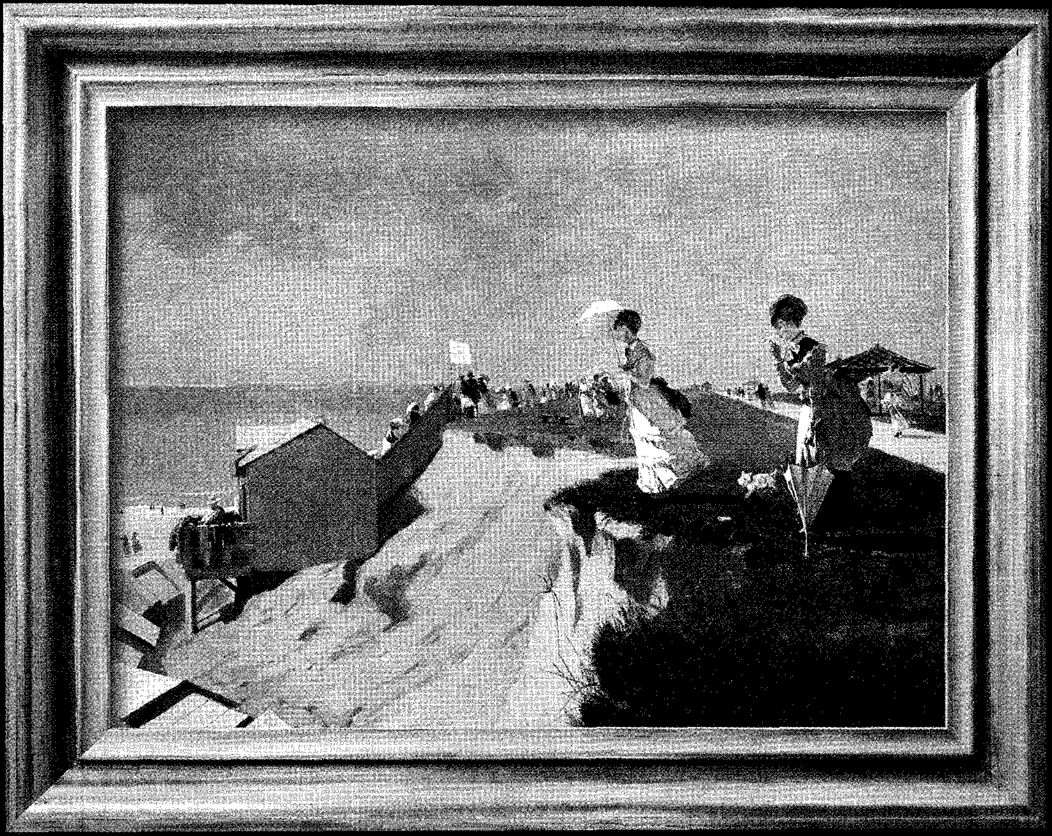
Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St. at Motorgate Parking Garage, Roosevelt Island (832-4540, ext. 359). Recent sculpture by Mary Carlson, Nina Levy, Heidi Schlatter, others; through 11/15.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I," with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.



Talent In such video installations as *Antechamber,* a remake of Marcel Duchamp's *Etant donnés,* and his own photograph on mahogany (above) of the artist's tombstone, Simon Leung offers his interpretation of Duchamp's personal philosophy—that each of his works is completed by the viewer. At Pat Hearn Gallery, 530 West 22nd Street; through July 26.

Photograph courtesy of Pat Hearn Gallery.



Actually, it was Winslow Homer who discovered America.

GTE proudly supports the presentation of *Winslow Homer,* an exhibition of nearly 200 oil paintings, watercolors, drawings and prints from one of the first artists to capture the richness, diversity and beauty of American life.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, June 20 - September 22, 1996.

GTE

It's Amazing What
We Can Do Together.

The exhibition was organized by the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.
Long Branch, New Jersey, 1869, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, The Hayden Collection.

FUMIKO HOSODA WELCOMES YOU!
"Dining at Shinbashi is spending an evening in Japan"
Shinbashi
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
280 Park Avenue on 48th Street,
(between Park and Madison), N.Y.C.
Reservations: 212-661-3915
ALSO VISIT Shinbashi-an
JAPANESE RESTAURANT
141 East 48th St., (between Lexington & Third)
New York City • Reservations: 752-0505

TIME TO EAT GOOD FOOD!
214 E 45th St.
THE Comfort DINER
212.867-4555

FIORELLO'S
ROMAN CAFE
"New York's Best Pizza."
— NY Magazine
1900 B'way at 64th St.
212-595-5330
The American Express® Card Is Always Welcome.
AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

THE REGIONAL CUISINES OF CUBA AND THE CARIBBEAN!
Victor's Cafe 52
NEW YORK • MIAMI
236 WEST 52nd STREET
Between Broadway & 8th Avenue
Phone: 212/586-7714

A Greenwich Village Tradition
Tio Pepe
Classic Spanish & Mexican Cuisine
"A wonderful place to meet, eat and have a great time, all at a reasonable price." Mary McCoy, MOR
168 West 4th Street (212) 242-9338

THE SALVATION ARMY
SHARING IS CARING

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third-annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Lynn Butler—Photographs of landscapes shot on horseback or from various kinds of moving vehicles; through 7/31. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Imogen Cunningham—Vintage and early photographs of plants and flowers; through 8/2. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Dorothea Lange, Carleton Watkins, others; "Selections From *Life*," with works by Loomis Dean, Elliott Erwitt, John Loengard, Mark Shaw, others; through 7/26.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection: 100 Years of Documentary Photography and Photojournalism"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8. . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Kelly—591 Broadway (226-1660). Recent works by Adger W. Cowans, Valentina DuBasky, and Jerry L. Thompson; through 7/31.

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz, to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 8/16.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). "The Cool & the Crazy: Images of Punk," with works by Dan Asher, Roberta Bayley, Victor Bockris, Jimmy De Sana, Allen Ginsberg, Bob Gruen, James Hamilton, Anton Perich, Kate Simon, and others; through 9/7 (gallery closed in August).

Jonas Mekus—Large-scale color-film stills of Elvis Presley, Jackie Kennedy, Lou Reed, Andy Warhol, and other personalities by this filmmaker who has been one of the driving forces behind New York's underground- and experimental-film culture since the fifties; through 8/16. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Pedro Meyer—Computer-enhanced photographs whose imagery comments on the similarities and differences between Mexico and the United States; through 8/17. Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers and scientists chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the past two centuries; through 8/15.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Out Takes," with obscure images by Sally Apfelbaum, Lorna Bieber, Sally Gall, Bill Jacobson, Geanna Merola, John Schlesinger, Jan Staller, Tseng Kwong Chi, and Penelope Umbrico; through 8/16.

Wessel O'Connor—60 Thomas St. (406-0040). An exhibition commemorating the life and poetry of Walt Whitman, with works by Mark Beard, John Dugdale, Robert Flynt, Bill Jacobson, Russell Maynor, Steve Morrison, and Frank Yamrus; through 8/9.

Winston Wachter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). Recent photographs by Regina DeLuise, Rena Bass Forman, Lynn Geesaman, and Jean Kallina; through 7/27.

Bing Wright/Janney Saville and Glen Luchford—Monochromatic photographs on the theme of nature/Photographs taken by Luchford of Saville's nude body pressed against a sheet of glass above him. Through 8/30. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). Photographs of dancers by Laure Albin-Guillot, Brassai, Baron Adolph de Mayer, Arnold Genthe, Barbara Morgan, and Abraham Walkowitz; through 8/30.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Josef Frank, Architect and Designer: An Alternative Vision of the Modern Home." Architectural drawings, models, drawings for applied arts, furniture, textiles, and other works by the Viennese designer and architect; through 7/21. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30).

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces"; through 10/13. . . . "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martínez Celaya and Alberto Rey"; through 10/13. . . . "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 10/13. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/29. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway

(423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 A.M. and making hourly trips on the half-hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive retrospective of the American painter's work in more than twenty years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22. . . . "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15. . . . "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through10/8. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95"; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults) , $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Crossroads Alaska: Native Cultures of Alaska and Siberia"; through 8/8. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. . . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"July 9, 1776: New York's Independence Day"; through 9/15. . . . "In Search of Light: Tiffany Lamps at the New-York Historical Society"; through 9/15. . . . "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. . . . "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the *Times:* Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*";through 9/15. . . . "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Heroic Painting." Works by Bo Bartlett, Vincent Desiderio, Walton Ford, Lawrence Gipe, Julie Heffernan, Komar and Melamid, and Mark Tansey; 7/19–9/8. . . . "Visions of Ireland: Jack B. Yeats." Paintings by Ireland's most noted modern painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871–1957); 7/19–9/8. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeko Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; through 10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22. . . . "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Ik-Joong Kang: 8,490 Days of Memory." An installation that uses chocolate as a metaphor to revisit the past from the perspective of the present, specifically referring to the artist's memories of the candy bars given to him by GIs when he was in grammar school in Korea; through 9/27. 120 Park Ave. (570-1807); Mon.–Fri. 11–6; free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/24 at 10: "English & Continental Furniture & Decorations." On view from 7/22.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 7/18 at 2:30: "Shelf Sale." On view from 7/15.

On the waterfront.
(fresh seafood overlooking The Hudson)
Seriously Fresh Seafood.
Chelsea Piers, Pier 61,
23rd & The Hudson 835-2722
THE CRAB HOUSE

Café WORD OF MOUTH
Breakfast, Lunch and Tea
Dinner Tu-F
Weekend Brunch
1012 Lexington Ave. at 72nd St. 249-5351

Ellen's STARDUST DINER
BREAKFAST, LUNCH & DINNER
PRE-THEATER 3 COURSE DINNER $14.95
CORNER OF 51 STREET & BROADWAY
212-956-5151 • FAX 212-956-5834
MILK SHAKE

GOSPEL BRUNCH
EVERY SATURDAY & SUNDAY
PRE-THEATER DINNER + POST-THEATER DRINKS & DESERTS
CALL FOR INFO
212-582-2121
LIVE JAZZ NIGHTLY
iridium
RESTAURANT & JAZZ CLUB
44 WEST 63 STREET OPPOSITE LINCOLN CENTER

SEVILLA
Luncheon Parties
FINEST SPANISH CUISINE
LUNCH•COCKTAILS•DINNER
famed Paella a la Valenciana
62 CHARLES ST. (W. 4 St.) WA9-3189

GOTHAM
COMEDY CLUB
"AN ELITE NIGHT SPOT" MEDIA WEEK
34 W 22ND ST • 212.367.9000

Ristorante Italiano
Montebello
4 Course Pre-Theatre Dinner $26.75
served from 5P.M. to 6:30 P.M.
Private Party Room
120 E. 56th St. (bet. Park & Lex.) 212-753-1447

theater

Growing Pains...Making a Scene

Broadway

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee, the writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent, ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/21. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, arrives on Broadway from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

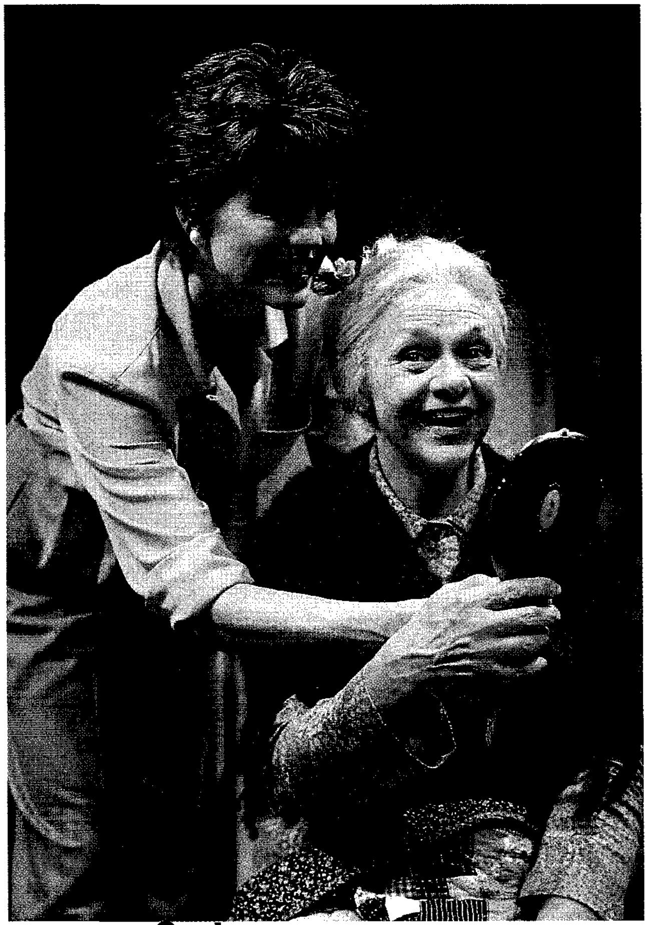
The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (unbald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broad-*



Onstage
Amazing Grace

Grace and Glorie, Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play, tells the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. At the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

way Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

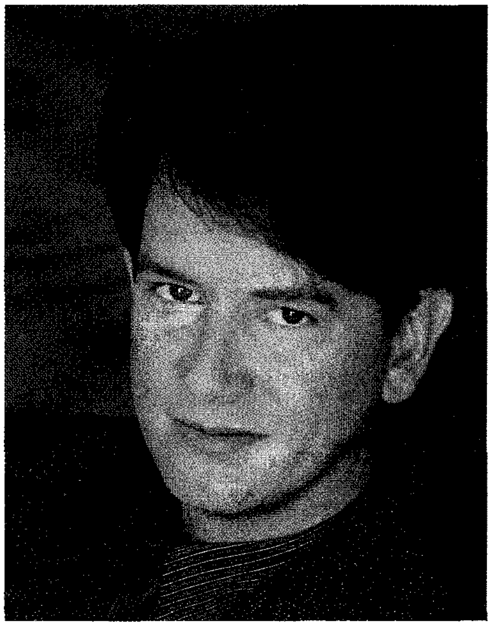
Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer. Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. Through 8/10. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*



One Shot

Brief Chronicles

How often do you theater types get to take in 48 world premieres in under an hour? Mark McKinney ('Saturday Night Live,' 'The Kids in the Hall') is featured—along with 100 or so other actors—this Saturday in "The One-Minute-Play Contest," an evening offering pity, terror, laughs, and some awfully brisk scene changes in convenient, individual 60-second portions. At Dicapo Opera Theatre, 184 East 76th Street (279-4200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aliens in America—$32.50–$37.50. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 7/18. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Da—"So we beat on," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, "boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." That point is brought home in a particularly vivid manner in the Irish Repertory Theater's revival of Hugh Leonard's 1978 play about a returning expatriate coming to terms with the ghost of his dead father. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opening 7/18 at 7. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

I Love You, You're Perfect... Now Change!—A musical revue about what seems an amusingly quaint subject these days, heterosexual bonding. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Beginning previews 7/17 for a 8/1 opening. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Phaedra—Everett Quinton, doing that Everett Quinton thing he does to Euripides' classic tale of a mom with one bad case of ants in the pants for her stepson. (All right, that's not *exactly* what it says in *The Oxford Guide to Classical Literature*, but you get the idea.) $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 7/28 opening at 7. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. at 10th St. (307-4100).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the last 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 7/28. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grace and Glorie—$35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that André Gide gave up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to *his* version. John Glines's updated restyling of this classic text looks

Photograph by Edie Baskin/NBC.

MAIN STREET
• NEW AMERICAN FAMILY STYLE •
RESTAURANT
BAR
446 COLUMBUS AVE.
212-873-5025

one fish two fish®
1399 Madison Ave. corner 97 St.
369-5677

LETIZIA
RISTORANTE ITALIANO
"Quality by tradition"
LUNCH • DINNER • PRIVATE PARTY ROOM
"Warm, friendly...satisfying."
ZAGAT '95
1352 FIRST AVENUE BET. 72 & 73 ST.
212.517.2244

Authentic Hunan Cuisine
& other regional Chinese dishes.
Open 7 days — Lunch & Dinner.
7 private dining rooms, 6 to 80 people.
PARK FREE for 4 HOURS (after 5 pm)
JIMMY SUNG'S
RESTAURANT
219 EAST 44TH ST. (Bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.)
RES: 212 682-5678

BARAONDA
INNOVATIVE ITALIAN CUISINE
"Go Chic and Ye Shall Find..."
Gael Greene, NYM
1439 Second Ave at 75th St. • 288.8555

"Best Steaks, Prime Ribs, Pasta, Seafood in NY!"
Broadway Joe
STEAK HOUSE
20% DISCOUNT
★ LUNCH ★ DINNER ★ LATE DINING ★ OPEN 7 DAYS
★ PARTY RMS ★ CELEB HANGOUT ★ TERRACE DINING
★20% DISCOUNT ON FOOD & BEVERAGE★
VALID ANYTIME WITH THIS AD. NOT VALID WITH OTHER OFFERS. NY MAG
315 W. 46th St. (Bet. 8th & 9th Ave.) ★ 246-6513

at it from a modern gay perspective—not so far from the original as you might at first think, actually. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. south of Christopher (924-1198).*

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog (and hey, we're here to tell you it *does* happen) in Mary Mitchell's new play. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Anything Goes: An Evening of Dorothy Parker—$12. 7/16–19 at 8. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371).*

Beyond Therapy—The New York Actors Alliance's third-annual summer production of Christopher Durang's comedy about a pair of New Yorkers whose earnest efforts at romance run into the brick wall of their respective, and less-than-encouraging, psychoanalysts. $12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).*

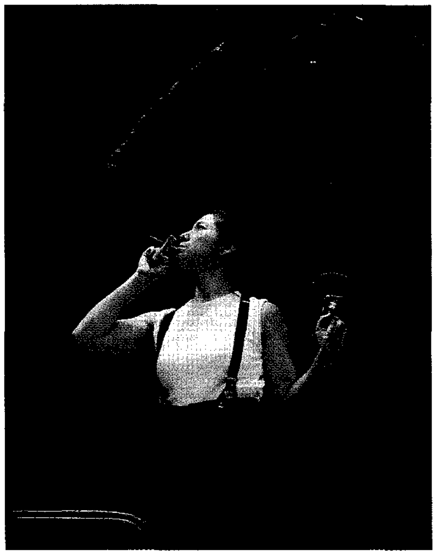
Bipolar Expeditions—An evening of two one-act plays, *The Man With David's Face* and *A Month of Sundaes*, by Susannah Nolan and Robert Remington Wood. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/20. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (343-1181).*

Charlie!—The plot here has something to do with a renegade mastermind's fiendish plot to kidnap a big wheel in the cosmetics industry, but unless you're the sort who, say, submits Angie Dickinson movies to really rigorous critical analysis, that is likely to be of less immediate appeal than the opportunity the show offers an impressive quartet of downtown drag divas—Sherry Vine, Misstress Formika, Candis Cayne, and Justin Bond—to strut their not inconsiderable stuff. $12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy re-telling of the Gospel of St. Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Preview
Melting-Pot Blues

You think *your* parents didn't understand you? Check out Aliens in America, Los Angeles writer and performer Sandra Tsing Loh's autobiographical chronicle about growing up in Southern California in a family milieu composed of equal parts Chinese and German cultural influences. Chopsticks with that sauerbraten, anyone? In previews for a July 18 opening at Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).



In My Father's House—Playwright and Negro Ensemble Company alumnus Samm-Art Williams (*A Love Play, Welcome to Black River*) has been working in television for the past several years; he's currently returning to live theater with this new stage piece that looks at a black Los Angeles police officer and his family in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict. $10–17. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 4. Through 7/28. *Billie Holiday Theatre, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-0918-9).*

Once Upon a Time in the Bronx—A series of four bittersweet vignettes about love, loss, and the like, all of them set in the neighborhood surrounding the last stop on the D train. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Fool's Space, 311 W. 43rd St., Eighth Floor (260-0483).*

Piece of Cake—Imagine the consternation—that's one word, but perhaps you can think of others—when a man's last night of bachelorhood preceding his marriage to a shrewish virago is taken up with a party whose principal feature is a large cake containing his former gay lover. Kevin Hammonds's comedy features a stripper, many humorous double entendres, and inflatable dolls. $10, plus two-drink minimum. Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. *Rose's Turn, 55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Premium Bob—$10. Thurs. at 8. Through 8/15. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (431-9220).*

Summerfest '96—A program of new scripts and revivals; call for scheduling details. $10; $8 for groups of ten or more. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/21. *42nd Street Collective, 432 W. 42nd St. (967-1481).*

Sweet Sadie—$7/TDF. 7/17 at 7:30, 7/19–20 at 10:30. *Dixon Place, 258 Bowery bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (219-3088).*

Tell Me What You Want—$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 7/23. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. (206-1764).*

Wedding Pictures—$12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/21. *42nd Street Workshop, 432 W. 42nd St., third floor (695-4173).*

Photograph by Susan Cook.

in concert

Festival 96 Commences...Mostly Mozart Continues

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 16

Washington Square Music Festival—"The Swing Era Revisited," with Sol Yaged and Felix & the Cats. Dancing encouraged. *Washington Square Park, southeast quadrant (431-1088), at 8; free.*

Mostly Mozart Festival—The Festival Orchestra performs with violinist Tricia Park; Pinchas Zukerman, conductor and violinist. Same program on 7/17. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Mussorgsky, Stravinsky, and Respighi; Eiji Oue, conductor. *North Meadow, Central Park (enter at W. 100th or E. 97th St.; 875-5709), at 8; free.*

Thursday, July 18

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Smetano, and Puccini with soprano DeBorge Pinnington. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Mostly Mozart Festival—The Emerson String Quartet with pianist André Previn. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$30.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/16, *at Miller Field, Gateway National Recreation Area, Staten Island.*

Friday, July 19

Mostly Mozart Festival—The Festival Orchestra performs Mozart works from1786; Raymond Leppard, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$35.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/16, *at Cunningham Park, Queens.*

Summergarden—Music by Burgan, Miereanu, and Barcri for violin, cello, and piano. *Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491); garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Saturday, July 20

Summergarden—See 7/19.

Mostly Mozart Festival—See 7/19.

Sunday, July 21

Bargemusic—See 7/18, at 4.

Monday, July 22

Kirov Orchestra and Chorus—Performs works by Shostakovich and Prokofiev; Valery Gergiev, music director. Part of Festival 96. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7; $15–$85.*

Institutional Radio Choir of Brooklyn—A 40-voice gospel ensemble. Part of Festival 96. *Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (721-6500), at 7; $32.*

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Works by Schuman, Barber, and Bernstein. Part of Festival 96. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

New York Grand Opera— Verdi's *Attila* on 7/17. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (245-8837), at 7:30; free.*

Dance

Lyons Opera Ballet—Presents Maguy Marin's new interpretation of Léo Delibes's *Coppélia.* Part of Festival 96. 7/22 at 7, 7/23 and 7/24 at 8, 7/24 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $12–$100.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre— 7/16–7/20 and 7/22 at 8, 7/20 at 2. Through July 20. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Performance

Tenor Madness

No less an opera fan than Friedrich Nietzsche once posited that musical drama has its roots in human violence. Given the three-headed force now hovering *Independence Day*-like over Manhattan, truer words were never spoken. One didn't have to wince at the pseudo-classical columns in Dodger Stadium, or chafe at the commentators' sports metaphors ("First up to bat is Jose Carreras"), or recoil at close-ups of a transported Tom Cruise to perceive that The Three Tenors' last U.S. appearance traded in a Schwarzeneggerian *frisson* of a decidedly amusical kind. If not blood lust then surely only something like it could account for the mania surrounding three opera singers—all well past their prime, one recently recovered from leukemia—essaying "My Way." That the sonic impression afforded by ballpark acoustics is a tad inauthentic and that, as a form, the *medley* is something shy of timeless is, of course, beside the point. As befits Nietzsche's dictum, the tenors' third coming will be carried by pay-per-view, the well-established venue for brutality both real (Tyson) and imagined (World Wrestling Federation). Only thing is, this time out the sacrifice may seem a bit inverted, at least to those fans who paid up to $1,000 each to pile into Giants Stadium on July 20 to witness—the term *hear* seems irrelevant—Jose Carreras, Plácido Domingo, and Luciano Pavarotti sing a program nearly identical to one that has already been beamed to literally half the world's population. But to paraphrase that other nineteenth-century visionary—who himself successfully marketed soprano Jenny Lind to the *fin de siècle* equivalent of the tailgate party—there's one born every minute.

Chris Norris

Photograph by John Bellissimo/LGI.

nightlife

Maceo Parker...Dead Can Dance...Steely Dan

Concerts

"Jazz in July"—Pianist Dick Hyman hosts a month of performances. 7/16: Marian McPartland, Eddie Locke, Mike Lipskin, Sir Roland Hanna, Dick Hyman, and others celebrate the famous and often-lauded Art Kane photograph *A Great Day in Harlem*. 7/17: "Dick and Derek's Piano Party" presents Marian McPartland, Sir Roland Hanna, Jane Jarvis, and others. 7/18: Cornetist Tom Pletcher rewrites history with "If Bix Played Gershwin," a hypothetical melding of the style of legendary jazz innovator Bix Beiderbecke with the compositions of George Gershwin. 7/22: Saxophonist Walt Levinsky, vocalist Terry Burrell, and others play sing. Shows at 8 P.M. *92nd Street Y, 92nd St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $30.*

Africa Mondo—A daylong celebration of African and Caribbean sounds featuring Zaire's Diblo Dabla and Matchatcha, Mali's Coumba Sidibe, Martinique's Malavoi, and others. 7/21 at 2 P.M. *Prospect Park Band Shell, Brooklyn. Free.*

Allman Brothers Band—7/21 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh. (307-7171). $37.*

Babe the Blue Ox*—Providing the musical backdrop for dance performances choreographed by Neil Greenburg, feel-good rockers Babe the Blue Ox team up with Sarah East Johnson on 7/19 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Burning Spear—The legendary reggae firebrand. With Papa Jube. 7/21 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. 7/17: Nathan and the Zydeco Cha Chas. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Dead Can Dance—7/17 at 8 P.M. *City Center Theatre, 130 W. 50th St. (307-7171). $35.*

Def Leppard—The world's most resilient cheese-rock outfit hauls it out one more time in support of a new album. 7/17 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

MacIntosh New Music Festival—The citywide industry trade show formerly known as the New Music Seminar takes over New York, offering an impressive array of talent and the requisite army of laminate-bearing rock enthusiasts wondering if their passes will comp them. Performances are denoted by an asterisk (★).

Midsummer Night Swing—A monthlong event offering instructional ballroom dancing under the stars in the Lincoln Center courtyard. 7/17: Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys. 7/18: Michelle "Evil Gal" Willson; Love Dogs; Candye Kane. 7/19: Music from Martinique with Malavoi and special guest Charanson. 7/20: Legendary tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 8:15 P.M. *Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). $8.*

Linda Ronstadt—With the Pittsburgh Pops Orchestra and Marvin Hamlisch. 7/20 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32.*

King David Rudder and Charles Roots—Blending Soca beats with the politics of Calypso, the Trinidadian singer cuts it up with the New Creation Youth Steel Orchestra as part of the Celebrate Brooklyn Festival. 7/20 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Band Shell, Brooklyn. Free.*

Seven Mary Three—7/19 at 7:15 P.M. *Roseland, 254 W. 54th St. (307-7171). $15.*

Smashing Pumpkins; Garbage—Having achieved superstardom, and subsequently redeemed earned mensch points with a string of pseudonymous gigs in small clubs around the country, the good eggs of alternative rock are back in the arena, playing songs from their sprawling double album, *Melon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*. Interestingly, they're joined by Garbage, whose drummer-producer, Butch Vig, helped craft the sonic signatures of both Pumpkins head Billy Corgan and Kurt Cobain. Thanks to the sloe-eyed presence and obliquely provocative lyrics of singer Shirley Manson, Garbage has already outshone Vig's rep and made good as a distinctive voice in the post-grunge generation. 7/14 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J. (307-7171). $27.50.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

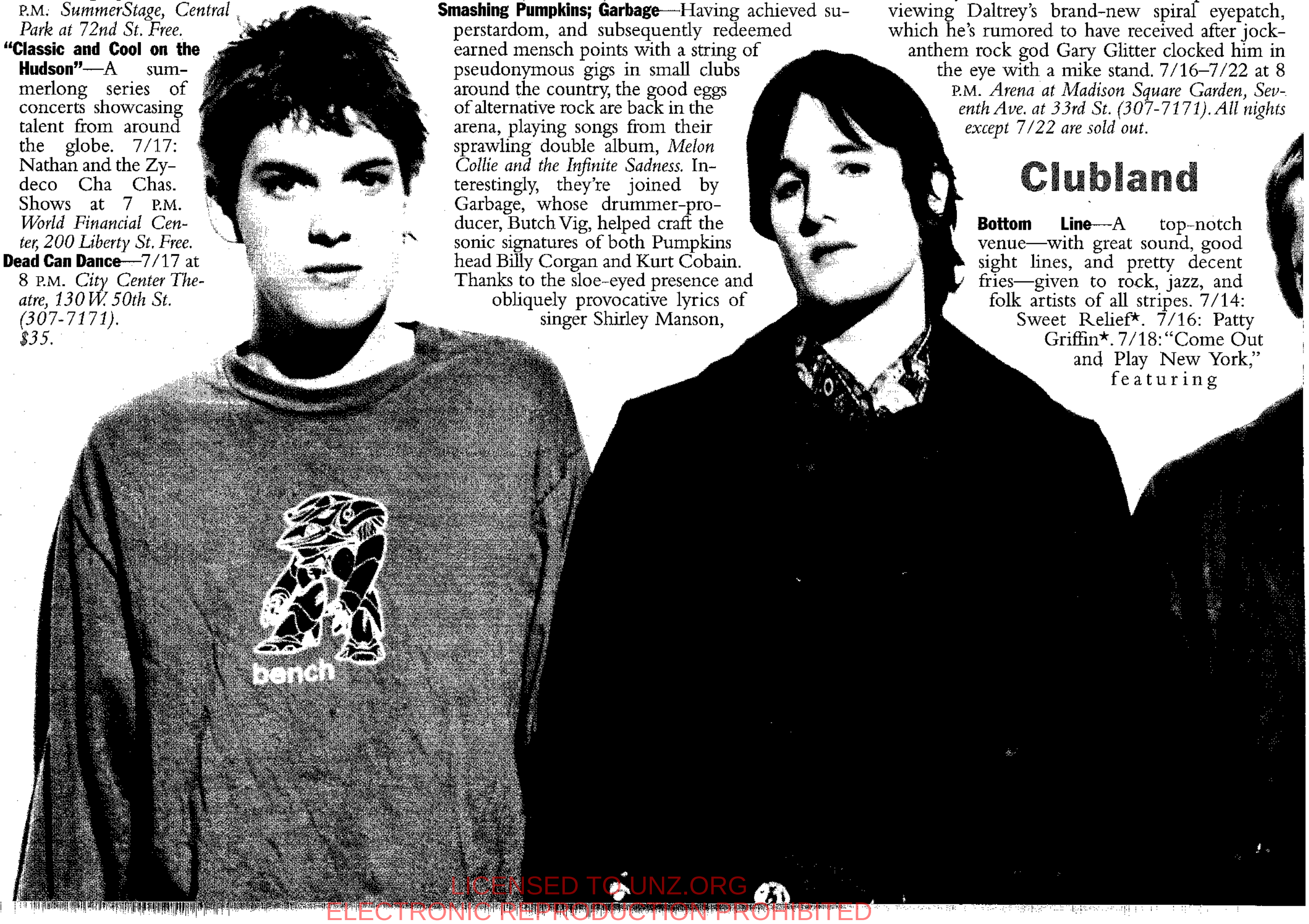
Steely Dan—After a long hiatus, Walter Becker and Donald Fagen, rock's most obsessive-compulsive duo, slide back into town on 7/19 at 8 P.M. Expect a host of sheeny grooves and many a studio musician. *Jones Beach, Wantagh (307-7171). $32–$37.*

Throwing Muses*—Having lost founder and singer Tanya Donnelly to Belly by way of the Breeders, Boston's original alt-pop guitar outfit fights on, fronted by Donnelly's brooding, much more compelling former other half, Kristen Hersh. They play with Luna and the Anglo-Indian quartet Cornershop. 7/20 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

The Who's "Quadrophenia"—In perhaps the most bizarre of reunion concerts floating around this summer, Townshend, Daltrey, Entwhistle, and Ringo Starr's son Zak Starkey team up for a track-by-track rendition of *Quadrophenia*, the mother of all concept albums. Those bored by the end of side two may find solace in the added pleasure of viewing Daltrey's brand-new spiral eyepatch, which he's rumored to have received after jock-anthem rock god Gary Glitter clocked him in the eye with a mike stand. 7/16–7/22 at 8 P.M. *Arena at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171). All nights except 7/22 are sold out.*

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/14: Sweet Relief★. 7/16: Patty Griffin★. 7/18: "Come Out and Play New York," featuring



Melissa Ferrick, Catie Curtis, and others, hosted by Betty★. 7/19: "In their Own Words," featuring Heather Eastman, Ferron, Cheryl Wheeler, Dar Williams—hosted by David Dye★. 7/20: Magic Dick and Jay Geils★. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 7/16: Congo/Norvell★. 7/19: Too Much Joy; Gefkens; Ugly Beauty; Yum Yum★. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 7/17: Spitball★. 7/18: Xanax 25; Vitapup★. 7/20: Skeleton Key★. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 7/14: Speedball Baby★. 7/15: A&M Records showcase with Gigolo Aunts; Orbit; and others★. 7/16: Columbia Records showcase with Mary Lou Lord; Trip 66; and others★. 7/17: "Fraggle Rock"★. 7/20: Walt Mink★. *15 St. Marks Place. (475-9726).*

The Cooler— A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/14: Ear; Sonic Boom; Bardo Pond★. 7/15: Lazy Boy; Dave Tronzo★. 7/16: DJ Spooky; Vernon Reid; Marc Ribot★. 7/18: Super Junkey Monkey; Arto Lindsay★. 7/19: Rock-A-Teens; Catpower★. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. 7/15: Rasputina; Candy Butchers★. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. 7/15: Post-punk mesomorph Henry Rollins showcases the various spoken-word and musical works of his 2.13.61 label★. 7/16: Soul Coughing; Trans Am and Grassy Knoll★. 7/17: Ash; Superdrag★. 7/18: The Verve Pipe; Semisonic; Howlin' Maggie★. 7/19: Pere Ubu, The Wipers★. 7/20: Joe Henry; Amy Correia★. 7/22–7/23: Maceo Parker. *17 Irving Place (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music—with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/14: Arto Lindsay; Ui; Soul Oddity★. 7/18: Lydia Lunch★. 7/19: Cornershop★. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/16: Indie-rock troubadour and—as gossip pages have it—a would-be Courtney Love assassinatee, Mary Lou Lord dispels scenester dirt and nuggets of wisdom with Elliot Smith and Danielle Howle★. 7/17: Giant Sand★. 7/18: Ash★. 7/19: Frente!; Joe Henry★. 7/20: Hayden★. 7/22: Junior Brown. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, frequently hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/15: Steve Wynn; Come★. 7/17: Letters to Cleo; Sincola; Halcion★. 7/20: Luscious Jackson offshoot the Kostars; Magnetic Fields★. 7/21: Luna. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 7/15: Cubalibre; Cuban percussionist Wicly★. 7/17: Mahlathini and the Mahotella Queens★. 7/18: Giant Sand★. 7/19: Malavoi; Papa Jube★. 7/20: Brazil's Katende★. Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 7/14: Toni Childs★. 7/16: Bob Mould; Babe the Blue Ox.★ 7/18: The Pharcyde★. 7/19: Ween★. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, this week the site of shows relocated from Tramps. 7/16: Sparklehorse★. 7/18: Frent!; Juicy★. 7/19: Crash Worship. 7/20: Mary Lou Lord and Elliot Smith with Danielle Howie★. 7/23: Brave Combo. Show at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (544-1666).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 7/15: The theatrical and supersonically facile avant-guitar phenom Buckethead. 7/16: Skadanks. 7/18: Nancy Boy. 7/19: Big Ass Truck. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking lights. 7/19–7/20: Joanne Brackeen Quartet featuring Ravi Coltrane. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Of all the distinguished seniors constituting Lionel Hampton's current big band, none seem so full of youthful vigor as tenor saxophonist James Moody, a jubilantly swinging, rhapsodically singing rascal. Of course, Moody's 71 years do make him the junior in that crew, but even on his own, the Newark-raised multihornist seems to have weathered the years since cutting the classic "Moody's Mood For Love" with his sanguine outlook remarkably untouched. This is eminently apparent on Moody's new *Young At Heart,* on which he plays songs of that hard-bitten romantic Frank Sinatra. He plays 7/16–7/21. 7/23–7/28: Count Basie Orchestra, directed by Grover Mitchell. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 7/21: John Hicks Trio featuring Joe Locke. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. Guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday night office hours. 7/16–7/21: Tommy Flanagan Trio. 7/23–7/28: Michel Camilo Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Through 7/16–7/21: Johnny King Quintet. 7/23–7/28: Robin Eubanks and Mental Images. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's The Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and

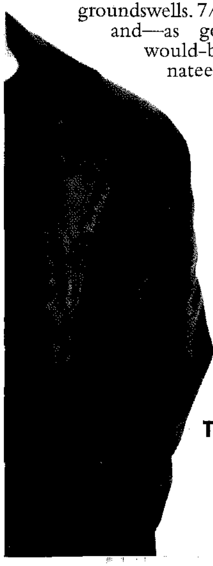
Talent

Blow, Maceo!

Horn heavyweight Maceo Parker—jabbing, riffing sax man to James Brown and George Clinton—brings his staccato funk to Irving Plaza, July 22–23.

Talent

Bubblegum Punk



Meet Ash (Irving Plaza, July 17) and just *try* not to love them. They're from Northern Ireland—a milieu that easily out-dismals Seattle but adds no apparent dourness to their music. They're post–Gen X—most members were 15 when Nirvana's *Nevermind* came out and, well, *born* the year the Sex Pistols arrived. Their *1977* is a spectacular collection of ominous atmospheres and ridiculously infectious singles, made by kids who know that the sound of a speeding *Star Wars* Tie Fighter (which begins the record) is as defining a sonic moment as the guitars that open *Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols.* One last flourish: They topped the British charts for six weeks with "Kung Fu," a love song to Jackie Chan movies. The definition of rock cool, circa now.

CHRIS NORRIS

11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 8/4, it's the Catskills in Central Park festival, celebrating comics from the fifties and sixties. Through 7/14: Dick Capri. 7/16–7/21: Malz Lawrence. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/16–7/21: Wessell Anderson Quartet. 7/22–7/28: Branford Marsalis Trio. 7/30–8/4: Lou Donaldson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Through 7/14: Norm McDonald. 7/15: New Talent Night. 7/16: New York Comedy Night. 7/17: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 7/18–7/21: John Pinette. 7/22: New Talent Night. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as a NYC apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. 9 p.m. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Sun. 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 7/12–7/13: Linda Smith; DC Benny; Dave Attell. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known as Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's "The State" and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/18–7/20: Gerry Red Wilson; Eddie Brill; Greg Carey. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—With each return engagement—this is his third—the smooth young romantic crooner Phillip Officer seems more at home in this distinguished and intimate venue. His current offering is a show titled "Going My Way," a tribute to *simpatico* noodler Bing Crosby. Through 7/27. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Performance

The Dark Down Under

Moody drones and ancient melodies wend eerily along in the sepulchral pop of Australia's Dead Can Dance, incanting July 17 at City Center Theater.

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Through 9/7, dancing on Saturday evenings from 8:30 to 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocks the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen has tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/20, Sam Harris and Laurie Beechman join forces for an evening of standards from Irving Berlin, Noël Coward, and the contemporary Broadway scene. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room**'s "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets. Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Bars

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

Beeckman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang elbows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in this raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool jukebox is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and John Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer and everything in between. Ask the regulars about the bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Bergen St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

J.J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. *Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).*

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pissed on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. *520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).*

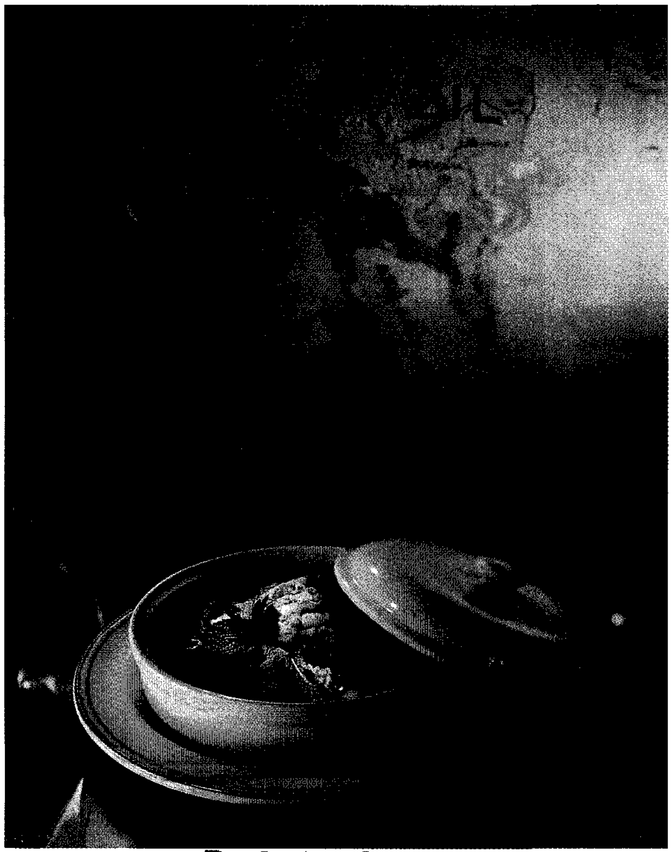
Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall–subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).*

Photograph by Linda Elvira Piedra.

restaurants

Soup Nuts . . . Water's Edge . . . Fruit Fright



Restaurant Post-Boom

Boom has gone the way of formerly stylish restaurants that make the successful transition to neighborhood-friendly—it's lost the doorman, dropped its prices, and gone bistro. Now, barbecued salmon with smoked tomato, greens and corn is a mere $15. (152 Spring Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl; regional specialties and a fabulous selection of vegetarian dishes make this a downtown destination. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

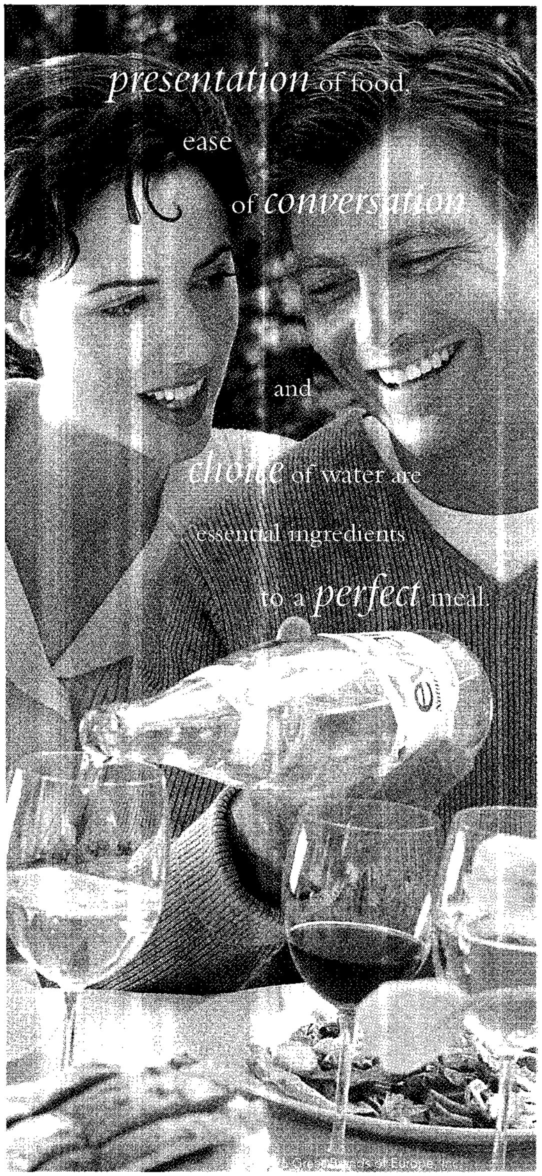
Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great

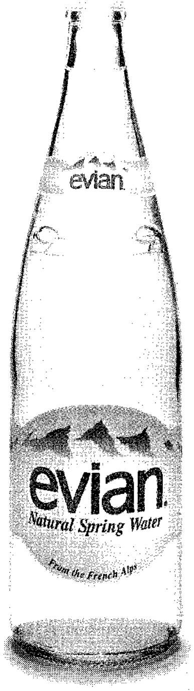
Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.





Martini's
810 Seventh Ave. (53rd St.)
212-767-1717

Iridium
44 W. 63rd St. (Bet. B'Way & Col.)
212-582-2121

Ferrier
29 E. 65th St. (Bet. Mad. & Park)
212-772-9000

Odeon
145 West Broadway (Thomas)
212-233-0507

Cafe Un Deux Trois
123 W. 44th St. (Bet. B'Way & 6th)
212-354-4148

Felix
340 West Broadway (Grant)
212-431-0021

Shopping

Fear of Fruit

The dietarily prudent may feel safe forgoing fugu, raw oysters, and other comparatively risky foods. But, as evidenced by the recent outbreak of cyclospora, that's still no guarantee that their digestive systems won't be ravaged by any number of microbial parasites. Even a food as benign as the long-stemmed strawberry isn't immune from implication in the rash of illness that's swept eleven states, afflicting 150 New Yorkers with nausea, cramps, fever, diarrhea, and fatigue. Press reports last month (so far inconclusively) linked out-of-state berries, like California's Driscoll—those picture-perfect specimens on the shelves at high-end markets—with the outbreak, though scientists have yet to find a single contaminated berry. (Last week, New Jersey authorities issued warnings about raspberries.)

If nothing else, the parasitic outbreak—fruit-transmitted or not—has provided fresh ammunition for local agriculture activists. Greenmarket special-events coordinator Joel Patraker believes that "the larger the farm"—referring to huge land parcels in California, where 80 percent of the nation's strawberries are grown—"the lower the quality is likely to be." Maury Rubin uses only Greenmarket berries for his City Bakery tarts, ominously calling the mini-epidemic "a really good example of what's bound to happen with the food supply." But Mike McGovern, the produce manager at Dean & DeLuca, stresses that just because berries are organic doesn't mean they won't have parasites. He advises anxious customers to wash the fruit in apple-cider vinegar or food-grade hydrogen peroxide, available at health-food stores. One unexpected bonus: Whoever's willing to ignore the bad press can find some great deals. Last week, the Vinegar Factory's Driscolls were selling for just 99 cents a pint—a quarter the cost of the organics. **ROBIN RAISFELD**

food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like baby clams in green-onion broth as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Ronnie Andren.

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The *real* specialty is the menu of 36 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. *Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this cavernous, casual crab hall is famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (312-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tiramí su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meltemi—This East Side Greek restaurant, cheerfully decorated in nautical colors with an Aegean mural, specializes in the kind of fresh charcoal-grilled whole fish that needs little more seasoning than olive oil, lemon juice, and herbs. *905 First Ave., at 51st St. (355-4040). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

BISTRO

in the 1891 Landmark Building,

Capsouto Frères – French contemporary cuisine, Tuesday-Friday lunch, Saturday-Sunday brunch, nightly dinner.

Capsouto Frères

451 Washington Street
New York, NY 212-966-4900

Available for parties.

AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

© 1996 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

"If you can't get to Long Island this Summer – Let Long Island come to you"

Langan's Restaurant NY

in association with

Gristina Vineyards

is offering a unique

***Summer Weekend Special**
July 5th ~ September 2nd '96
Friday~Monday 4pm~Midnight daily.

This offer includes:

* **3 Course Prix Fixé Dinner**
(3 Appetizers, 8 Entrées, 3 Desserts)

* **3 Selections Of All The Gristina Wines You Can Drink**
(1994 Chardonnay, 1992 Cabernet Sauvignon and 1994 Rose of Cabernet Sauvignon)

* **Only $25.95 Per Person****

Treat yourself and the family to a weekend getaway this Summer at Langan's NY., where you'll enjoy great food accompanied by superb wine.

Langan's NY
150 West 47th St
212.869.5482

Gristina Vineyards
Main Road, Cuthogue NY
516.734.7114

We Welcome The American Express® Card

AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

** Not available in conjunction with any other promotion or discount.*
*** Price does not include tax and gratuity charges.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and John Schenk's Mediterranean-influenced American menu, with offerings like braised moulard-duck leg and mustard-crusted rack of lamb, propels the kitchen directly (and deliciously) into the twenty-first century. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Paparazzi—Informal Italian restaurant offering family-style dining. Separate rooms for smokers and non-smokers. *964 Second Ave., at 51st St. (759-7676). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Emporium Brazil—Located in the heart of Manhattan's Little Rio, this casual lunchtime restaurant

---

Trend

Paying the Price for Soup

For years, Al Yeganeh, the dour soup man of West 55th Street—whose unusual interpretation of his role as a member of the service industry earned him a *Seinfeld* satire as the Soup Nazi—has ruled his soupdom virtually unchallenged. Now, sensing an uncrowded niche (even emptier since Yeganeh took off for the summer), and encouraged by Yeganeh's must-see-tourist-attraction status, a new generation of soup men has emerged. Borrowing his formula of offering exotic multicultural soups and rendering exorbitant prices slightly more plausible by including extras like bread and fruit, the upstarts have tried to distinguish themselves with shockingly friendly service. Still, Yeganeh's influence is visible everywhere, most distinctly, perhaps, at the brand new Soup Nutsy (right), whose name was ostensibly chosen, an owner dares to claim, because "we're nuts about soup." Compare for yourself. **ROB PATRONITE**

	SOUP KITCHEN INTERNATIONAL 259A WEST 55TH STREET	DAILY SOUP 21 EAST 41ST STREET	SOUP NUTSY 148 EAST 46TH STREET
Repertoire	200 soups; 12 to 16 daily	450 soups; 10 to 14 daily	75 soups; 12 to 14 daily
Price range	$6 (12 oz.) to $13 (32 oz.)	$4.95 (12 oz.) to $13.95 (32 oz.)	$5 (12 oz.) to $17 (32 oz.)
Chef	Al Yeganeh, who refused to sign six-figure cookbook deal because he didn't like the title, *Not Soup for You*	Leslie Kaul, who trained at Lespinasse and cooked at Gramercy Tavern, though "earthy food" is her passion	Gilbert Le Liboux, formerly of Hotel Crillon (Paris) and Nanou
Décor	Literally soup-kitchen: goods dispensed from counter adjacent to sidewalk, Depression-era-style	Minimalist chic: slick graphics, stylized food displays, artsy black-and-white photos of soup eaters	Step down into vestibule with view of spacious industrial kitchen; takeout only
Service	Instantaneous: pay at right, move to left; you have exactly seven seconds to complete transaction	High-tech: has its own Website (www.dailysoup.com); will fax or e-mail daily menu; free delivery	Free delivery; will fax daily menu; unlike Yeganeh, offers "no antics"
Amenities	Tom Cat Bakery bread, fruit, mints—all providing you abide by rules	Bread baked by Orwasher's, TriBakery, Di Palma, La Boulangère; fruit; home-made cookies	Bread baked by La Boulangère, Voilà; fruit; Fresh Nap moist towelette

Photograph by Andrew Goldberg.

serves Brazilian food like Bahian shrimp stew in a bread bowl, and a smattering of Italian and American entrées for the timid. The mood is midtown tropical, with bossa nova on the sound system and fans overhead. *15 W. 46th St. (764-4646). (I) TM.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

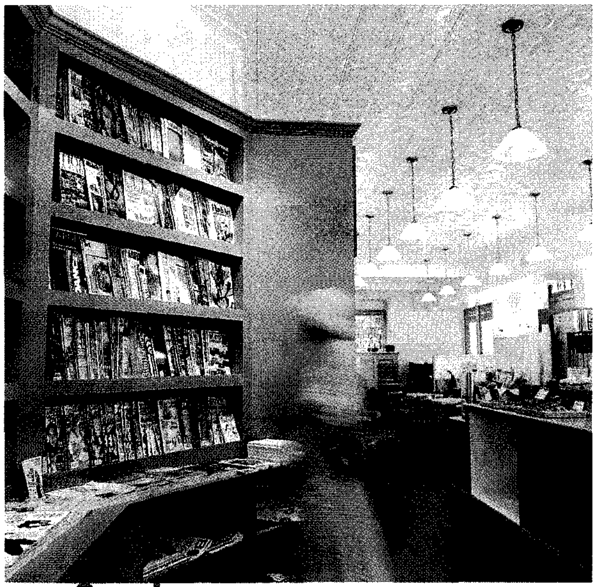
Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Opening
Very General Store

All that's missing at V.F. News—Eli Zabar's sweetly old-fashioned café–newsstand–dry-goods emporium, which stocks such disparate indispensables as Elmer's glue, 'Foreign Affairs,' and imported cigars—is a porch. The array of fresh doughnuts and sandwiches is from Vinegar Factory, right across the street. (1745 York Avenue, at 91st Street.)

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

4th Annual
Down East
Clambake
and
Lobsterfest!

Every night
from 5 to 11 pm
through Sept. 7th

1 1/4 lb. Lobster
Steamed Clams and Mussels
With Boiled Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Corn Bread and Coleslaw
and for dessert
New York Cheesecake
All for $24.95

American Festival Cafe
proudly accepts the
American Express® Card

Don't leave home without it®

American Festival Cafe
at Rockefeller Plaza
20 West 50th Street, Concourse Level
For reservations:
(212) 332-7620
7 hours free parking
at Rockefeller Center® Garage after 5 pm

B	L	A	C	K	E	Y	E	D	■	S	U	S	A	N
I	■	L	■	E	■	O	■	I	■	T	■	T	■	O
P	E	R	P	E	T	U	A	L	M	O	T	I	O	N
E	■	E	■	P	■	R	■	A	■	N	■	P	■	P
D	O	W	N	■	■	■	E	P	H	E	M	E	R	A
■	■	A	■	S	■	G	■	I	■	F	■	N	■	R
D	U	S	T	C	L	O	U	D	■	R	O	D	E	O
E	■	■	■	R	■	O	■	A	■	U	■	■	■	U
V	O	I	C	E	■	S	E	T	P	I	E	C	E	S
A	■	N	■	W	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	■
S	A	V	E	L	I	F	E	■	■	■	H	E	A	D
T	■	A	■	O	■	L	■	P	■	F	■	A	■	O
A	N	D	G	O	N	E	T	O	M	O	R	R	O	W
T	■	E	■	S	■	S	■	O	■	O	■	E	■	R
E	E	R	I	E	■	H	E	R	E	T	O	D	A	Y

A	S	H	E	■	F	M	S	■	I	M	P	O	S	T	S	■	C	A	K	E
S	T	A	R	T	R	E	K	■	R	E	A	D	O	U	T	■	O	R	E	O
K	Y	L	E	R	O	T	E	■	E	L	L	E	N	B	U	R	S	T	Y	N
E	L	L	■	A	S	S	E	T	■	I	O	T	A	■	D	E	M	■	■	■
D	E	S	I	S	T	■	T	O	T	S	■	S	R	I	■	G	O	W	E	R
■	■	■	A	H	S	O	■	K	I	S	S	■	■	C	P	A	■	I	V	E
L	E	T	M	E	■	Z	O	E	C	A	L	D	W	E	L	L	■	L	A	P
A	D	O	■	D	R	O	W	N	S	■	A	R	O	M	A	■	A	L	D	O
R	I	M	S	■	I	N	N	■	■	■	N	O	W	A	Y	■	L	I	E	S
D	E	S	P	I	T	E	■	D	E	A	D	M	E	N	■	B	L	A	D	E
■	■	M	A	K	E	■	R	E	X	R	E	E	D	■	P	R	O	M	■	■
A	D	O	R	E	■	D	E	N	I	E	R	S	■	C	L	O	T	H	E	D
B	E	T	E	■	S	O	B	I	G	■	■	■	A	L	A	■	S	U	M	O
R	A	H	S	■	N	O	I	R	E	■	I	G	U	A	N	A	■	R	I	P
O	R	E	■	G	O	R	D	O	N	P	A	R	K	S	■	B	E	T	T	E
A	I	R	■	A	B	E	■	■	T	A	T	E	■	H	A	S	A	■	■	■
D	E	S	K	S	■	D	D	S	■	S	E	T	H	■	M	O	R	A	S	S
■	■	■	O	P	E	■	A	C	E	S	■	A	U	G	U	R	■	B	O	A
W	E	S	L	E	Y	S	N	I	P	E	S	■	L	E	S	B	R	O	W	N
A	N	K	A	■	R	E	E	F	E	R	S	■	O	N	E	S	I	D	E	D
R	A	Y	S	■	E	A	S	I	E	S	T	■	T	E	D	■	B	E	D	S

NEW YORK

READER SERVICES

MOVING?

Please give us four to six weeks' notice of a change of address. Please check the appropriate box.
Even if you have notified the post office about your change of address, please fill out and mail this form to us to ensure accurate delivery of your magazine.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OR RENEWAL?

Fifty issues of *New York*, only $42.00.
Please check the appropriate box.

UNLISTING SERVICE?

New York Magazine makes available to other quality publications and carefully screened companies the names of its subscribers. If, however, you do not wish to have your name made available, please check the appropriate box.

☐ New subscription.
☐ Renewal.
☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Bill me later.
☐ Change of address: Please note new address.
☐ Please do not make my name and address available to other publications or companies.

NAME

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Attach mailing label here and send to:
NEW YORK MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 54661
BOULDER, COLORADO 80322-4661

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under $10. *201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

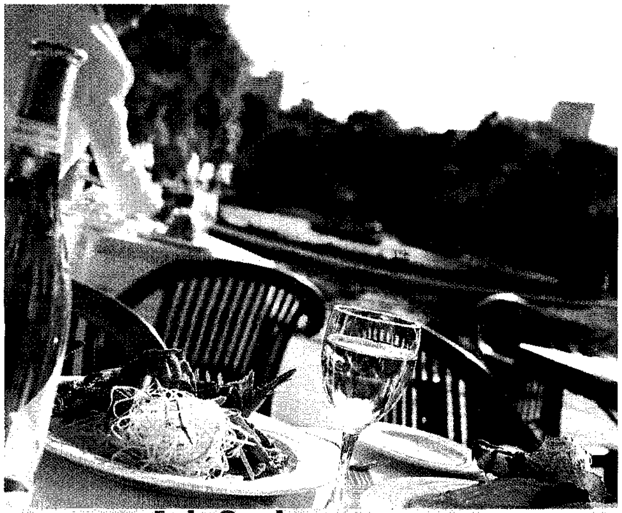
Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Ask Gael
Lakefront Property

Where can I find a feel of the countryside?

Claim a table shaded by a flowery umbrella on the deck of The Boathouse Cafe and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. Agreed, the kitchen is not quite up to the menu's ambition. Ask for the Cobb salad with half the usual dressing, iced tea, and berries. Listen to live jazz Monday through Wednesday. It may be a dog-eat-dog city, but here you're basking out of time. (Park Drive North and 72nd Street.)

Photograph by Gilbert & Wright.

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. *1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mark Stevens *continued from page 54*

William Morris" illustrates the English visionary's many sides—as a writer, printer, book designer, conservationist, and political activist. "Josef Frank, Architect and Designer: An Alternative Vision of the Modern Home," at the Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts (which is located in Manhattan rather than at the college upstate), is a particularly useful addition to the contemporary discourse on architecture and design. Not only is this Austrian architect and designer too little known, but he represents what the show's organizers have called an "alternative modernism": His swirling shapes and whimsy have little in common with, say, the ascetic geometries of Mies van der Rohe. His work should especially interest postmodernists looking for a past.

DEATH AND MOURNING ARE A FORM OF EXILE. The emotions aroused by death often cannot settle; they require an object—a symbolic home—if they are to find peaceful resolution. At the Research Institute for the Study of Man, located at 162 East 78th Street, InterAmericas is showing a powerful work called *The Book of Mechtilde.*

ART

Created by a Jewish-Jamaican artist named Anna Ruth Henriques, who is in her late twenties and now lives in Tokyo, this dense, rich, and loving book is a memorial to—and a kind of visual lamentation for—the artist's mother, who died young of cancer in 1978.

Based on the Book of Job, which tells the story of a virtuous man punished by misfortune, *Mechtilde* is a modern illuminated manuscript, an idiosyncratic but holy work of devotion that depends upon the interwoven traditions of the Caribbean—Christian and Jewish, white and black, European and American. At its center are 40 strong and evocative painted images about the life of the artist's mother. The artist has encircled each image with Job's unstoppable lamentations; the golden calligraphy goes round and round. And beyond that is still more ornamentation, as if the mourning artist could not abide the eternal silence of white space.

Henriques is a sophisticated artist, but her paintings have the aura of the best folk painting; that is, they have a high visual intelligence, are not oversweet, and are too serious (or spiritual) to brag of schoolish know-how. In one image—a radiant seascape—she shows Mechtilde floating in what appears to be a fishing boat, her three daughters watching from shore. She has also included pages of prose and poetry as offerings to her mother's life, identifying Mechtilde with the history of Jamaica as well as with Job. Everything is insistently handmade, and, of course, touch is vital when the subject is death. A handmade book can close like a coffin, and open like a resurrection. ■

the mix

Olympic Women..."Two Dogs Meet"

Radio Highlights

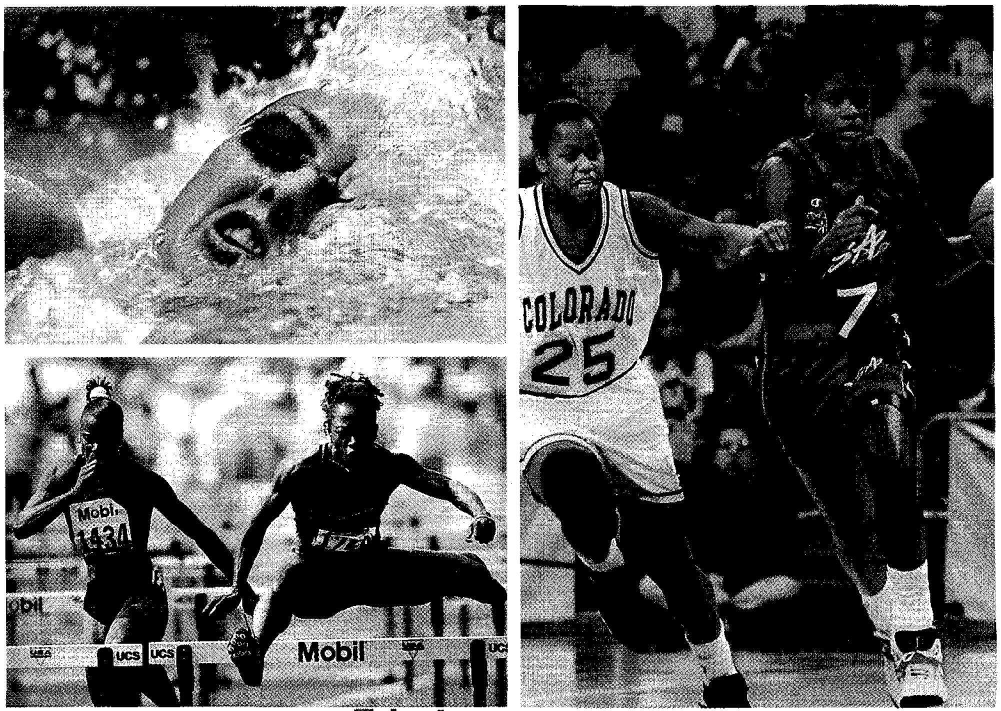
Symphony Hall—7/16: Schubert's Overture in C "in the Italian Style" and Brahms's Violin Concerto in D, Opus 77. 7/17: Schumann's *Hermann and Dorothea* Overture and Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C, "Jupiter." 7/18: Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, Opus 62, and Dvořák's Symphony No. 4 in d, Opus 13. 7/19: Rosetti's Symphony in E flat and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 in G, Opus 58. 7/22: Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C, Opus 21, and Falla's *The Three Cornered Hat: Four Dances.* 7/23: Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 25 in C, K. 503, and Gould's *Spirituals for Orchestra*. 7/24: Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Opus 83. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Breakfast at Random House—7/21 at 12:30 P.M.: "Whither Goes the Novel." Discussed by John Gregory Dunne, Bret Easton Ellis, Tama Janowitz, Kurt Vonnegut, and George Plimpton. WNYC, 820 AM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/20 at 1: Wagner's *Schwarzschwanenreich.* With Beth Johanning, Walter Raffeiner, Kerstin Quandt, and Andre Wenhold. Konrad Bach conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/16: David Mixner on *Stranger Among Friends*; Brad Gooch talks about his novel *The Golden Age of Promiscuity*; Christopher Andersen discusses the portrait of an American marriage in *Jack and Jackie*. 7/18: *National Review* senior editor Rick Brookhiser takes on the world at large; dentist Dr. Robert Weller looks into your teeth. 7/23: A. E. Hotchner talks about his new novel, *Louisiana Purchase*. 7/24: Dr. Alan Cooper discusses *Philip Roth and the Jews*. Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

New Sounds—7/18: Sami singer and ensemble leader Mari Boine performs traditional and original music from northern Scandinavia. 7/19: Soundtracks from Greece, India, Egypt, Tunisia. Works by Eleni Karaindrou, R. D. Burman, M. A. Wahab and Anouar Brahem. At 11 P.M. WNYC, 820 AM. John Schaefer hosts.



Talent Boxed Out

At the first official intercollegiate women's basketball game (1896, Stanford vs. Berkeley), no male spectators or officials were allowed, and the final score was 2–1. Thanks to players like Sheryl Swoopes (above, right) and her Dream Teammates, the sport is now hot enough that the 1997 final four NCAA games are sold out—but you wouldn't know it to see NBC's (glaringly retrograde) Olympics lineup: Only the gold-medal game is slated for prime time. Expect plenty of Janet Evans (upper left) and Gail Devers (lower left), though; both swimming and track are among the summer games' "big six" sports.

The Written Word

Valerie Steele—7/17 at 7: The cultural historian reads from *Fetish: Fashion, Sex and Power.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

James Gifford—7/18 at 7: Reads from *Dayneford's Library: American Homosexual Writing, 1900–1913.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

***Open City* Reading**—7/17 at 7:30: A reading featuring contributors (David Berman, Michael Browstein, Heather Chase) to the literary magazine's latest issue. Greene/Naftali Gallery, 526 W. 26th St., eighth floor; $3.

Readings at KGB—7/17: Marion Winik (*First Comes Love*) and Karin Cook (*What Girls Learn*). 7/24: David Sedaris and Dale Peck (both reading from works-in-progress). Kraine Gallery Bar, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free. All readings are at 7 P.M.

Coffee Will Make You Black—7/21 at 1: S.A.L. (Social Activities for Lesbians) book group meets to discuss this book by April Sinclair. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Tours

Newport and Block Island, Rhode Island—7/19 at 9 A.M. until 7/21 at 8 P.M.: Spend a weekend on New England's "gold coast." Visit Newport's glorious nineteenth-century mansions, including Hammersmith Farmers and The Breakers, and the United States's oldest synagogue, the Touro Synagogue. Ferry to rustic Block Island, known for its natural beauty and refreshing summer breezes, to tour and explore its eleven square miles. Stay at the elegant Hotel Viking throughout the weekend. Call the 92nd Street Y at 996-1100 for further information. Price: $399 (includes double-occupancy accommodations, two performances, guided tours, and admissions).

Manhattan by Sea—7/17 at 7 P.M.: Catch the summer breezes, and be a tourist in New York. Take part in one of the city's most delightful summer traditions aboard a chartered Circle Liner as it cruises from the West 42nd Street Pier, down the Hudson River, around Lower Manhattan, and up the East River to Gracie Mansion. Commentary on Manhattan's magnificent waterfront and skyline will be provided by architectural historian Andrew Dolkart. Listen to the jazz and swing stylings of the Pete Beller Quintet. Nonmembers $45, members and students $35, children $15. Call the National Design Museum at 860-6321 to register.

Immigrant New York—7/17, 7/20, and 7/24 at 1: A multiethnic walking tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Ellis Island—7/21 at noon: A guided tour of

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

the Ellis Island museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience, including a talk on the history of American immigration. Call 439-1090 for further information; $15, $13 students and seniors (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

From the Edge of the Wilderness to the Cutting Edge of Finance—7/21 at 1: Old New Amsterdam—a frontier town where people of the world came to buy low and sell high. The financial district boasts many of Manhattan's most historic sites. Meet at Trinity Church, Broadway and Wall St. Call Joyce Gold at 242-5762 for more information. $12.

Greenwich Village—7/19 and 7/21 at 1: A walking tour of New York's legendary home to artists, writers and radicals, with a special emphasis on the history and architecture of the area. Stops will include: the Jefferson Market Courthouse, Washington Square Park's "Hanging Elm," and St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel. Call 439-1090 for further information; $9, $7 students and seniors.

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 517-0201 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

Exhibitions

The New American Ghetto—7/12 to 9/20: America's urban communities, in their decline and their renovation, are the subject of a photographic and video installation on display at the Municipal Art Society's Urban Centre Galleries. The 140 color photographs form a chronicle of photographer and sociologist Camilo Jose Vergara's twenty-year journey around America documenting its ghettoes. Gallery hours are 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Municipal's Art Society's Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

The 1996 Atlanta Olympics—NBC's family-oriented programming—an acknowledgment of the preferences of female viewers, mostly—proved such a ratings success at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics that the network is repeating the strategy this time around. Expect loads of the "big six" sports in prime time, regardless of the actual time the events took place: swimming, gymnastics, diving, track and field, volleyball, and basketball. Better make that *men's* basketball (see page 86). If you're into archery, badminton, fencing, team handball, field hockey, judo, the modern pentathlon, shooting, table tennis, or softball, you're out of luck: NBC has no plans to devote any of its 170-plus hours of coverage to those events. And soccer fans get to see only the final, on 8/3, during the late-night segment. 7/19–8/4 on NBC.

Yankees—At Boston Mon.–Wed., 7/15–7/17, at 7:05. (Mon. and Tues. on Ch. 11.) At Milwaukee 7/18–7/20. Thurs. and Fri. at 8:05 (Ch. 11). Sat. at 1:05 (Fox). Sun. at 2:05 (Ch. 11). Vs. Texas 7/22–7/24. Mon. and Tues. at 7:35. Wed. at 1:05. All games on MSG unless noted. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—Vs. Philadelphia 7/15–7/17. Mon. and Tues. at 7:40 (SC). Wed. at 1:40. Vs. Montreal 7/18–7/21. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:40. Sat. at 7:05 (SC). Sun. at 1:40. All games on Ch. 9 unless noted. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

MetroStars—At the L.A. Galaxy Sun. 7/21, at 7:30. On MSG.

Doral Arrowwood New York Summer League—At Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island, 7/17–7/20. Tickets $11 at the County Center, $10 at the Coliseum. Call 307-7171 for ticket and schedule info.

The Entertainer's Basketball Classic—Holcombe Rucker Park, 155th St. at Eighth Ave. Mon.–Thurs. at 6 P.M. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Call 246-6299 for more info. Through 8/13.

The Pro Am Basketball Tournament—At the Corona Louis Armstrong Center, 108th and Northern Blvd., Queens, and at Riverbank State Park, 145th St. and Riverside Dr. Mon. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 through 8/5.

The West 4th Street Basketball Tournament—W. 4th St. and Sixth Ave. Mon.–Fri. at 6. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 8/13.

The Nike Pro-Am—Hunter College, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. Through 8/18. Tues. and Thurs. at 6:30 and 8:30. Call 505-9494 for more info.

New York Road Runners Club—New York City Marathon Buildup Clinic, Wed., 7/17, at 6:30 P.M. at P.S. 6, 81st St. and Madison Ave. The Club Team Championship/Not the Club Team Championship, Sun., 7/21, at 8:30 and 9:30 P.M., respectively. Central Park, East Dr. near 97th St. For more info, call NYRRC at 860-4455 (e-mail membership@nyrrc.org).

Inner-City Games Competition—An inner-city-youth-oriented "mini-Olympics" created in L.A. in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict, and subsequently adopted by Ahnuld when Conan the Republican was George Bush's fitness kaiser. Sat., 7/20, to Tues., 7/23. All day. Call 788-8389 for more info.

USTA Tennis Caravan—The Tennis Caravan is a joint project between the United States Tennis Association and the City Parks Foundation's Youth Tennis program. Teaching pros from the National Tennis Center, with equipment, will travel to more than 30 city parks and schools throughout the five boroughs to conduct clinics for youths ages 6–18. Mon., 7/15, at Kaiser Playground at 9:30 A.M. and Flushing Meadows at 1:30 P.M. Tues., 7/16, at P.S. 189 at 9:30 A.M. and Highland Park at 1:30 P.M. Wed., 7/17, at Silver Lake Park at 9:30 A.M. and Willowbrook Park at 1:30 P.M. Thurs., 7/18. at Alley Pond Park at 9:30 A.M. and the Bronx Tennis Center at 1:30 P.M. Call the National Tennis Center (718-760-6200) for future dates and more info.

Online

Romance Novelist—Anita Richmond Bunkley discusses her books *Black Gold, Wild Embers,* and *Starlight Passage*. On CompuServe in the Afro-American Culture Forum: 7/15 at 10 P.M.

Abductees—Authors Beth Collings and Anna Jamerson present evidence of their own families' abduction by aliens. On CompuServe in the UFO Forum: 7/16 at 9 P.M.

Slick Rick Style—Hip-hop in cyberspace with Kwest Tha Mad Lad. Kwest is a return to the old-school style of rapping, bringing in lots of humor and testosterone. His new album, *This Is My First Album,* is out now. On Prodigy in the SonicNet Music area: 7/16 at 7:30 P.M.

Buzz Aldrin—Buzz and Neil Armstrong made their historic Apollo XI moon walk almost 30 years ago. Find out what he's been up to since then. On America Online: 7/16 at 10 P.M.

Don Nickles (R-Okla.)—The new Senate majority whip will discuss the post-Dole Senate and other issues. On America Online: 7/17 at 7 P.M.

"Ask Nancy"—Join Strictly Personals director Nancy Fedder for a chat in the *New York* Forum about staying sane as a single person in the city. On CompuServe, *go* NYTALK: 7/17 at 9 P.M.

Dollars and Sense—Join Beth Kobliner, financial journalist with *Money* magazine and author of *Get a Financial Life: Personal Finance in Your Twenties and Thirties*, her first book, for some help balancing your checkbook, etc. On America Online in the Real Life area: 7/17 at 11 P.M.

Olympic Athlete Dennis Mitchell—Chat with sprinter Dennis Mitchell about the experience of trying out for and competing in the Olympics. On Microsoft Network in the Kids Forum: 7/18 at 8 P.M.

Combating Domestic Violence—The American Bar Association recently teamed up with Disney to produce a cautionary video about the effect of domestic violence on children: *It's Not OK: Let's Talk About Domestic Violence.* Join Roberta Cooper Ramo, president of the A.B.A., to talk about the video and the Bar Association's involvement in this project. On Prodigy: 7/18 at 8 P.M.

Behind the Scenes With *Consumer Reports*—Editorial director Joel Gurin and assistant managing editor Alex Markovich discuss *Consumer Reports* product testing on CompuServe: 7/18 at 9 P.M.

Phenomenon—Spiritualist James Van Praagh is a survival-evidence medium, meaning that he, much like Whoopi Goldberg's character in the movie *Ghost*, claims to be able to bridge the gap between two planes of existence: that of the living and that of the dead. Trying to get in touch with someone beyond the grave? Chat with James on Prodigy: 7/18 at 9 P.M.

Kurt Andersen—*New York*'s editor-in-chief on Prodigy in Pseudo Chat's Hot Seat Auditorium: 7/18 at 10 P.M.

Sur la Plage With Cousteau—Diver and environmentalist Jean-Michel Cousteau discusses his Eco-Resort on the South Pacific Island of Fiji. On CompuServe: 7/20 at 9 P.M.

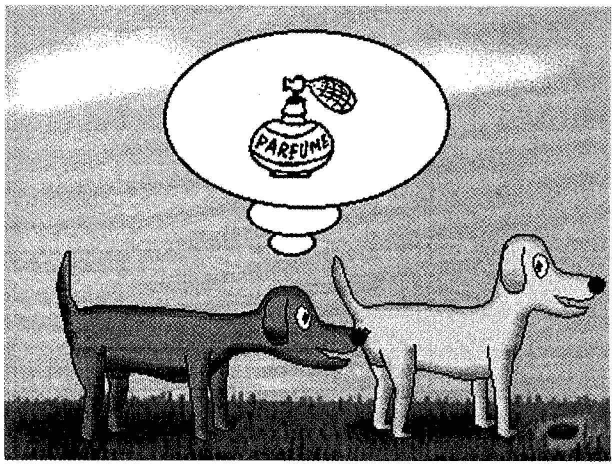
Web Designing Woman—Jennifer Niederst, author of *Designing for the Web: Getting Started in a New Medium*, discusses creating your first Web page. On CompuServe: 7/21 at 9 P.M.

Tony Curtis—Foppish fifties Hollywood icon and father of Jamie Lee chats away about his life in pictures. On Prodigy: 7/22 at 9 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

Online Clicks Are for Kids

Sniff out what happens when you download the whimsical "Two Dogs Meet" Clikamajig created by New York artist Rodney Alan Greenblat (of Dazzeloids fame). In the Nickelodeon Online area of America Online, keyword: NICK.



kids

Brooklyn Fishing...Bronx Safari

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

No Strings—Dragons, sprites, villagers, and heroes come to life, manipulated by puppeteers who are hidden behind screens, beneath a red-and-gold pagoda. (See photo caption.) The Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre from Hanoi gives eleven performances, accompanied by musicians playing traditional folk instruments, as part of Lincoln Center Festival 96. 7/22 at 8:30 and 7/23 through 7/27 at 6:30 and 9. **Lincoln Center's** Damrosch Park, 63rd St. and Columbus Ave. (875-5108).

Creating an Impression—Kids ages 5 to 12 can make their own prints, drawing on the current exhibition *Thinking Print: Books to Billboards 1980–95* for inspiration. Printmaking sessions are repeated 7/18, 7/23, 7/30, and 8/6 from 2 to 4. Workshops are free with museum admission on a first-come, first-served basis. Sign in at 1:45 at the Edward John Noble Education Center on the main floor. For further information, call 708-9795. **Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). Free with $8.50 admission, $5.50 for seniors and for children 16 and under.

Flotsam and Jetsam—A set of eight-foot prehistoric shark jaws are among the neat ephemera traveling around the country in the largest-ever moving museum show—part of the Smithsonian's 150th-anniversary celebration. Through 7/24. **New York Coliseum,** 59th St. and Broadway. Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis every morning. It's also possible to reserve tickets by calling 1-800-913-8687; telephone orders carry a service fee of $3.50 per ticket. ●

Gone Fishin'—Macy's Fishing Contest, which hasn't changed much—except for its sponsor—in 50 years, is at the north end of Prospect Lake in Brooklyn's **Prospect Park,** near Wollman Rink. Rods, advice, and biscuit-dough bait will be given out to contestants—who should be under 16. (Groups of five or more should register in advance by calling 718-287-3400.) 7/16–7/20, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Call 718-965-8954 for further details. ● ●

Cue

Kate O'Hara
Editor

Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

Alexandra Lange
In Concert

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants & Bars

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

"The Color of Justice"—**Theatreworks** premieres a new play about the landmark civil-rights case *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* in which a girl named Linda from Topeka, Kansas, helped change the lives of schoolchildren all over America. Recommended for children 10 and older; children under 6 will not be admitted. Free tickets are available at the box office the day of the performance. Through 7/31, Mon. through Fri. at 11 and 2 and Sat. at 11 A.M. No performances on Sundays. **The New Victory Theater,** 209 W. 42nd St. (642-6754).●

Deep Sleep—Sign up early for a family sleepover at the **New York Aquarium,** where flashlight tours shed light on whether sharks ever sleep and what belugas do at bedtime, and offer opportunities to feed coral-reef fish. Meals, snacks, T-shirts for fish printing, and other materials are provided with the fee. Just bring your pajamas and toothbrush. Boardwalk at West 8th St. (718-265-3400). 8/23 from 6 P.M. to 9 the next morning. $82.50 for one adult and child; $35 for each additional person.

Laughing Matter—Kids ages 8 to 16 who like to make people chuckle are invited to perform as stand-up comics—for 3 to 5 minutes each. The only catch is that every performer needs to bring four guests willing to sit in the audience. (The BBC will be filming the event.) 7/21 at 1. The **Knitting Factory,** 74 Leonard St. (877-6115). Registration is required. Regular tickets are $7.●

Happening

Otherworldly

A tradition that developed in the paddies of Vietnam some 900 years ago is brought to Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park when the Thang Long Water Puppets—dragons, heroes, and villagers—perform feats of derring-do over shimmering water. July 22 through 27, at 6:30 and 9 (8:30 on opening night); Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park (721-6500); $20.

Dark Continent—At the **Bronx Zoo's** weeklong "African Encounter," wildlife keepers will talk with visitors about their day-to-day encounters with lions, giraffes, okapi, zebras, and cheetahs. Kids can get their faces painted and join in hectic drumming and dancing. 185th St. and Southern Blvd (718-220-5197).12 7/20 to 7/28 from 11:30 to 4:30.

Check Mates—Kids can join in weekly chess tournaments in **Bryant Park** at 11 on Sats. through September. There is a $5 registration fee for each tournament. Also in the park *every* day of the week: games of backgammon, checkers, dominoes, go, and Scrabble, all for $2 a half-hour, with free lessons for children. Little kids can also sail sailboats in the not-so-very-large fountain for $1 a half-hour. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (302-5874).

Pass It On—Malika Lee Whitney leads a series of free workshops where kids and older people join in storytelling activities—including oral-history exchanges, reading groups, and spoken-word competitions. Participating children should be between the ages of 8 and 12. Tuesdays and Thursdays 10 to 12:30; 7/16 through 8/15. The **Charles A. Dana Discovery Center,** Central Park at 110th St. nr Fifth Ave. Call 772-0210 to register. ●

Outsider Art—Explora-A: The Art of the Family, is a series of free family workshops sponsored by the Central Park Conservancy and El Museo del Barrio. This week kids ages 6 to 12 sketch **Central Park's** public gardens, 7/20 from 11 to 1. Call 831-7272, ext. 13, to register.●

Kids on Stage—Children star in two performances at **TADA!,** a theatre ensemble whose productions are consistently polished and lively. *Maggie and the Pirate* is a musical involving a mischievous new kid in the neighborhood. *Skates,* a dance piece, features several humanoid dogs and cats. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at noon and 2, Saturdays at 1 and 3, Sundays (7/21 and 8/18) at 1 and 3. 7/20 to 8/18. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). $6 for children; $12 for adults.

Backbone—**The American Museum of Natura History** has recently added a renovated and reorganized Hall of Vertebrate Origins and Orientation Center. The six halls, with the largest and most varied group of vertebrate fossils found anywhere in the world, tell the story of vertebrate evolution. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5800); $7, $5 for students and seniors, $4 for children 12 and under.

Photograph by David M. Allen

Travel

Summer Rentals

Barnard/Woodstock, VT - Lookout Farm Ouiet, private, secluded mt-top home. Spectacular views, fully & very comfortably furnished, on 400 acres. Large swim/trout pond. 4 BRs, 3 bths, 3 fireplaces, all appl...more. Rustic mt-top cabin included. Minutes to shops & golf. Walk to Appalachian Trail. $300/day; $1700/wk; also monthly....... **802-425-3515**

Connecticut, Washington (Litchfield) Fab furn contemp. Vus, river, priv, walk to town. 3BRs, 2 1/2 bths, pool, sauna, fplc, a/c, Jacuzzi. Summer mnths. **212-475-6648.**

Hunter Mt. Chalet— 4 BRs, 2 bths, deck, swim/golf/tennis. 7/1-9/31 or mnthly. **516-627-1472, lve mssg.**

Lonelyville, Fire Isl—Priv bayfront, 3-BR, 2-bth, 2 decks, ideal for family or 2 couples. Seas/mo/wk avail thru late Sept. Owner flexible: **516-281-3905** No A&B

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND
Linda Bassett's Vacation Rentals
1-800-338-1855 Call 9-9, 7 days. 800 listings - all sizes, prices, locations.

VERMONT (Mt. Holly)—Great views from big log house on 21 acres. Canoe on wilderness lake or ski (bike) Okemo or Killington, from $575/week. **212-777-0515**

Summer Shares

Need a Vaca? Spend a Week in Hamptons Friends & families welcome. Pool, tennis, b-ball, hot tub, billiards. Close to beach. Call for low $$: **212-744-4080**

HEALTH SPAS

TRANSFORM YOUR LIFE
10 lb/5 day - Vacation With A Purpose. On Ocean - FREE BOOK - **908-775-7575**

To advertise in this section please call Chris Lutkin at:
212-545-3673

ACTION TRAVEL

Canoeing/Rafting/Camping—On the Delaware. Kittatinny Canoes: **800-FLOAT-KC**

Sea Kayaking On The Peconic Bay Free basic instruction. Prof'l Sea Kayaker on staff. Peconic Paddler: **516-369-9500**

SCHOOL

CES LANGUAGE STUDIES ABROAD
Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Mexico
CALL CES: **212-629-7300**

TRAVEL SERVICES

CATSKILL SHUTTLE - 800-607-2753
NYC to the Mts! Weekdays & Weekends! Cooperstown Special! Day Trips too!

BED & BREAKFAST New York

AS YOU LIKE IT B&B ASSOCIATION
Guests deserve the best... We have it! Apts & guestrms. **212-695-3404** Ax/MC/Vi

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

Manhattan B&B—$60-$90. Also private apartments. **800-747-0868; 212-977-3512**

Comfy/Cozy B&B—Furn studios, 1-BRs, 2-BRs, lofts. Short/long term. **212-213-8952**

Do You Have An Extra Bedroom? Earn extra money! Become a bed & bkfst host to international students. Manhattan only. Call Lorraine Haber: **212-629-7300**
CENTER FOR ENGLISH STUDIES

RESORT New York

Hamptons--Drake Motor Inn—Nr Ocean. Pool, A/C, Free Docking. **516-728-1592**

FIRE ISLAND - "FUN IN THE SUN"
Ocean Beach. Jerry's Rooms & Effcy Apts. Reserve now for Labor Day. Daily/wkly rentals. Daily maid svce. **516-583-8870**

TRAVEL
CALL CHRIS AT: 212-545-3673

Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

The Inn At Mystic

...15 acre hillside landscaped grounds overlooking Mystic Harbor and Long Island Sound.

•Award-winning full-service restaurant.

• Luxury as well as family accommodations.

Packages are available. Please call **1-800-237-2415**
or write P.O. Box 216, Mystic, CT 06355.

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our 232-yr-old, elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Beautiful rms, some w/ fplc/jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Antiquing/bike/hike! **203-542-5100**

NEW ENGLAND

KENNEBUNKPORT, ME—Come and stroll to the Maine Coast! Midweek Packages from $125/pp, incls 2 nights w/extras. Call **1-800-99-BEACH.** Enjoy casual country comfort at **Shorelands Guest Resort.**

BLOCK ISLAND, RI

BEACH HOUSE B&B
Our front yard IS Crescent Beach.
Relax to the sounds of the ocean! **800-419-3228**

NEW YORK

ESCAPES 2000 - HUNTER/WINDHAM NORTHERN CATSKILLS (1-800-590-2737)
Private mountain villas & luxury townhouses. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 BRs. Panoramic views. Fplc, candlelight & wine. Pvt deck. Hot tubs. Full kit, CCTV, VCR & CD. Lots to do! Hike, bike, golf, tennis, horses or just relax. Great restaurants & pubs. NYC just 2 1/2 hours.

MONTAUK - Shepherds Country Inn
Informal! Friendly! Large heated pool, tennis, putting green, pub/lounge. Free movies. Vacation special, 4 days/3 nights incl full bkfst & delicious dinners, from $195 pp dbl (arrive Wed or Sun). **516-668-2105**

SOUTHAMPTON VILLAGE LATCH INN
A Country House Hotel. Sophisticated, romantic, 40 rooms plus other Great Gatsby mansion buildings. Antiques to modern duplexes, suites, balconies, decks. On a magnificent 5-acre estate, yet right in town, near beach. From Frommer's to Fodor's, the #1 choice in over 50 Inn Books. Also, rent your own Villa for weddings, shoots, corporate and private groups.
Reservations: 1-800-54-LATCH

AMAGANSETT.......OCEAN VISTA RESORT
Beachfront studio effic. Indoor pool, sauna, CCTV, phones. AC/heat. Tennis, BBQ picnic area. Popular restaurants nrby. Special pkgs/grp rates. **516-267-3448**

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT........On Golden Pond
"The Lakehouse is wrapped in serenity & privacy. Country luxury: spectacular beds, fplcs & Jacuzzis for two." --NY Mag. **Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World.** Bkfst on your priv deck, watch deer play, a hammock in the woods & a rowboat on the lake. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. **914-266-8093**

HUNTER'S ONLY LUXURY HOTEL
Pools, tennis, Jacuzzi, sauna, deluxe suites. Family Fun Weekends: 8/2. Wine tastings: 7/20, 8/10 & 10/5. Couples retreat, art wknds, more. Featured NY Times. **Scribner Hollow Lodge, NY: 800-395-4683**

Amagansett, Hamptons . . . GANSETT GREEN MANOR
Exclusive hideaway cottages & suites set on 2 acres of beautifully landscaped gardens, enhanced by ponds, patios & picturesque views - all w/kitchens, priv bths & entrances. Walk to ocean, transportation & shopping. July/August/Wkly Specials! Pet-friendly. **516-267-3133**

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes. **Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369**

To advertise in this section please call Chris Lutkin at:
212-545-3673

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

For Women Who Want The Best
Certified Trainer - As Seen On Fox News. Call The Bodysmith Co. **212-249-1824**

Get The Body U Want—Certif trainer. Home/Our Gym. All Levels. **212-874-2595**

A 1-To-1 Fitness Cert Trainer. We Bring The Gym To Your Home... Exercise & Nutrition. Get The Body U Want. **663-1887**

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe Weight Loss. Home/Gym. **212-986-3569**

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. **212-604-9850**

Less Is More! High-Intensity Body Building. NASM/ACE cert. 16 yrs exp. Natural Competitive Body Builder. Midtown, Pvt Gym. $35/Session. Lou: **718-497-2965**

More Results/Less Effort! ACE Cert, Exercise Physiology. Sessions @ Home/ Free Gyms! Fitness Connection: **687-1646**

PHYSICAL FITNESS

Talk Live To Female Body Builders—& Wrestlers. **900-454-HARD Only $1.95/min.**

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

Aaah!—Highly Competitive, Charming Apts & Guest Room. Choice Locations. **212-246-4000 / 800-362-8585**

FURNISHED wkly/mnthly, all over town. Licensed, established, all credit cards.
OXBRIDGE **212-348-8100**
OXBRIDGE@worldnet.att.net

Home2—Furn Apts - Manhattan. Daily/Wkly/Mo. Bkr. **212-987-3491 / 800-203-7028**

Select Furn Apts—*Style/location/value.* Daily/weekly/monthly. **212-695-3404**

COUNTRY PROPERTY
For Sale

WINDHAM, NY Sales & Rentals...
Good Values At This Time.
Tom Sheridan: 518-734-4570/212-245-8606

HOUSE FOR SALE
Long Island

Southampton—Wonderful country private hideaway. Traditional. Walk to bay. 3 BRs, 3 1/2 bths, country kit, living room & den w/fplc & HWFs. 1 acre mature landscaping. Room for pool & tennis. By owner. $395K. **516-283-1232**

Point Lookout, By The Sea - Mins NYC South Shore Nassau. Beat the Hamptons traffic. Spectac oceanfront vus, unique 5-BR hse: LR/fplc, den, bsmt, gar, 3-story w/wrap deck. $695K. **Point Realty, Paul Gomez: 516-432-5777 24-A Lido Blvd.**

To advertise in
TOWN AND COUTRY PROPERTIES
call Chris Lutkin at **212-545-3673**
or fax **212-779-2449.**

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

CONSULTANT
ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS

***Your Personal Shopper for Board Certified Plastic Surgeons** to meet your needs and budget. I will help make this experience comfortable, pleasurable and exciting.*
For information, please call
Denise Thomas: 212-734-0233.

Skin Resurfacing For Wrinkles/Acne Scars w/Ultra Pulse CO2 Laser / Add'l Lasers for **Brown Spots/Tattoos**. Bd-Cert Dermatology Attend Columbia-Presby. E. Side. **Advances In Dermatology...980-9292**

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE
Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, using latest large-volume Tumescent Technique. Felix Shiffman, MD. Free Consult. **246-2960**

COUNSELING

THERAPY FOR WOMEN
Columbia U.-trained therapist.
Quality therapy at reasonable rates.
Relationships, eating disorders, family, self-esteem, work. Convenient location.
Flexible hours. **212-463-0558**

Skin Care & Body Treatment—By App't. Most Ins. Accepted. **212-586-2043**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Enjoy A Cool Bath & Revitalizing Massage. Soothing Enemas. Total Body Relaxation... Private **212-246-4276**

NJ Herbal Enemas—Cleanse/Rejuvenate Naturally. Call: **201-546-7714**

NJ Herbal Enemas—Cleanse/Rejuvenate Naturally. Call: **201-546-7714**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

BODY RENEWAL

Rare, Unique, Beautiful on E. 57th St.
Baths, Massages, Inner Cleansings.
Private Nurse. **212-695-0780**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

Shiatsu Studio—Swedish. Residential & Studio. **212-583-0140**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

Relax, Stress, Pain Relief—Swedish Aromatherapy. Reflex. Wax. **212-213-4114**

16 Yrs Exp. Lic./No Sex Calls—E. 60s. Stress/Strains. 7 days. Jeanie: **212-750-8947**

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-10pm. Emma Rush. By app't. **212-841-0946**

NY-Licensed—Massage Therapists. Sports, Swedish & Medical. **212-717-6959**

KOA HEALTH CLUB
1st Class Body Scrub/Sauna/Shiatsu
For Men/Women. Ft. Lee. **201-461-0949**

Experienced Masseuse—Excellent Swedish Massage. **212-501-0603**

Intense Therapeutic Massage—Stress/Sports-Related. Lic'd. Joy: **212-696-0043**

Anti-Aging Facial—Body scrub, massage - Swedish & shiatsu. M/F. **212-661-0777**

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS

HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

PENIS ENLARGEMENT Custom Vacuum Pumps - Surgical. Gain 1" to 3". Permanent/Safe. Enhance Erection. FREE Brochures. Dr. Joel Kaplan: **312-409-1950**

WEIGHT CONTROL

10-15 Stubborn Lbs?—New Medications. 5-Week Programs. **212-570-5058**

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications, As Per NY Times. **212-288-5468**

BIOCHEMICAL MEDICAL CARE
Medication To Control Food Cravings.
New Redux Avail. **800-MD-8-THIN**

1-800-870-SLIM
Private MD - Phen/Fen Avail.
Affordable Fees - Manh/Queens Location.

Physician-Supervised Weight-Loss
Program - Using Medication.
West Village Office. **212-529-4540**

THE EASY WEIGH™
NYC, New City, White Plains, Ft. Lee.
MD-supervised. Phentermine/Pondimin©.
800-887-LEAN (5326) / 914-638-6663

The Medication Everyone Is Talking About! Losing Weight Has Never Been Easier. Physician-Supervised. **212-737-4644**

HEALTH & FITNESS
CALL MARK AT: 212-545-3661

New York Kids

ENTERTAINMENT

Gandalf, Recommended By NY Magazine
Puppets, Magic, Unicycle, Wizard-Clown
718-465-8511 / 201-567-5044 / 516-295-5108

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—And Clown! Ages 1-103! **212-475-7785**

Starmite Puppets—P Rangers, Lion K, Aladdin, B&Beast, Pocah., Dinos! **473-3409**

Magic by Chris—Live Dove, Comedy, Illusion, Balloon Animals. **516-796-6724**

HOLLYWOOD POP!

Priv/Corp Extravaganzas • Circus • Magic Dancers • Costumed Characters • Mimes Carnival • Mysteries • Variety Performers Casino • Decor & More! **212-777-2238**

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best party space for kids! 10-200. **212-831-7665**

To advertise in New York Kids call Ingrid at **212-545-3676.**

FURNITURE

BELLINI **580-3801**
Quality & practicality - infants to teens.
Make YOUR child's room very special!
Bedding & access., too. **110 W. 86th St.**

ENTERTAINMENT/TEEN & PRE-TEEN

BAR/BAT MITZVAH

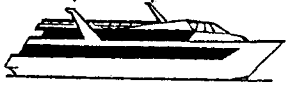
$3,500 PARTY PACKAGE
DEZERLAND/FUN CITY
(Check our large ad under Party Space.)

NEW YORK KIDS
CALL INGRID AT: 212-545-3676

Boats and Yachts

BOAT & YACHT

LUXURIOUS DINNER CRUISES
Charters/Holiday Parties
SPECIAL EVENT CHARTERS
For Corporate & Special Functions



Luxurious Dinner Cruises
Impress Guests • Book Now
FOR MOTHER'S DAY/FATHER DAY
On One Of Spacious Dining Yachts
Fabulous Skyline Views * Statue Of Liberty
Live Dance Music + More!
THE ROYAL PRINCESS & EXCALIBUR
Now Sailing From The North Cove Yacht Harbor At The World Financial Center • Other Ports Available
VIP YACHT CRUISES, Inc.
718-934-1014

YACHT OWNERS ASSOC. of NY, Inc.
Over 400 Owners • **CHARTER DIRECT**
All Boats/Info - 7 days a wk: 212-736-1010

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. 212-534-6380

"Cloud Nine" - Simply The Best—Private Luxury Yacht Charters. 212-248-3800

For Informal Weddings & Other Great Parties aboard **MV JUBILEE** from $42.50 per person inclusive!.........Call: 212-307-0985

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 Days: 914-968-3220 or 212-717-0300

Classic Yachts—NY, NJ, CT No Fee. 212-727-BOAT (2628)

New Orleans Theme Party $42.-$65.pp. NY's Only Real Paddlewheeler, **Bell Anne Marie!** 60-144 guests. 201-514-1829

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 NJ 201-482-1991

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over a Decade of Value & Service.
212-995-5470 203-256-8730

THE MAJESTIC
Elegant, exclusive events. Luxurious, private yacht surroundings. At World Financial Center, NYC. 212-786-1225

Silken Charters - Sunset dinner cruises in NY Harbor for up to 6 on a cruising catamaran. Starting at $325. 201-420-6870

FOR THE MOST ELEGANT, DISTINGUISHED "SPECIAL EVENTS AFLOAT"
on New York's Rivers and in All Nearby Areas,
we offer the finest fully-crewed luxury yachts for charter for
PRIVATE PARTIES and other BUSINESS and SOCIAL EVENTS
of any type, any duration, any size - from 2 to several hundred guests,
expertly catered to suit your precise requirements and your budget.
PROMPT PERSONAL SERVICE, IMMEDIATE ALL-INCLUSIVE PRICE QUOTATIONS
CHELSEA PIERS YACHTS/NORTH COVE YACHTS (212) 645-6626

SAIL ON A TALL SHIP! The Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, 2-49 guests, from NY or NJ, **201-966-1684.** Our 12th Year.

M/Y Lady Windridge—NY's most elegant charter yacht. Corp. and private events, up to 500 guests. 5-star cuisine. Full A/C. Meticulously maintained. 212-247-3333

WORLD YACHT
NEW YORK

Elegant Dining Afloat

Start with world-class dining.
Stir in a generous serving of music.
Add a splash of romance.
Sprinkle liberally with city lights.
Our charters serve 50 to 400.
• Custom catering • Kosher catering
• Storybook weddings
• A fleet of five • From a pier near you
• Ample parking right on our pier
Pier 81, W. 41st St. at the Hudson River
212 630 8800

Private Sail with Someone Special—51' yacht, 2 crew, champagne, shrimp, roses. $422 & up. **212-873-7558** Grps: $372 & up.

Summer Entertaining

CARICATURES

Caricatures By DALE GLADSTONE
Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled.
(718) 782-2250

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. 212-873-1695

ENTERTAINMENT

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! 718-885-3038

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
Bachelor/ettes Specials!
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

SEND BALLOONS - $25!
Bouquets, arches, cntrpieces. 212 935-9577

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. 1-800-936-SING

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! 212-929-8609

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-225-9084 You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. 212-741-3195

Magician • Mentalist—Jon Steinfeld. Grand Illusions. 212-228-2967

WANT SOMETHING SPECIAL?!!
Unique Entertainment•Reasonable Prices
DJs/Music•Performers•Dancers•Favors
•Themes/Decor•Acts•600 Lookalikes...
the Whole Event! Est.1982 **800-GET-GALA**

Special Events Etc.... 212-697-7899—The Party Specialists. We do it all!

MURDER MYSTERY, INC
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
516-673-4979

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages. **Naomi's World Of Ent.:** 800-304-4911

BALLOON BOUQUETS®
Decorating. Special Events: 212-265-5252
Nationwide Delivery. Info: 800-424-2323

Balloons, Costumes, Belly, Strip, DJs, Party Entertainers—Anywhere, any time! **LIFE O' THE PARTY** 800-966-7456

• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •
The **ONLY** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By registered psychic. 212-410-1299

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best. Corporate & Private Events. 212-288-9133

$25 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. 718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton, Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino 212-744-9000

ENTERTAINMENT/ INTERACTIVE

Virtual Reality, Jousts, Sumo Suits—Castle Bounce, More! **1-800-BEST-PARTY!**

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES
Est. 1978 - Fine Classical, Jazz, Motown, Swing, BigBand, Contemporary. Helpful, Creative, Always Available. 212-489-1641

SUMMER ENTERTAINING
CALL DENISE AT: 212-545-3682

Pianist/Singer - Jazzy Gershwin, B'way—& More! Jonathan L. Segal - 212-222-3169

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment 914-478-0073

Mind-Sweeper DJs—Great party music, '30s-'90s. Since 1975. Refs. 718-875-9824

Affordable Party Music—DJs from $350. 15 Years Experience. 212-662-4921

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.
Celebrating Our 11th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

RCA: Jazz, Rock, DJs, Classical, Etc.—All Events - Magic, Novelty. 212 678-2323

CHARLOTTE RUSSE MUSIC
Jazz • Rock • Classical • Motown • Klezmer
(212) 582-5694 (516) 374-5422

• BLACK SOUL BAND •
Motown, Swing & All Styles! 765-8714

Jazz/Classical & So. Amer.—Duos, trios & up... Greg: 212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289

Karaoke Parties Our Specialty!—Call David For Info: 718-631-1024

GOURMET CATERING

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. 212-751-1459

New England Clambake—Your location. Ideal for backyard or rooftop. 212-865-8976

PARTY HELP

Waiters/Bartenders—For All Party Needs. Corp/priv. Tri-state. 800-PARTY-HELP

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion. 212-682-6281

Continued on next page.

Summer Entertaining

Continued from previous page.

PARTY PLANNING

ARD CREATIONS
Everything Beautiful & Affordable
For Your Party. 516-829-8580

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & private parties, weddings... Top Client List. **RED LETTER EVENTS** 212-772-1177

PARTY SERVICE

DEMI RESTAURANT - Charming, Cozy Madison Avenue Brownstone w/Fireplaces & Outdoor Terrace. Continental Cuisine. Private Parties for 10-50p. 212-534-3475

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave, nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. $35 pp. The Hudson Grill: **645-2729** - Andy or Kirsten

---

Corporate Events at DEZERLAND
From Bumper Cars to Black-Tie Affairs
FREE PLANNING SERVICE
See our large ad under "Party Space"!

PARTY SPACE

Australia - The Bar—2 lvl's, 2 DJ's, catering. 20-600. Priv/corp. Paul: **876-0203**

Spectacular Art Gallery—25-300p. Comm'l kit. Pvt/corp/weddings. **212-353-0088**

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. 212-570-1055

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. **212-831-7665**

WEBSTER HALL • Art Deco Specializing in Corp/Priv/Fund. Caterers welcome. 250-2,500p. Martin: **353-1600**

S.O.B.'s—Party in tropical paradise. 20-400. On & Off-premises. Wild! **243-4940**

DEZERLAND FUN CITY

6 CONCEPTS Have the time of your life cruising our '50s Hot Rod Disco, Drive-In, Gameroom/Sports Complex, Sing-Along Room & **'50s Classic Automobile Collection** Corp/Priv/Fund/Bar/Bat. 50-1,500 guests, w/ or w/out catering. **212-564-4590**

Elegant Space—Park Slope. Prof'l Kit. **718-499-1251**. Caterers welcome.

Party Specialists—#1 location, 20-120pp All pvt/corp events - w/ or w/out catering. Prince Street Club, Soho. **212-353-0707**

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: **212-861-4330**

LUXURY PENTHOUSE
Terrace, Views - 50-500. **212-765-8714**

---

3 WEST **212-245-7005**
Carnegie Mansion at Rock Ctr. 7 Function Rooms, Rooftop Solarium, 20-1,000p.

Private Parties—Cocktail, Bachelor/ette, Corporate. 20-400p. Michael: **212-650-0561**

THE MADISON 679-2932
3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

---

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p

---

The Party Loft 212-620-0622
For Smaller Events & Budgets

Charter the Skyline A World Yacht luxury cruise is NY's ultimate party space for groups of 50-400. See our ad in the Boats and Yachts section - or call: **212-630-8800**

Book Your Party in the NEW
STARLITE CASINO BALLROOM...
the hottest Las Vegas Nite Club in NYC
$50pp. Bar & Buffet. **212-564-4679**

Le FIGARO Cafe—A Village Landmark Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable $$. 15-100. Call: **212-388-0002**

Rehearsal Dinners, Etc. - 5th Ave.—Your restaurant, up to 125p. **212-725-2922**

Park Avenue Country Club - 685-3636—Dynamic 10,000 sq ft party space. 25-650.

PICNIC FACILITIES

Corporate Picnics - CLUB GETAWAY
Lakeside Setting... Every Sport.
Delicious BBQ fare. **203-927-3664**

WEDDINGS

Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. **212-675-2080**

Interiors and Exteriors

ANTIQUES

I.S. 44 Flea Market—Columbus/77th. Sun, 10-6. Antiques. Free Adm. **721-0900**

BATHROOMS

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens
Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets. Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. **212-677-5555**

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET CO.—Free estimates. Top quality at discount prices. Melamine, wire, & doors. Ins. **212-382-1533**

City Closet Company—Free estimates. All types of shelving. Space professionals. Affordable Pricing. **212-387-9142**

DECORATIVE PAINTING

Tidy Faux Finishes—Marble, Murals, Sponging, Stone Glazing. **212-874-4678**

Fauxbulous Finishes, Inc.—You Will Be Amazed! All Surfaces! Call: **914-654-1522**

FLOORS

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing, Bleaching & Pickling. **212-360-2208**

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

Carpentry, Painting, Electrical Work
Lic., Insured. Reasonable Rates.
"As seen in NY Magazine."
Artists & Craftsmen:
212-865-4459 / 674-3788 Fax: 212-674-6008

Painting is our specialty and we do it right at a great price!
Indoor/out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
***M D* 201-865-4037**
PAINTING

Complete Services—Design, Renovation & Custom Cabinetry. Comm'l/Resid/ Medical. Lic. Ins. Free Est. **718-482-0676**

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms.
Tri-State Area & Florida
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment. Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS. **Lowest Rate. Only $250/rm.** Tri-state. **Free Brochure. 212-288-8888**

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget. Let me amaze you. **Call 212-288-1863.**

DIRECT DESIGNER DISCOUNTS
Sofas, chairs, rugs, tables, lamps, prints. European & domestic sources. Guidance of pros! **Call: 212-988-9003**

RENT-A-DECORATOR

Budget-oriented pro designs "***your***" space at "***your***" pace. $75 hourly. Featured in N.Y. Times & Glamour. Call for reprints.

212-826-1069

KITCHENS

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen & Bath Specialist. Granitework. **212-360-2208**

LIGHTING

Track By Jack **212-340-9111**
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

INTERIORS & EXTERIORS

CALL MICHELLE KRELL KYDD AT: 212-545-3672

Midtown Lighting—We stock every major line - including Lightolier, Halo, Lutron dimming products, Luce Plan... plus much, much more. Mention NY Mag for a special discount. See our new, state-of-the-art lighting showroom, conveniently located at: **155 West 18th St.** **212-255-7701** ....**Toll Free: 888-255-3388**

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper, Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. **212-360-2208**

Absolute Best Painting & Papering—Ins. Excellent Refs. Affordable. **212-744-9413**

Beautiful Faux—Decorative Paint Finishes, as seen in NY Magazine. Chris: **787-5544**

SLIPCOVERS

Thomas M. Amato Co., Inc.
NYC's #1 Reupholstery & Refinishing Shop. Over 80 years of reliability. Located in the heart of Tribeca. **212-925-3639**

WINDOW TREATMENT

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and draperies. **Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674**

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600..................................**718-748-8600**

DIAL 1-800-CARPETS
Berber • Sisal • Wools/Nylon • Discounted
HAGGAR INDS., INC. Est. 1932. Vi/MC
Also Available: 90 Days - No Pay

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies & all soft treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

The New York Office

ANSWERING SERVICES

$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—800/900 #'s. All US Cities. **212-868-1121**

ATTORNEYS

DIVORCE & CHILD CUSTODY
Protect Your Rights and Finances
Law Firm of Nancy Chemtob
212-317-1717

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$156,000+ Lifestyle Quiz... If you knew of a home-based business where you could earn $156,000+ a year, would you want to learn more about it? Find out why Famous Millionaires Robert Allen, Brian Tracy and Denis Waitley have gotten involved. Call for information: **1-800-399-4432**

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

Get Organized!—Professional Help With Paper, Clutter, Bills, Closets, Moves, Medical Forms & More. **800-725-0343**

Call for **The New York Office** Section's Low Summer Rates!..........**212-545-3676**

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH! Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory, Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer Printout. All Five Boroughs. **800-643-7225**

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

16¢/Minute Telephone Calling Card!
Credit or Prepaid - Your Choice!
Please Call: 1-800-789-6954

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

AIR CONDITIONERS
EURO-AMERICAN APPLIANCES
Call Dial-A-Brand With Make & Model.
Why Pay More?! Est. 1967. 800-237-3220

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

ASTROLOGY

CALL THE SAMPLES LINE
Try Our Psychics.
800-790-7425 Adults Over 18.

European Psychic - 90% Accurate—TV/Radio. **215-934-5908** $3/min. 18+.

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call: **212-628-6130** & Relax.

NY's Little Elves - Commercial/Resid
Interior Cleaning Specialists. Bonded/Insured/Credit Cards. **212-673-5507**

INVESTIGATORS

CHECK-A-MATE™
Investigations/Surveillance/Bodyguard/Decoys/Debugging. **800-734-2660**

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Need A Stretch Limo In 25 Minutes?—Guaranteed. Carnegie Limo: **800-227-5060**

Crestwood Limo 400 Lincolns & Stretches Avail. Sedans To LGA $29, JFK $39, NWK $44. **212-629-8700 / 800-34-Crest**

Stretch—$50/hr. Special: $149/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. **800-253-4546**

1996 Limos—$39/Hr. Special Wedding, Prom & AC Rate. **212-807-9350**

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER
Are you overwhelmed w/paper & clutter?
Is your home/office filing system hopeless?
Do you dread your closets? Have you
tried & given up? We can give you
back your life! Free Consultation.
Get Your Act Together! 212-860-0257

THE ZEN OF ORGANIZATION
Home & Office. Time & Space.
NAPO Member. **(718) 965-6562**

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

TICKETS

Tickets—Best Seats In Town. Theatre, Jones Beach... **516-741-6477**

MASSAGE

Paradise On The Table
Breathless Massage. 7 Days. **212-684-6494**

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. Mid 70s. **212-327-0244**
Surround Yourself In Beauty & Comfort.

Out Of Bodyworks 212-545-0615
Leave Your Body...Here! E. 30s.

Alexandra's Body Workshop—Massage, Steam, Tanning. Penn Sta. **212-629-3106**

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Private. Convenient to Wall St. **212-243-1118**

EXCEPTIONAL MASSAGE
By French Lady. Clean/Pvt. **212-888-3497**

Mia's Soothing Massage—Quality. Pvt. Midtown. 7 Days. **212-593-0046**

"TRYST"
Upscale. Luxurious. E. 60th. **212-642-9119**

Fun & Relaxing Massage—Private & Discreet. By App't. Nancy: **212-997-1614**

TANTALIZING TREATS
Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. **212-213-4480**

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
East 50s. Weekend Specials. **212-754-1470**

The Art Of Sensual Massage—By Lori. By App't Only. East 50s. **212-486-7132**

EXCELLENT RELAXATION
New, Exciting, Elegant.
50s/5th. By Appointment: **212-977-7275**

INNOCENCE & BEAUTY
City's "BEST BUY". 7 Days. **212-972-0843**

Erik's Taoist Massage For Men—E. 38. Relaxing, Blissful. 9am-9pm. **212-213-1207**

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

WALL STREET
Weekend Specials. **212-267-4053**

Renew........Refresh.......Revitalize—Please Call Tatiana/Kaya: **212-922-2149**

Body Double—Double your relaxation thru sensual, exotic bodyrub. **212-421-2707**

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. **212-838-8388**

Nicole—Skillful, Elegant, Sensual. E 50s. 8am-6pm. Upscale. **212-755-9174**

Sensual And Stimulating Massage—By Debbie. East Side Location. **212-593-1765**

Brigitte—Let Me Make You Feel Ten Years Younger. Call: **212-861-5048**

Alex For Men—Soothing, Relaxing. East 34th St. Central Air. Call: **212-779-7870**

Velvet Hands Ultimate Pampering
Exquisite & Beautiful. Your/Our
Residence. Full Info. Pamela: **212-252-2945**

It's The Time Of The Season—For Christie's Hands. **212-997-0585**

European Aromatics—Midtown Location. Open From 11am. **212-974-0838**

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxation. Open 7 Days. **212-838-1948**

Truly...Totally...Titillating—Sensual & Discreet. 55th off 5th. **212-315-3525**

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—5th Ave & 46th. By App't. **212-997-1660**

Courtney's Back—**212-779-9226**. E. 30s. Quality, Private, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

LINCOLN CENTER AREA
New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. **212-787-0146**

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
Residential Service
Steps Away From Leading Hotels
Park Ave & 60th
International Female Staff
212-753-3030

Parisienne—Excellent Massage, By Appointment. **212-888-8530**

Kyoto Lady—Relaxing Massage. Selective, Private. **212-973-0448**

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLON Therapy. W. 94th: **212-222-4868**. E. 10th: **387-8976**. E. 51st: **751-2319**. Natasha/Joe.

Soothing Oriental Bodyrub—Relaxing. East 5th St. (2nd/3rd). **212-677-8377**

Miramar—Highly Skilled Internat'l Staff. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. **212-826-8814**

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. **212-717-0161**

Gold Coast Spa—Located On The Hudson River In NJ. Call: **201-840-1743**

Classy Massage—Done With Concern And Care. High Quality. **212-MU9-5920**

JAPANESE 212-799-7087
Japanese Shiatsu. 62 West 71st.

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sophisticated. Private. **212-421-5963**

New Chinese - Exotic
212-317-0737 By Ladies / **751-2925** By Adam

Costa Del Sol—A world of relaxation. Luxurious/complete massage. **212-593-1605**

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... **212-685-5614**

Pearls Of Asia—By App't Only. Call Kim For Appointment: **212-768-0957**

YOKO Shiatsu/Swedish—New City. 10am-10pm. **914-634-9200**

KASA 212-754-6130
Professional Masseuses From Japan

FOR EXECUTIVES
By Mature European. Call **212-661-7286**.

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. **212-861-5969**

Grand New Opening
Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable
Massage. All CCs. **212-249-2436**

Bodyrub Satisfaction—Jenny's Back. Private. Open 7 Days. A/C. **212-534-7852**

Pears—Eclectic Excellence, Featuring Synchronized Massage. **212-505-5151**

H2O—W 23. (btw 6th/7th). By Oriental Silky Hand, For Relaxing. **212-807-7983**

MARLA & LIZA 212-752-8554
Studio/Residential. European Relaxation.

Mature, Classy Lady—Elegant, Private, Residential. 7 Days. **212-262-4537**

Continued on next page.

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

MASSAGE

ORIENTAL THERAPY
New Staff! Relieve Stress...Shiatsu, Reflexology, Sauna, Table Shower, Steam. Edgewater, NJ. 201-969-1323

Classy Massage—By Elegant Asian Lady. West 55th Street. 212-489-5373

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Resid/Studio.

Asian Spa - 201-313-9215—We've Got The Touch. 5 Minutes From GWB.

MICHELLE & MARIE
Private. By App't. All CC's. 212-317-0062

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. 212-686-2222

ICHIBAN
West 36th St. Japanese. 212-268-9985 / 9986

Men - Tantricize—W/Tret And Silvio. Chelsea - 10am-9pm. 212-741-9793

Lincoln Center—Creative & Sensual Touch - By Brazilian Lady. 212-799-2384

VIP Oriental Spot—Relaxation Plus! In Greenwich, CT. 203-629-0898

Donna's New Salon—A Massage You Will Return To. 212-319-5865

New Magic Therapy—Relaxing & Quiet. City Hall Area. By App't. 212-566-4605

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Personable Bodywork—All CC's. East 50s. Help Wanted. For Info: 212-613-9191

Mini Vacation—Cert Calif Therapeutic Massage/Reflex. 9 Yrs Exp. 212-517-5453

Linda's Bodyrub—From Earth To Heaven. E. 40s. By App't. 212-370-3587

Wall Street—Science With Art. Private. Clean, Safe. Studio/Resid. 212-732-0113

ELIZABETH - Excellent Massage
By Elegant, Sensual Lady. Grand Central Area. Studio/Resid. 212-867-7857

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: 212-586-6172

KIKU JAPANESE E. 50
Shiatsu Studio/Res. 212-223-2650

NJ Fuji—Best Massage & Relaxation. 201-368-0058

FOREVER YOUNG 212-319-6778
Japanese Shiatsu. Studio/Resid.

Julie—Selective, Upscale. Reasonable Rates. Lex & 40s. 7 Days. 212-972-0842

TOKYO MOON
Japanese Style. 212-4210222

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. 212-838-8380

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial, Reflexology. M/F. 212-661-0777

Alicia—Very Private Sensual Massage. 7 Days. By Appointment. 212-779-8920

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. 201-327-0286

Let Me Pamper You—Stress Relief For The Selective Man. Private. 212-499-9190

MASSAGE BY LIZ
E. 50s & 70s. 212-888-1807

914-698-5858
Shiatsu/Swedish. Sauna, Shower.

Magical Hands Of China—Midtown, East Side Location. 212-972-7573

GRAND OPENING All-New Relaxation Spa Featuring Yours Truly, Vanessa. Brooklyn Heights. 718-237-1855

ORIENTAL BODYRUB
L.I.E. Exit 64N 516-924-0092

Gail's Studio—Midtown East Location. Call: 212-317-0085

GRAND OPENING in NJ
2 Mins From GWB. 201-568-4006

Salon Akia 212-582-2427
—Rejuvenating Shiatsu. East 50s.

Central Park South, Austrian Lady—Private & Sensual. 212-246-4759

LEXINGTON & 47th
Affordable & Relaxing. 212-758-1236

YANNA 212-308-4658
Eloquent Massage. Upper E. Side & 5th.

RAINBOW 516-841-1379
135 Sunset Hwy, Amityville, NY

Full-Body Massage—For Men And Women, By Female. 212-986-9377

LICENSED THERAPY

New York's BEST
SEX THERAPY
Board-Certified Clinical Sexologists
MD-Supv. **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
All Dysfunctions - Privacy Assured
212-721-7650

SEXUAL SUCCESS
NYC's **ONLY CERTIFIED*** Sex Therapist-Supervised **SURROGATE** Program.
SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC.
Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/Shyness. **PROVEN SUCCESS.**
MD Supv'd. End fear/failure. 212-971-6060
*Amer. Ass'n of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—Confidential & Effective. 212-316-4768

Impotence? Premature Reaction?
Sexual Shyness?
Our treatment combines; Surrogate Therapy with Hypnotherapy or Solution Focused Psychotherapy
Certified Psychotherapists & Hypnotherapists
Professional Surrogates M.D. Supervised
member: American Academy of Clinical Sexologists
Insurance Where Accepted
Free Consultation 212-679-6717

ROLE PLAY

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring. Unforgettable/Let's Talk. 212-245-4641-24hr

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private. Credit Cards Accepted. 212-684-6775

Black Canadian—Exotic, Sensual, Private. Call Anne: 212-532-6084

INNER CLEANSING
Clinical Nurse Role-Play. 212-396-0240

Southern Elegance—Pamper Yourself. New Location. Taylor: 212-751-4415

Alexis—Enterprising Role-Play. Upscale, Upbeat Clientele Only. 212-969-0505

Jasmine Returns—Pvt & Discreet Role-Play. Explore Your Fetishes. 212-532-7135

CREATIVE NURSE ROLE-PLAY
Personalized & Intimate. 212-481-9293

MISTRESS NINA STERN
Complete role-play, 10am-8pm 212-794-4740

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy & Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice & Connoisseur. AX/Vi/MC. 212-889-3350

Exquisite, Sensual Touch—Exotic & Discreet. E Midtown. Sabina: 212-297-0245

STRESS MANAGEMENT
Role Playing By Expert. Relaxing, Comfortable Environment. Iris: 212-868-0268

Upper E. Side—Venus & Rose: Sensual Bodyrub & Nurse Role-Play. 212-427-3801

Statuesque Brazilian Role-Play—Elegant & Discreet. Upper East Side. 212-517-9466

Discreet Encounters—For The Sophisticated Gentleman. 212-207-1909

Candy - Sutton Place For Upscale Gentlemen. Elegant, Beautiful & Private. 212-980-8118

ANGELIQUE
Yours Truly. 212-751-5296

Katrina—Elegant Encounters For The Upscale Man. E. 50s Locale. 212-758-8817

Blake—When Sensual Role-Play Just Isn't Enough. 212-579-1759

V-Circle—Involved Role-Play By Woman Or Man. 59th St. Bridge. 718-784-0638

THE INCOMPARABLE REBECCA
Kind, Warm, Charming Relaxation. Your Resid. Full Info: 212-714-7709

KELLY
Sensual Touch. Warm Role-Play By Brazilian-American. West 50th. 212-399-0691

Treat Yourself To Total Relaxation—That You'll Never Forget. 718-886-2358

Mature Gentlemen—Private Relaxation By Mature Lady. Studio/Res. 212-957-9673

She-Male For The Upscale
Nicki: 212-535-0642

Stress Alternative—Relaxation by mature lady. Priv studio/res. 212-867-2282

For Discriminating Men—Intense & Therapeutic. Upper E. Side. 212-988-3226

Everything's Kosher—Residential Service. All CC's. Help Wanted. 212-479-7939

Cross-Dressing - Est. 1990
All Levels. Makeovers, Fetish Role-Play. Upscale & Discreet. 212-714-8018

Extremely Feminine, Muscular BB—Ready To Flex For You. 212-421-8212

Caroline—Sweet & Sensual, Southern Charm & Hospitality. Info: 212-465-3251

Everything A Gentleman Could Want—Relax With Us. 212-675-9237

Sensual Role-Play—By Mature Ebony Beauty. Studio/Residential. 212-330-8368

Scandinavian Models
#1 In New York
Upscale & Private Relaxation, Featuring The Very Best European and Ebony Models.
800-879-7525

Erica—Sensual, Exotic Relaxation. Upper East Side. 212-879-4788

Shemale Hi-Fashion Model—Role-Play & Cross-Dressing. In/Out. 212-223-5164

SWEET ELEGANCE
For The Refined Gentleman w/Exquisite Taste. Your Summer Place. 212-317-0124

MADEMOISELLE
Scandinavian & European Models
Upscale relaxation for gentlemen who expect the very best.
1-800-464-6667

Valerie Returns—Your Manhattan Home. New #: 212-501-9002

Coyote - Female Wrestler—Native American Mix. 800-900-1237 ext 8346

Touch Of Class—Scandinavian Elegance. Sensual/Beautiful/Private. 212-642-9198

JILLIAN BRADLEY & FRIENDS
Plush & Private Multi-Level Townhouse Offering The Ultimate In Relaxation. Strictly By App't. Res. Avail. 212-779-3332

Wendy's
Warm & Wonderful,
When Only The Best Will Do.
212-873-8158
SEE OUR WEBSITE

Westch/Rockland/Putnam—Touch, Talk Therapy, Dance, Voyeurism. 800-957-3048

MISTRESS MADELINE
There Is No Substitute. 212-684-6870

YURAKU 516-777-7566
200 Rt 110 (S), Suite #4, LIE 49 (S)

Unforgettable, Energizing—Sensual Phone Play. For Men Only! 800-873-1508

Role-Play With Suzanne—Via Phone. Call: 215-568-2221

Call: 212-679-4409 / 4431
Relax w/an **ASIAN STAR**

GERMAN BODY BUILDER
By App't Only. 212-687-4142

Sachiko
N.Y PREMIER ORIENTAL CLUB
212 575-6861
24 Hrs. 7 Days
575-6865
46th st. Between 5th & 6th Ave.

Cindy, Judy & Alicia—Ready for your role-play. Private & discreet. 212-221-9700

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ROLE PLAY

PURE PLEASURE Real/Live/Sensual
Ladies Specializing In Exotic Stress Relief. Intimate. **212-679-1070**

Jennifer Hunter—Incomparable Role-Play Via Phone. **215-627-JENN (5366)**

Sandy—Relax Your Body And Mind. By App't Only. 11am-11pm. **212-579-3224**

Wrestler Violet—Wrestling Role-Play At Its Best. Private. **212-971-1076**

Adam & Friends For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. **212-988-2991**

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Lovely "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. **212-582-5009**

The Ultimate—In Behavior Modification. Discreet. Call: **212-330-8217**

VENTURES UNLIMITED
Ultimate Role Play. **212-888-1666**

Elecktra—Asian-American role-play sessions. Private. By app't. **212-686-6404**

Total Relaxation—European Role-Play Specialist. Residential Only. **212-570-6007**

Femme Mystique
A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE
Upscale & luxurious service
24 Hours/7 Days, Credit Cards Accepted
1-800-808-6679

Vicky—Mature, Exquisite And Private. Call For Appointment: **212-265-4703**

ROYAL SANDS
We Deliver Dreams: **212-924-1133**

Cajun/Ebony She-Male—Fashion Model/Video Star. Mimi. **212-935-9476**

Inordinately Creative Role-Play—Mistress Melora. East Side. **212-439-6033**

Southern Belle—Leslie. Mature. 10am-11pm. **212-245-6136**

FEMALE BODY BUILDERS
& Wrestlers. Pvt. Variety. **212-759-0933**

CAROLINE'S
Vanessa, Holly, Julie & Brenda.
5 Mins From GWB. **201-943-8359**

Apache Princess—Pagan. Exciting. For Special Execs Only. By App't. **212-459-1930**

Psychotherapist—Explore All Subjects. Role Playing - 24 Hrs. **516-422-2404**

ORIENTAL STAR
Relax In Astoria. **718-626-1777/1881**

Live Conversation—1-On-1 Stimulating Role-Play. Call Now! **212-970-3360**

Sultry Governess—Exquisite Drama. Compelling Situations. **212-501-2765**

SUN & MOON & STAR
Upscale Relaxation. Total Satisfaction.
By App't. E Midtown. CC's. **212-308-3702**

37th & 3rd Ave—Actress - Executive Stress Relief. By App't Only. **212-681-2798**

EUROPEAN MODEL
Sensual Relaxation. **212-687-4119**

Escape Into A Relaxing Rendezvous—With Christi. Pvt. Lux. App't: **212-949-8164**

Body Builder/Wrestler—Can Act Out Your Dreams. **212-316-2503**

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS
Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You.
Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. **212-355-8321**

Supermodel She-Male
Call Cristy: **212-243-0527**

Diana—Mature & Elegant Role-Play. By App't. 9am-11pm. **212-486-6377**

Inga - #1 Swedish Wrestling Star—Strong/Competitive/Beautiful **212-642-9158**

GINA'S ROLE-PLAY
Mature Lady. Rubenesque Look. Discreet.
By App't. E 50th. CC's. **212-371-3106**

Suzanne's Executive Stress Relief—38th & 3rd. Expensive & worth it. **212-681-2798**

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF
Plus First-Class Role-Play.
Private, Safe & Discreet.
Midtown/Resid. **212-714-1537**

Russian Mystique—Elegant, Captivating, Upscale. All Boroughs. **718-646-0922**

Assortments

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™
For unattached music lovers. Nationwide.
Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. **800-233-CMLS**

Field's Dating 212-391-2233—Rm 1600, 317 Madison Av, NYC 10017 (ent 42 St.)

BEST SERVICE - BEST LADIES
CEOs, MDs, JDs for Upscale **Asian/ Latin/Russian** ladies. **PARTY 7/26!**
LOA: 212-986-8590/91

VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING YOU'D WANT IN A SINGLES PARTY!
@ Cafe, 12 ST. MARKS PLACE
WEDS. NITES - JULY 17, 24, 31 & Aug 7
6-12pm Adm: $20
• Virtual Reality Games • Dancing • World Wide Web
• Virtual Dating • Buffet • Free Wit Beer
Sponsored by Club Med & dear kim
http: //www.dearkim.org
INFO: 888-dear-kim

THE HAMPTONS ALTERNATIVE
Unique Jewish Matchmaking Service
Blumberg Introductions, Inc.
230 Park Ave., NYC 212-808-3054

Field's Dating 212-391-2233—Rm 1600, 317 Madison Av, NYC 10017 (ent 42 St.)

ASIAN WOMEN MEET PROF'L MEN
at the **After-Work Bar Bat Bash**
at **Le Bar Bat**, 311 W 57 St (btw 8 & 9 Aves), **Wed 7/24, 6pm til ?** **718-549-4500**

SIZZLING SUMMER SPECIAL
Ladies Night!
Upscale Prof'ls, 30's-40's
An Exclusive and Private Affair
at
Au Bar
41 E 58th St, Betw Park & Madison
WED, JULY 31st, 5:30-11pm
Men: $20 Ladies: $15
Hors d'oeuvres 1st hr - 600 + Expected
For Info: 212-726-2424

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE
Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, University of Chicago, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

"Susan & Marc" Present
Hot Summer Tuesdays
Club PULSE
226 E 54th St (2nd & 3rd Aves) 688-5577
PROFESSIONAL SINGLES 25-50
GRAND OPENING:
TUESDAY, JULY 16, 6-11pm
and every Tuesday thereafter
Adm: $5 w/this ad - $10 w/o • Dancing
COMPLIMENTARY HOT BUFFET 6-7PM
Plenty Street Parking After 7pm

A+ RATING! Meet beautiful **Russian** & **Jewish** ladies living in NY. Catalog avail + tours to Moscow **Int'l Singles 212-206-6831**

A&A Club—Meet local, educated Asian ladies for friendship/marriage **212 949-7581**

CEZANNE
PHILADELPHIA EXHIBIT
TICKETS FOR ALL DATES
CALL (888) 397-1919

Single Booklovers Nationwide. Est 1970
Box 117, Gradyville, PA 610-358-5049
E-mail: 103474.1057@compuserve.com

PARK SWING ORCHESTRA GALA!
Tuesday, July 23, 6-12 AM, $20.
SWING • JAZZ • ROCK • BALLADS
Prof's, 28-49, Loews NY Hotel, Mezz.
51st & Lexington Ave. (212) 249-3636

150 single men.
150 single women.
48 hours.
Ready. Set. Go.
Club Getaway
1-800-6-GETAWAY

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy 212-877-5167

PRO CHAT-NY—Meet profls & execs on the Internet! No more blind dates. **http://www.prochat.com/network**

DOC'S PARTY Affluent Profls, 26-47. **Tavern on the Green,** CPW at W 67th St, **WED, JUL 24,** 6-11pm. $20. 718-279-8596

Singles Travel Club Summer Bash!
4-hr NYC Cruise, Fri 7/26, 8:30pm, $47
Band, buffet, comp drink. **800-646-8224**

Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 1000's of voice personal ads for free!
212-987-7000
FREE CALL
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE™
Customer Service 212-987-7001

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: **212-972-3594**

JEWISH SINGLES WEEKEND CLUB GETAWAY Ages 20s, 30s & 40s
August 9th 1-800-6-GETAWAY

SEAPORT LECTURES
Journey into Jewish Mysticism, under the open skies, overlooking the water - Mondays & Wednesdays, 8-9:30pm, starting 7/8-8/28 - Pier 17, behind "Compagnie Internationale". Free refresh. **718-467-5519**

Thursday, July 18th, Connect at
THE MADISON
29 E 32nd St, NYC
500+ Upscale Professionals Expected, Ages 25-35
3 HOUR OPEN PREMIUM BAR 7:00-10:00 PM
DOORS OPEN 6:30 to 1:00 A.M. $20
212-647-1494

A Fun Way To Meet Quality Jewish Singles!
20-SOMETHING
For Those Who Prefer Brains To Beer!
WEDS, JULY 31, 8pm
313 W 83 St (btwn West End & Riverside)
$16 at door • $8 advance
212-579-1388

QUEST JEWISH SINGLES PARTY
SAT, JULY 27: HOLY COW, 9:30pm, $20
250 W 86th (B'way/West End) **914-636-4610**

Single Lovers of the Arts—Helping singles get together nationwide. 300 Main St., Ste 258, Huntington, NY 11743. **516-673-1466**

Conversations—Long-standing dinner parties - professional singles. **201-567-2082**

SOLUTION FOR SINGLES
• SELECT from PHOTOS •
A personalized introduction service for busy NY/NJ profl's & execs. **201-944-6171**

Jewish Singles, 23-45! Gala Weekend
at Holiday Inn, Boardwalk, Atlantic City, Aug 23-25. **1-800-756-8573 or 609-822-2928**

JULY JAZZ REVEL
AT
LA BELLE EPOQUE
827 BROADWAY AT 12TH ST.
212 • 254 • 6436
WEDNESDAYS THRU SATURDAYS,
JULY 17TH THRU JULY 27TH
6:30PM-? (restaurant opens at 5pm)
Ballads • Bebop • Great Live Jazz All Nite!
NO COVER • NO MINIMUM
CLASSIC NEW ORLEAN'S CUISINE
SOPHISTICATED SINGLES'
BEST-KEPT SECRET!

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES & ELIGIBLE BRITISH GENTLEMEN
Seek friendship/romance/marriage with Americans! All ages! **English Rose Introductions** (Dept. NY), 20 Albion St., Broadstairs, Kent CT10 1LU England.
Tel: **01144-1843-863322**

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). All ads will run electronically on Compuserve. To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

European, Rubenesque Beauty—36, elegant woman of substance, never married, accomplished, sophisticated, warmhearted, sincere, passionate, nonsmoker, with good values, well-educated. Enjoys foreign movies, classical music, museums, holding hands and long, romantic walks/talks. Seeks similar traits in life partner/best friend, 40-50. No curiosity seekers, just serious replies. Recent photo. 9154 ✉

Jewish Man's Dream—Sexy professional female seeks mensch, 42-55. 9149 ✉ ☎

Career Change—Very attractive, blond, blue-eyed, Christian, loving lady from northern NJ - seeking healthy, loving, successful, emotionally and financially secure male, 38-48, for marriage and children. Photo/note. 9174 ✉

Class Act CEO/Inventor—Affectionate, attractive, really nice guy, 42, genuine, 5'10", very fit, passion for life, culture. Seeks gentle woman with depth, under 37, fun, 5'6" plus, educated, for romance, family. Phone/photo necessary. 9181 ✉

Romantic, Beautiful Woman—Scientist, 41, seeks nice guy for love, marriage, family. 7473 ✉

Caribbean Beauty With Dimples—25, with warm inner fire, searching for one of "New York's Bravest" (black male, late 20s-30s), to nurture the flame within. 9128 ✉

Don't Pass Me By—I'm an extraordinarily successful financier who is 40, 5'11", very good-looking, fit, Jewish (you needn't be), and extremely smart. On a personal note, I'm genuinely nice, lots of fun, warm, energetic, communicative, very honest, and have a great sense of humor. I enjoy the city, weekends in the country, the beach year-round, fires (in fireplaces!), romantic dinners, cuddling, biking, scuba, music, and close times with friends and family. I'm looking to meet an outgoing, happy, self-aware woman over 26, with good values and a heart of gold. Time and the inclination to travel a plus. Very attractive and fit a must. If this sounds like you, please drop me a note and include your photo (no excuses!) and phone. You'll be very glad you did!! 9173 ✉

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim 48-year-old female. Looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 9167 ✉

A Familiar Story—Tall, blond, divorced woman spent too much energy on professional development. Comfortable now, at 41 - ready to focus on building a fun, well-rounded, mutually supportive relationship. Seeking sincere, warmhearted professional male to enjoy the small and large pleasures of life. Respect for intelligence, spontaneity and independence. Note/photo appreciated. 9141 ✉

Hot Summer In NY Is No Place To Be—Especially if you'd like to be pampered and spoiled by this tall, confident, educated, successful entrepreneur. You are articulate, honest, intelligent. POB 91, Woodmere, NY 11598-0091

Love The Summer? Me Too!—Pretty, petite blond - white, Christian, professional, mid 30s, fit, fun-loving... would love to meet counterpart. Please be 35-42, handsome, educated, financially and emotionally secure, with good sense of humor. Prepare to live happily ever after! Note/photo a must. 9121 ✉

Tall, Stunning Woman—Jewish, 38, slim, stylish, accomplished downtown arts professional - seeks tall, handsome man who is loving, self-aware, successful, romantic, visual. Let's stay late at the ocean, listen to that sweet soul music, cook fabulous meals, watch films, go to Paris and drive south, see our friends, plot adventures, design the kitchen, name the baby. It's time. NYC only. Photo essential.

Head Turner—27, 5'6", great shape, sharp wit. Seeking handsome, professional Jewish male to share sunsets and subways. Note/photo. 9168 ✉

Sexy, Successful, Smart And Stylish—40-something lady, seeking a similar man, 45-55, to share summer nights. Interests include theater, travel, fine dining and dancing, music and romance. Send recent photo and note. 9163 ✉

Precious, NJ Prep-Schooled Beauty—Classy, divorced Jewish female, young 40s, shapely, petite and sweet, Master's degree, enjoys laughter, cuddling, tennis, golf, poetry, cooking and nurturing a relationship. Seeking Jewish male - established, fit, caring listener, tender, sense of self, who values the joys of life and is ready for a loving relationship. Letter. 9178 ✉ ☎

Pretty And Smart—Slim, 39, divorced (no children), Jewish female artist with creative business, seeks intellectually curious, professional, fit Jewish man, 36-48, for marriage and family. Photo. 9187 ✉

We Meet And The Angels Sing—Man, 53, 5'8", seeks nonsmoking Jewish woman, 35-47, who lives in NYC. 9183 ✉

Shy, Bright, Playful—Man of independent means, average looks, above-average brains, 42, 5'7", seeks a woman as a mate with whom to share both the joys and triumphs of life as well as its sorrows and tragedies. She may be of any ethnicity, size or shape, 30-45, with character, integrity and wits. Though shy by nature, I'm an intelligent conversationalist, kindhearted and generous. With an Ivy MA in anthropology, I do social research for a nonprofit in NYC. I have a deep and abiding concern for other people and their feelings, and would make a faithful husband who prefers not to have children. I especially appreciate a woman who likes to share taking initiative and is relatively comfortable with her own sensuality. 9188 ✉

Lover Of NYC—Professional man, 45, seeks never-married, Christian, nonsmoking woman who loves ballet, classical music, Europe, travel, hugs, walks and NYC. No movies or beach. 9145 ✉

Secure, Low-Key, Sensitive Man—Jewish, 62, seeks younger Jersey lady, 5'8" plus, very fit/robust. Brainy. 9155 ✉ ☎

Attorney—Handsome, in 60s - looks younger, 5'9", financially secure, slim, sense of humor. If you are a genuinely slim, extremely attractive, well-educated woman of medium height, in her 50s, financially secure, nonsmoker, please send a clear current photo (no letter read without one)/note/phone. Be honest. 9175 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Country-Hearted NYC Lady—(With two big dogs), fit, attractive, caring professional, 40, seeks smart, fit, canine-compatible, family-minded man for the journey. Please have heart, humor and hiking boots, under 51. 9185 ✉ ☎

Ready For Romance—Intelligent, pretty, outgoing attorney, 40, seeks smart, caring professional man. Photo appreciated. 9126 ✉

Successful, Blond, Blue-Eyed—Jewish female, 27, 5'5" and thin - seeking handsome, white Jewish male, 28-35, who has a great sense of humor and loves to have fun. Note and photo a must. 9162 ✉

Active, Slim, Pretty—South Shore LI college professor, 53, seeks 50ish gentleman of substance. Note/photo. 9122 ✉

Long Island, Successful Doctor—48, handsome, nice guy, many interests, seeking lasting love with pretty, bright, 34-45, nonsmoking, marriage-minded female. Let's enjoy the new Hamptons waterfront summer home together - it's no fun alone. Note/photo a must. 9131 ✉

I Can Cook—Attractive Jewish female, 35, who is silly and serious, would like to meet a gentle, communicative man with a great sense of humor, to appreciate life together. Nonsmoker, please. Note/phone. 9151 ✉

Complete Package—Gentleman, scholar and athlete. CT trial lawyer, Jewish, 38. Attractive, passionate, feisty, eclectic, funny, romantic. Seeking soul mate - ebullient, beautiful, elegant, sexy woman, 26-39, to grow old with. Note/photo. 9124 ✉

New and Improved!

Attention! New Number!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD

CALL 1-900-860-0640

$1.95 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date. PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th St., New York, NY 10036. (212)852-7700

Hooray! Sis Broke Up With Boyfriend—Seize this opportunity/woman: kind-hearted, beautiful, big brown eyes, wavy red-brown hair, 5'8", gym freak - firm but chunky, 30s, interesting career, outgoing, energetic, worldly, down-to-earth, West Side/Jersey shore - enjoys theater, sun, movies, travel, dinner and drinks, walks. Seeking similar companion and Commitment. White, nonsmoker. Photo. 9189 ✉ ☎

Are You Ready To Meet—A late-40s, handsome, divorced dad, who is successful at life and looking for his soul mate? You are 33-38, beautiful, accomplished, omantic and know what you want. If you're a mom, that's fine. Photo and note a must. 9172 ✉

My Romance Doesn't Need A Thing—But you. Professor/writer, PhD, Italian-American, 61, 5'8", 150 lbs, vital, creative, eflective. Enjoys theater, music, films, ports. Seeks attractive, slender, outgoing, 40-plus lady with similar interests, for un, friendship and romance. Nonsmoker. Photo/phone/note please. 9184 ✉

Physician, 52, 6'—Good sense of humor, seeks pleasant woman, 35-50, who enjoys quiet walks, movies and country drives. 9140 ✉ ☎

MD With Patience—For the special woman. 41-year-old Christian male, good-ooking, athletic, easygoing, successful physician, looking for a very attractive Christian woman, 26-35 years old, who oves spontaneity and adventure. Please nclude photo with reply. 9177 ✉

You've Hit The Jackpot—With a very pretty, sexy, fit Jewish woman, 33, 5'8", eeking true romance with a very handome man, 32-40, successful, tall, sexy, it/muscular, with style, integrity and class. Photo please. 9274 ✉

Successful, Attractive, Secure—Hopeessly romantic woman, early 50s - loves ailing, music, the countryside and the city. Would like to meet gentle, ophisticated male companion with imilar interests. Note, please. 9127 ✉

Male—31 years old, financially secure, college graduate, seeks down-to-earth, white Jewish female, 20-30 years old. Likes movies, skiing and fun times. Recent photo, note and phone, please. 9180 ✉

Cute Catholic Redhead—35-year-old ilm marketer who's fit, fun, cultured, unky, successful and very stable, seeks the ame in guy, 32-42. Photo, please. 9146 ✉

Vegetarian Male, 50—Looking for erious relationship, if not marriage, with a eal vegetarian - no meat, chicken or fish. Likes walking for miles at a time. Nondrinker/nonsmoker. A woman who knows who she is and what she wants. Not angry at the world for her problems. A woman who is not afraid to tell me the ruth about herself and tell me when I am wrong. I want to fall in love. 9143 ✉

Passionate Man—37, tall, very fit, esponsible communicator, gentle, playful and very romantic, seeks a health-onscious, down-to-earth, sophisticated woman, 27-35, who has a productive life tyle. Photo a must. 9150 ✉

Handsome Jewish Scientist—37, 6', 160 bs, seeks sweet, physically/emotionally fit woman. Note/photo/phone, please. 9144 ✉

Long Island Ebony Queen—Attractive, nonsmoking, fit, 5'6", 155, seeks black male, 5'10" or over, 40-55, with style and ubstance. Enjoys travel, theater, dining out. Note/phone/photo, please. 9194 ✉

Are You A Successful—Established, compassionate professional, 26-45, making over $100,000 per year? I am a beautiful, spicy equivalent. Would like to share my life with a man of substance, emotionally and financially. Photo/letter. 9130 ✉

Lovely, Shapely Artist—Highly intelligent, caring, funny. Delights in the arts, the outdoors and (if you're the right 44-59-year-old man) thee. Nonsmoker, please. 9120 ✉ ☎

Sexy Beauty—Looking for CPW's preppy Peter, who is in his 30s, with a full head of hair, financially secure, nonsmoker, Manhattanite. You must love to work out, laugh a lot, be kind, sweet and smart and hang with this beautiful, sexy, smart, self-employed, secure, kind woman. Please, at least know the word astrology. 9179 ✉ ☎

Let's Have It All—Handsome CEO, very successful, humorous Renaissance man, seeking very pretty, accomplished woman, 36-47, perhaps well-analyzed. Phone/thoughtful note/recent full-length photo a must, please. 9193 ✉ ☎

Greek, Stunning Female—Professional - seeks Jewish soul mate, 42-55. 9148 ✉ ☎

Warm, Sensitive, Sensual—Female, attractive, fit, secure...seeks male, 45-58, with similar qualities. My interests range from great music (classical to reggae), film or just a good conversation. Note. 9135 ✉

Long-Legged Beauty—5'7", brunette, slender, seeking well-educated, successful, financially secure man, 45-60, who knows a Picasso from a Matisse, appreciates the 6th Arrondissement as well as the 8th, is playful, spontaneous and also romantic... seeking serious committed relationship. Note and photo. 9160 ✉

Retired Businessman—65, 175, 5'9", Kosher, traditional. Enjoys skiing, dancing, yoga. Seeks stimulating companion to share, expand life's pleasures. 9158 ✉

Mere Mortal—Bright, genuine, very attractive woman of integrity - 41, slim, poised, polished, mature, sensible, employed, feminine, homebody. Seeks a man of equal character, conscience and quality, with earnest hopes of meeting the right woman - who enjoys laughter, meaningful conversation, art, long walks, jazz and the occasional evening out. LI. 9134 ✉

Over 60, Quite Rich, Never Married—Handsome, athletic sportsman seeks Jewish she: no children - character, personality, lovely, sexy. Photo a must. 9170 ✉

Fit, Fun And Forty—Pianist/writer, into karate, seeks female for romance and lots of laughter. Note/photo/phone. 9157 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome, Successful—Single, white, professional Christian male, 5'8", educated and very fit. Enjoys family, friends, walks, movies, music, tennis, dining, fun times and quiet times too. In search of college-educated, very feminine, personable, upbeat single woman in her 30s, no children, from a conservative, quality background (nonsmoker, no drugs), who is truly good-looking, petite (under 115 lbs, 5'5" maximum), and keeps fit. Must be seeking marriage, children and traditional life style. Response must include note/recent photo/phone. 9119 ✉

Co-Producer Wanted—Attractive professional woman, 35, with Southern highlights and diverse interests, seeks dynamic, intelligent male collaborator for development of romantic comedy. Note/photo. 9133 ✉

New York's Premier Matchmaker

• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •

As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only **212-935-9350**

Spirited Woman—52, who enjoys both her freedom and solitude, and the company of others, seeks kind, good-hearted single man who delights in life. Note/photo. 9136 ✉

Oriental Beauty Sought—By successful, financially/emotionally secure 39-year-old, 6'. I enjoy movies, going out to dinner, golf. Seeking down-to-earth, confident female. Photo appreciated. 9196 ✉

Successful Jewish Businessman—33, 5'5", MBA graduate - enjoys exercise, fine food, walks along the beach, camping and horseback riding. I have been told that I am funny and know how to make people laugh. I am looking for a woman, 28-34, to share some laughs with, and much more. If you think you can handle my sense of humor, and can make me laugh as well, then send me a note and photo. 9132 ✉

Single White Male—Professional, 40s, seeks female for relationship. 9152 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Feminine Gay Woman—44, down-to-earth, stable Jewish professional who is warm, caring and fun...loves the theater, dancing, tennis and the country - seeks friend and lover. 8979 ✉ ☎

Nice-Looking, Down-To-Earth Guy—That's me. Nothing fancy. After all, this isn't rocket science...it's more like chemistry - just two people meshing. I seek a slender, sensitive woman who can see the humor in everyday life. Write if you seek a natural man who loves rock, sports, books, and still believes in Clinton. 9118 ✉

Professor Of Desire—With apologies to P. Roth. Romantically challenged man seeks relationship of equals, 40s-50s. From NJ but will come to you, and again. Loves opera, theater, old movies, country roads, baseball, walking, talking, eating, listening, touching, connecting, and taking a chance. Fit, smart softy. Appreciate character. Note/photo please. 9125 ✉

Take A Chance—This handsome, wealthy 30-year-old investment banker stands 6'5" and is very funny and outgoing. He is looking for a tall, beautiful model type to spoil. Photo a must. 9165 ✉

Sensitive, Spiritual, Sensuous—Tall, attractive filmmaker/entrepreneur, financially secure, 40ish - lover of arts, active sports, travel, cozy evenings, good conversation. Wants loving, creative, fun-loving man who desires truly unique, down-to-earth woman. 9192 ✉ ☎

Green-Eyed LI Female—Attractive, 49, slim, loving. Enjoys dining, movies, walks, puzzles, NYC...plus. Seeks fun, intelligent male, 49-59, willing to try this! 9147 ✉

Attractive, Bright Professional—Female, 44, with good sense of humor - enjoys travel, dining, NY, gym, movies. Seeks attractive, fun professional male, 38-50, especially MD/JD. 9195 ✉ ☎

Let's Make A Date!—I'm a petite, professional blonde, 25, looking for someone I can kick back and drinnk a beer with. You are handsome, 28-40, with a great sense of humor. I like the theater, sports, music, cooking and traveling. So, if your tastes range from Puccini to Paul O'Neil, then let's go! Photo please. 9282 ✉

Attractive Asian—Former actress and model, now fashion industry exec, late 20s, petite, athletic, hip, sincere. Loves movies, rock 'n' roll, R&B, alternative, classic music, brews own beer. Seeks someone tallish, sincere, emotionally serious, preferably blond hair. Note/photo/phone, please. 9129 ✉

Seeking Beautiful Smile—33-year-old, male law partner, green eyes, dimples, great smile, athletic (ex-tennis pro), avid golfer with a keen sense of timing (the time is right), has what it takes to enjoy the best things life has to offer except that one special, bright, attractive, nonsmoking female who is looking to share today and the rest of her tomorrows. Note/photo/phone. 9137 ✉

Successful, Kind MD—Jewish (non-religious), 39, from central NJ, athletic, romantic and handsome, nonsmoker... enjoys dining, dancing and sports. Seeks very intelligent, attractive, nonsmoking female for happily ever after. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 9166 ✉

Great Partnerships Begin Over Lunch.

The smartest investment of your time is joining *It's Just Lunch!* We make all the arrangements and all you do is show up for lunch or a drink after work. Call us today. Because you don't have time for another bad date.

DATING FOR BUSY PROFESSIONALS

Directors:

Andrea McGinty Nancy Kirsch Ardath Church Lynelle Herstedt

IT'S Just LUNCH! life, love & dessert.

New York 212.644.0022
New Jersey 201.461.2399

Philadelphia Chicago Washington D.C.
Dallas Baltimore Wilmington Indianapolis

Simply Sensational And Successful—37, size 4, energetic, unpretentious, stylish, sincere and sensuous. Enjoys quiet times, current events, reading, soft kisses, working out, rich desserts and intimate moments. Seeking genuinely nice man, 30s-40s, intelligent, handsome, athletic, cuddly, whose interests, like mine, include the arts, fine dining, travel, movies and NYC. An exciting experience for those who write and send photo. 9161 ✉

Tall LI Male—Good-looking, Jewish (but you do not have to be), humorous, intelligent, athletic, financially secure, youthful 58, seeks a nice, warm, very good-looking female. Photo please. 9139 ✉

Fort Lee Female—26, intelligent, quick-witted, funny, very outgoing, seeks tall, educated, established, kind, loving, affectionate man who recognizes that big is beautiful. Photo. 9169 ✉

Charismatic MD/Surgeon—36, 5'11", Jewish, dynamic, in private practice, athletic (tennis, golf, film and arts enthusiast), sensational smile, warmest heart...seeks upbeat, energetic, positive, thin, attractive woman in 20s-early 30s, to share life. Bio/phone/photo. 9159 ✉

Tall, Handsome Jewish Dentist—40, never married, seeks pretty, slender Jewish lady, 28-36. Jersey girls a plus. Note and photo a must. 9142 ✉

If You Are A—Professional gentleman, Caucasian, 60-65, fit and 6' plus, elegant, well-groomed, financially secure, looking for a partner of European background, 60, 5'5", blond, brown eyes, fit, attractive, elegant, financially secure, who enjoys opera, classical music, museums, restaurants, travel, for romance and sincere relationship, then get in touch. Photo/note. Bergen County, NJ. 9164 ✉

Beautiful, Bright—Professional female seeks permanent running partner, 40-50. Note/phone/photo of sneakers. 9191 ✉

Striking, Sensual, Slender—Jewish nurse, 34, 5'5", blond, loves tennis, skiing and travel - seeks Jewish professional, widower or divorced male, 34-44. 9186 ✉

Genuinely Nice—(NY/NJ) 43, slim/shapely, good-looking, elegant, warm, smart, educated professional female, refined (sometimes), fun, honest, energetic, many interests... Seeks stable, emotionally available, professional Christian man, to 50. 9138 ✉

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Jersey Boy—Single Jewish male, never married, 38, 5'4", 150 lbs, attractive, sensitive, intelligent, professional, enjoys dining out, movies, good music, current events, all sports. Seeks attractive, single Jewish female, 25-38, who enjoys same, to share good times and possible long-time relationship. Note/phone/photo. 9176 ✉

Warmhearted Male—Divorced white professional, 44, seeks companionship and compatibility with a professional, warmhearted and sincere woman. I am attentive, caring - and enjoy movies, museums, travel, classical music and the blues. Would enjoy meeting you for a conversation, friendship and perhaps a long-term relationship. Asian, Hispanic or white. 9153 ✉☎

Handsome Professional Male—Late 30s, successful, cultured, athletic, sexy and ironic. Seeks similar-minded female to enjoy NYC cultural life and more! Note/phone. Photo optional. 9156 ✉

# Strictly Personals

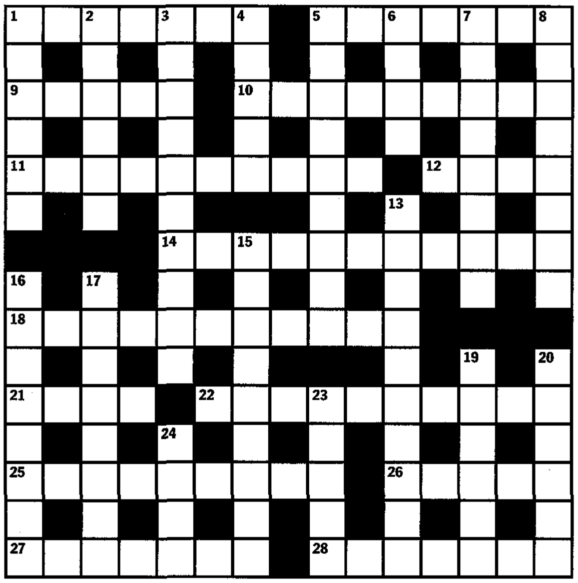
Y ou've thought about it...
Y our best friend met her husband from it...
A ll your friends think you should do it...
A nd so do you, but...
Y ou can't imagine writing it...
A nd it will never work for you...
Y ou're different...
A lthough the people who advertise seem so...
rofessional...
E ducated...
C ultured...

F un...
W ell-Groomed...
C aring...
ensitive...
I nterested and...
I nteresting...
J ust like you, right?!
S o, maybe it's time to...
L isten to your friends...
A nd your heart...
A nd place a Strictly Personals ad in New York

Phone 212•779•7500 *Ask for our personal ad writing tip sheet.* **Fax 212•779•2449**

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 The last person left without a friend in Oz. (7)
5 Painter left, gave up work; returned in demand. (7)
9 One not yet wise enough to throw in the towel. (5)
10 Runs courses in Lakeland ecology. (4-5)
11 Discomposed if neutrals contend. (2,1,7)
12 Shakespeare, son of the Hebrew daughter. (4)
14 Doors man, largely immortal—right?—is on after justice. (3,8)
18 Thus English ore has smelted into Iron Age accommodation. (5,6)
21 Osprey assuredly bearing its young. (4)
22 Self-declared genius confounded by Queensbury rules. (5,5)
25 Little sparrow: one fated to suffer hip replacement. (5,4)
26 The dog that did not bark by order? (5)
27 Masculine Chinese set out for Mao's bathing water. (7)
28 As irresponsible as Boyle before enlightenment? (7)



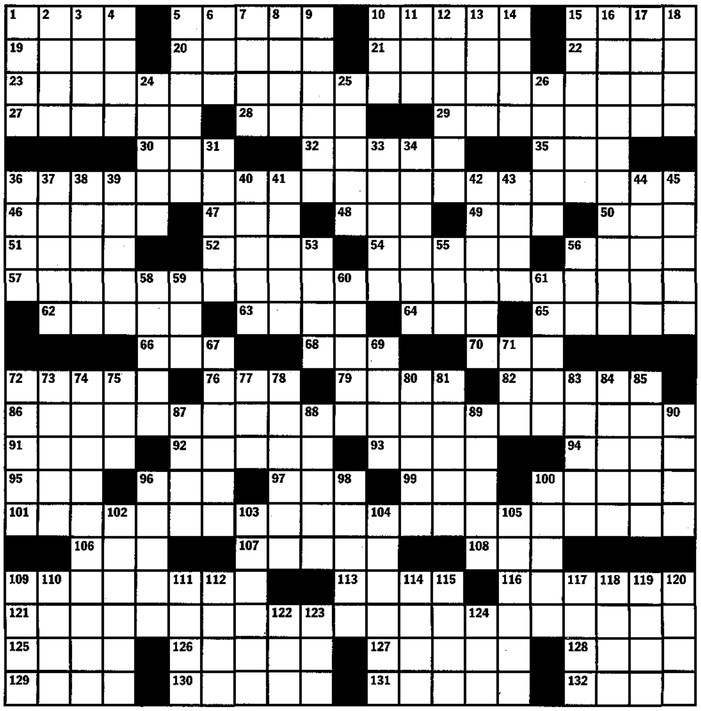
DOWN
1 Nocturnal scorer about to offer a lift. (6)
2 His first nom (de plume!) honoured in France! (6)
3 Hoodman and minor evangelist. (6,4)
4 They're floating right behind and coming second. (5)
5 Having a dust up with refined lovers at odds. (9)
6,7,16 Where 18 (terminally) 1, 2, 14, 22 and 25 theme? Recce Paris! Eye "La Catastrophe"! (4,4,8)
8 Incumbent on camp conservationists. (8)
13 Abandoned woman going to pot? (5,5)
15 A dubious drop of what you, or Phoebe fancy. (9)
16 See 6.
17 Haydn's six-day special. (8)
19 Raised edge of pastry case: turnover say? (7)
20 Watery grave yielding one up. (6)
23 28 conversely doesn't begin to be beyond words. (5)
24 An attempt to take the lead. (4)

© 1996 The Guardian.

'Decisions, Decisions': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Ingrid's "Casablanca" role
5 Hollywood columnist Hopper
10 Stormed
15 Rudolf or Myra
19 Waikiki's island
20 Seething
21 Martini tidbit
22 Vision: prefix
23 Start of a verse
27 Spanish fleet
28 Conductor Rapee
29 A-bomb plane name
30 Lyrical Gershwin
32 Sports-pg. figures
35 Small, in Dogpatch
36 Verse: II
46 Sonja of the ice
47 Purity-watchdog org.
48 Incoming-flight abbr.
49 Ending for Hallow or velvet
50 Take a crack at
51 Fail to include
52 Gets the squeaks out
54 George Hamilton's ex
56 Cookbook directive
57 Verse: III
62 One of the Judds
63 Royal Russian
64 Tax mo.
65 Perle the hostess
66 Employ
68 "Lavender Hill" group
70 Vichy water
72 Light fogs
76 Cartographer's item
79 Hitlerite
82 Open-handed blows
86 Verse: IV
91 Jai-——
92 Scarlett's mother
93 Triumphal structure
94 —— account (not in any way)
95 Encountered
96 Hindu mister
97 Greek letters
99 Fish eggs
00 Slogan
01 Verse: V
06 WW II ration agcy.
107 Actor Werner
108 Reagan son
109 Religion skeptic
113 A side of New York
116 Subjected to an exam
121 End of the verse
125 Kind of ad
126 Lerner's partner
127 Austrian mountain region
128 Elevator man
129 Jittery
130 Bestow a grant
131 Penn and Connery
132 Side benefit

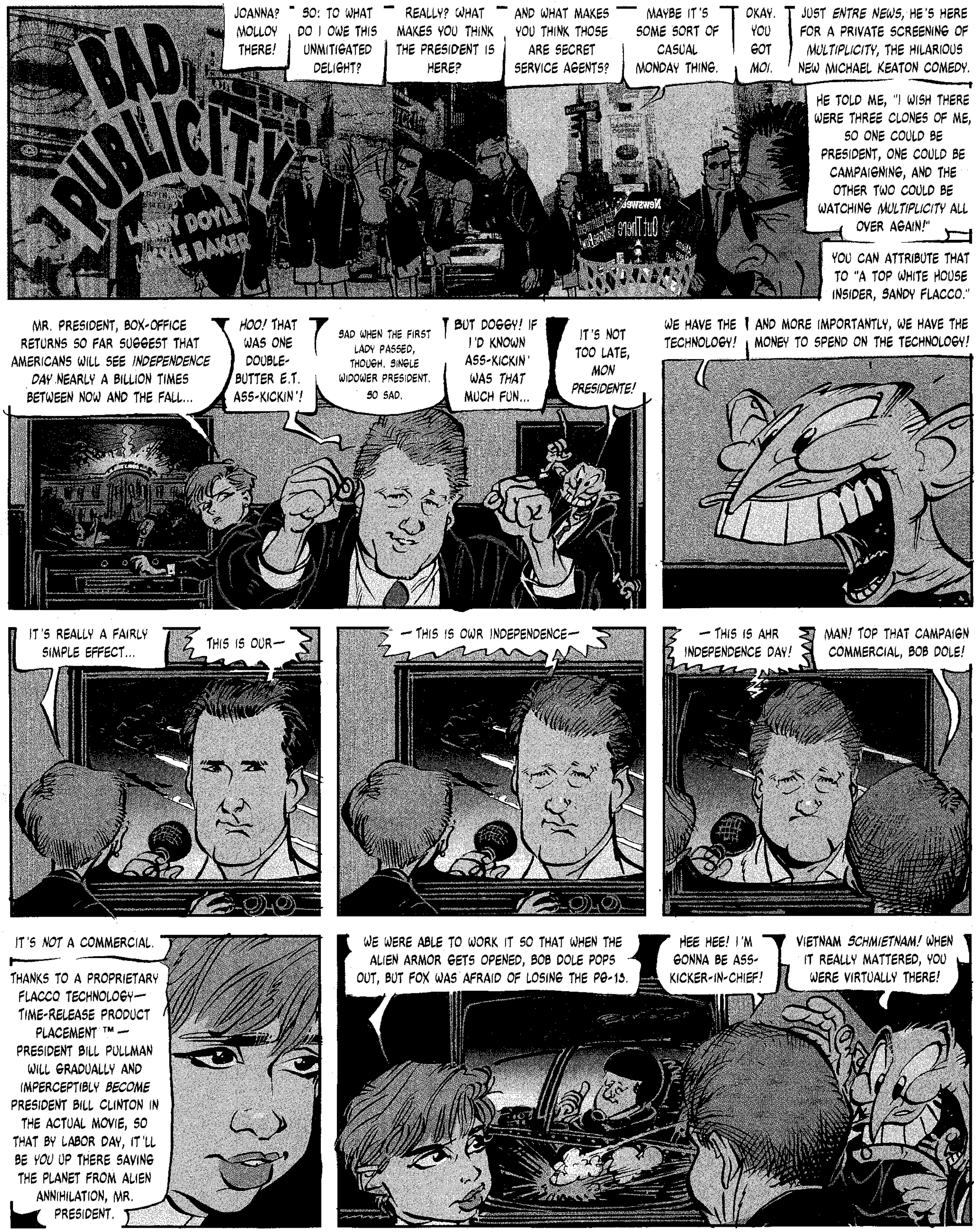
DOWN
1 Hawkeye State
2 "Oz" lion
3 Noah's eldest
4 Halo glow
5 1962 John Wayne movie
6 Nigerian tribesman
7 Ruler of old Venice
8 Saint Laurent's mentor
9 Alicia of ballet
10 Computer-storage acronym
11 Khan who wed Rita
12 —— hoot (shows concern)
13 Indiana governor Bayh
14 '20s–'30s art style
15 Exaggerated talk: slang
16 Cartilage behind the tongue
17 Arcade for Plato
18 Japanese electronics giant
24 Official of Caesar's day
25 Half a university name
26 Really bushed
31 "—— me, give me liberty . . ."
33 What to hitch your wagon to
34 Muse of comedy
36 Display
37 Cut off from escape
38 She's Loos
39 Art print, familiarly
40 Half-wit
41 Anklebone
42 "The Raven" maiden
43 Loyalty, to Burns
44 Running rife
45 Nora in the "Thin Man" series
53 Canned-meat brand
55 Pharaoh's snake
56 Canonized femme: abbr.
58 Induce a smile
59 U.S.O. patrons
60 Maine college town
61 As stubborn as ——
67 Estevez of action films
69 Silent Theda
71 Cigarette dropping
72 Home of the Dolphins
73 Shoreline recess
74 Assignment to a post
75 Summer weather ratio: abbr.
77 Each and every
78 Solar —— (midriff area)
80 His mark was a Z
81 With identity concealed, for short
83 In progress
84 Loren's husband
85 Before Domingo or Tomas
87 Villain's opposite
88 Scissors sound
89 Not our or your
90 Night sight
96 Sock away
98 Shoulder warmer
100 "Olympia" painter
102 Lacking uniformity
103 Made fun of
104 Tops of waves
105 Wrecks completely
109 "God have mercy on such ——"
110 Prod
111 Scrabble piece
112 Privy to
114 Eye sore
115 Home of 92-Across
117 Go marketing
118 Type of bag
119 Top sheik
120 Rolltop
122 —— Jima
123 Ayres who played Kildare
124 Hither's go-with



lutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 84.

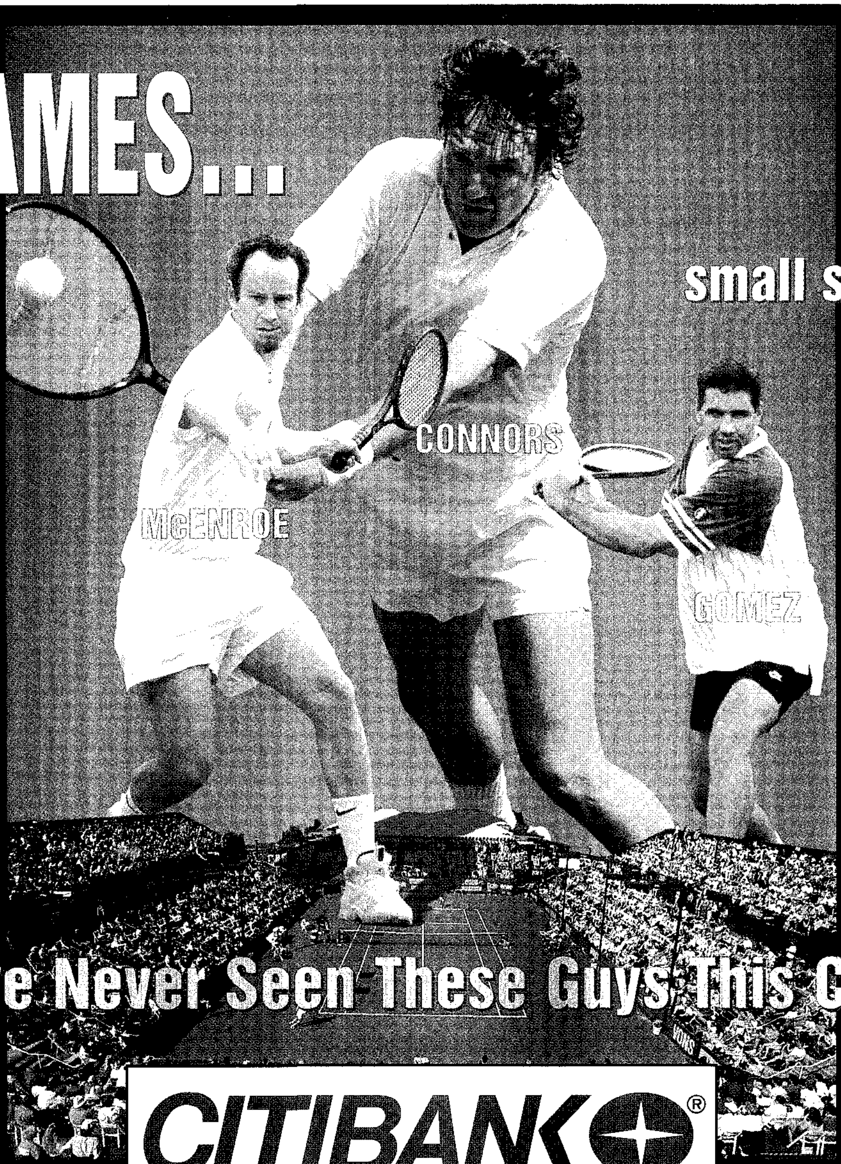
It's the Celebrity, Stupid

Sandy clues the president in on some pathbreaking new 'Independence Day' tie-in strategies.


BAD PUBLICITY
LARRY DOYLE
KYLE BAKER
JOANNA? MOLLOY THERE!
SO: TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS UNMITIGATED DELIGHT?
REALLY? WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE PRESIDENT IS HERE?
AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THOSE ARE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS?
MAYBE IT'S SOME SORT OF CASUAL MONDAY THING.
OKAY. YOU GOT MOI.
JUST *ENTRE NEWS*, HE'S HERE FOR A PRIVATE SCREENING OF *MULTIPLICITY*, THE HILARIOUS NEW MICHAEL KEATON COMEDY.
HE TOLD ME, "I WISH THERE WERE THREE CLONES OF ME, SO ONE COULD BE PRESIDENT, ONE COULD BE CAMPAIGNING, AND THE OTHER TWO COULD BE WATCHING *MULTIPLICITY* ALL OVER AGAIN!"
YOU CAN ATTRIBUTE THAT TO "A TOP WHITE HOUSE INSIDER, SANDY FLACCO."
MR. PRESIDENT, BOX-OFFICE RETURNS SO FAR SUGGEST THAT AMERICANS WILL SEE *INDEPENDENCE DAY* NEARLY A BILLION TIMES BETWEEN NOW AND THE FALL...
HOO! THAT WAS ONE DOUBLE-BUTTER E.T. ASS-KICKIN'!
SAD WHEN THE FIRST LADY PASSED, THOUGH. SINGLE WIDOWER PRESIDENT. SO SAD.
BUT DOGGY! IF I'D KNOWN ASS-KICKIN' WAS *THAT* MUCH FUN...
IT'S NOT TOO LATE, *MON PRESIDENTE!*
WE HAVE THE TECHNOLOGY!
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, WE HAVE THE MONEY TO SPEND ON THE TECHNOLOGY!
IT'S REALLY A FAIRLY SIMPLE EFFECT...
THIS IS OUR—
—THIS IS OWR INDEPENDENCE—
—THIS IS AHR INDEPENDENCE DAY!
MAN! TOP THAT CAMPAIGN COMMERCIAL, BOB DOLE!
IT'S *NOT* A COMMERCIAL.
THANKS TO A PROPRIETARY FLACCO TECHNOLOGY—TIME-RELEASE PRODUCT PLACEMENT™—PRESIDENT BILL PULLMAN WILL GRADUALLY AND IMPERCEPTIBLY *BECOME* PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON IN THE ACTUAL MOVIE, SO THAT BY LABOR DAY, IT'LL BE *YOU* UP THERE SAVING THE PLANET FROM ALIEN ANNIHILATION, MR. PRESIDENT.
WE WERE ABLE TO WORK IT SO THAT WHEN THE ALIEN ARMOR GETS OPENED, BOB DOLE POPS OUT, BUT FOX WAS AFRAID OF LOSING THE PG-13.
HEE HEE! I'M GONNA BE ASS-KICKER-IN-CHIEF!
VIETNAM *SCHMIETNAM!* WHEN IT REALLY MATTERED, YOU WERE VIRTUALLY THERE!

BIG NAMES...

small stadium...



You've Never Seen These Guys This Close!

CITIBANK® CHAMPIONS

August 7 – 12, 1996 at Westchester Country Club

Presented by

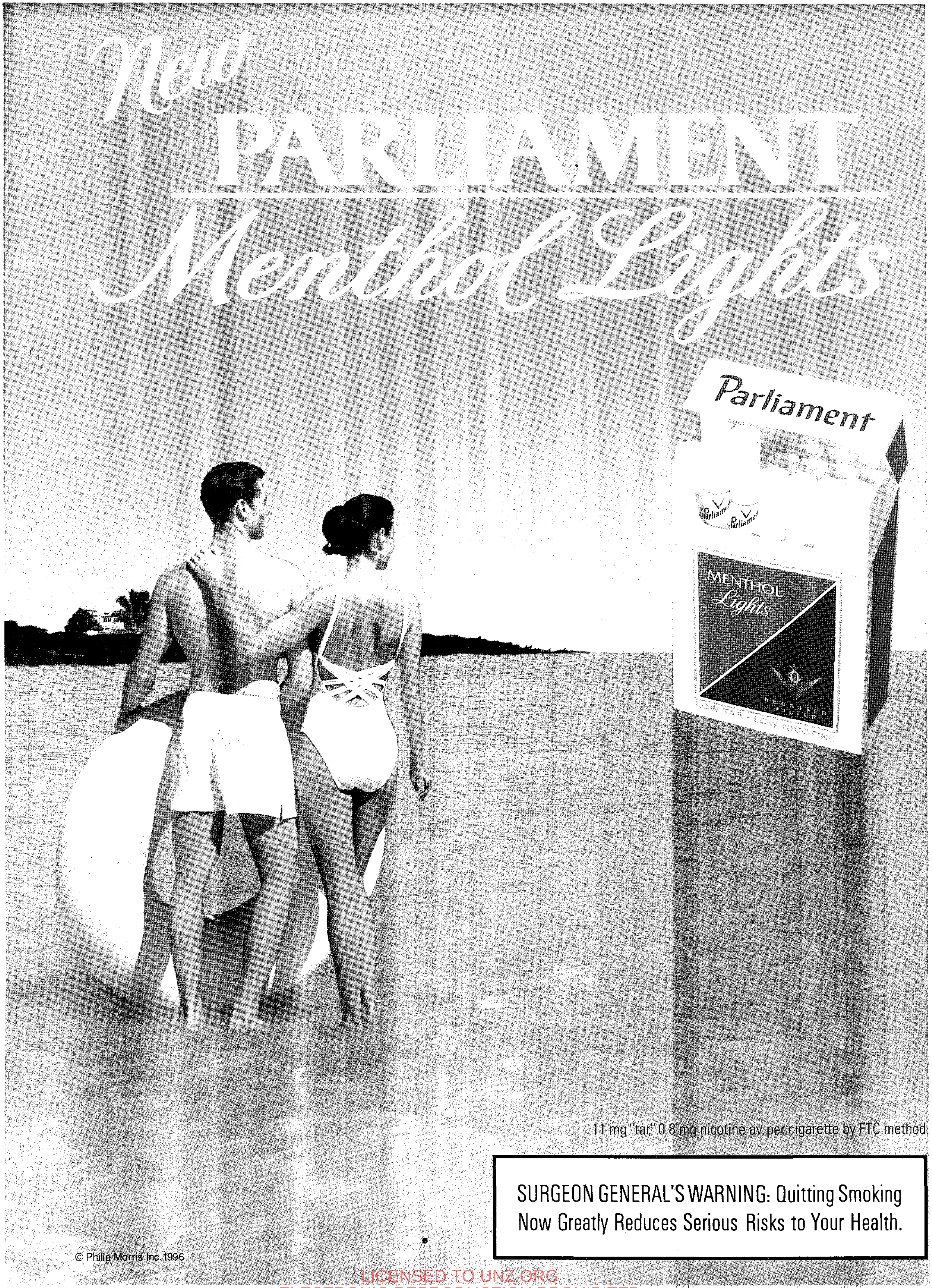
U.S.News & WORLD REPORT

Coopers & Lybrand

...Call Today (914) 921–1170

Call Tele-charge® 1-800-233-3123
Open 24 hours a day—7 days a week

NUVEEN TOUR


New
PARLIAMENT
Menthol Lights
Parliament
MENTHOL
Lights
LOW TAR - LOW NICOTINE
RECESSED FILTER

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1996